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THE GREAT HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE.

JULY

1874.

DREKA'S DICTIONARY BLOTTER FOR LETTER WRITERS.
121 CHESTNUT STREET.

SEE PROSPECTUS FOR 1874 IN THIS NUMBER.



No. 7

T.S. ARTHUR & SON
PHILADELPHIA.

Vol. XLII.

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FIRE AND BURGLAR

SAFES
MARVIN'S ARE THE BEST

721 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

5-8.

[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE" by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Ladies' and Children's Garments.

FIGURE 1.—The elegant suit represented by this little figure is made of summer silk. The skirt was cut by our four-gored pattern No. 2253, price 15 cents; which is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. The over-skirt is made by pattern No. 3349, price 20 cents. The pattern is in 6 sizes for girls from 4 to 9 years; while No. 3352, that of the stylish little jacket, is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years, and the price is twenty cents. The Spencer waist worn underneath the jacket represents pattern No. 2297, price 10 cents. It is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years old. To make a suit like the one described, for a girl of 6 years, $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch-wide goods will be required; $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards being sufficient for the skirt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ for the over-skirt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ for the jacket, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ for the waist.

The rolled rim of the straw hat is faced with silk, while a bias twist of the same, with loops and ends and a small plume, completes the decoration.



No. 1.



No. 2.

FIGURE 2.—This stylish suit is made of light gray cloth and prettily decorated with braid. The pattern to the pants is No. 2913, price 15 cents; it is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years of age. The jacket represents pattern No. 3173, of which there are 7 sizes for boys from 6 to 12 years, and the price is 25 cents. The comfortable little shirt-waist was cut by pattern No. 2570. It is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years, the price being 15 cents. To complete the suit for a boy of 10 years, $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch-wide

goods are necessary; the jacket requiring $2\frac{1}{2}$, the pants $1\frac{1}{2}$, and the shirt-waist 2 yards.

The hat is of straw, rolled at the sides, and banded with ribbon.



No. 3.

FIGURE 3.—This picture represents a sailor suit of blue flannel. The blouse was cut by pattern No. 3189, price 20 cents; the pants by No. 2914, price 15 cents; and the shirt-waist by No. 2570, price 15 cents. The former is in 7 sizes for boys from 3 to 9 years of age; while the latter two are each in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years. To make a suit like the one described, for a boy of seven years, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27 inches wide will be necessary; the pants requiring $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard, the blouse $1\frac{1}{2}$, and the shirt-waist $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

A white straw hat, trimmed with a simple band of ribbon, completes the attractive little suit.

FIGURE 4.—A cunning little suit of white pique is here illustrated. To fashion a suit like it for a girl of 5 years, $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch-wide goods are requisite. The skirt could be cut from $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards, while the over-skirt would require $1\frac{1}{2}$, and the jacket $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. The skirt was made by pattern No. 2253, which is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, the price being 15 cents. The pattern of the over-skirt is in 6 sizes for girls from 4 to 9 years of age; it is No. 3349, price 20 cents. The jacket pattern is No. 3348, and is in 5 sizes for girls from 2 to 6 years. The price is 15 cents. The suit may be trimmed as represented with lines and bindings of braid, though, if preferred, Hamburg edging and insertion will prove very effective. Platings of Swiss muslin under velvet binding are also very handsome.

The dainty little hat has a rolled rim, and is decorated with ribbon and flowers.



No. 4.



3331

Front View.

LADIES' WATTEAU WRAPPER.

No. 3331.—These engravings picture an elegant model by which to fashion a wrapper. It is appropriate for any goods of which such garments are made; and if the material selected were pique, with a decoration of Hamburg embroidery, the effect would be extremely pretty. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust



3331

Back View.

measure. Nine and three-fourths yards of material, measuring 27 inches in width, are sufficient to make it for a lady of medium size. The price is 50 cents.



3338

Front View.

LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 3338.—These engravings represent one of the most popular of the present styles of basques. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure; and it requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27-inch-wide goods to fashion a basque like it for a medium-sized lady. Price, 30 cents.



3338

Back View.



3336

Front View.

3336

Back View.

LADIES' WATTEAU POLONAISE.

No. 3336.—The attractiveness of the polonaise shown in these engravings is materially heightened by the elegant Watteau fold and graceful looping of the back. There are 13 sizes of the pattern for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure; and the price is 35 cents. When the material employed is 27 inches in width, $7\frac{1}{4}$ yards will be sufficient for a medium-sized lady.



3357

Front View.

MISSES' POLONAISE.

No. 3357.—This handsome polonaise is admirably adapted to all washable fabrics, because of the graceful simplicity of its outline and draping. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, for a miss of 13 years. Price, 30 cents.



3357

Back View.



3332

Front View.

3332

Back View.

LADIES' POLONAISE.

No. 3332.—The simplicity of the handsome polonaise here illustrated, renders it particularly adaptable to washable fabrics. In its construction for a lady of medium size, 8 yards are requisite, provided the

material is 27 inches wide. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure; and the price is 35 cents.



3335

Front View.

3335

Back View.

3356

Front View.

3356

Back View.

LADIES' SACK, WITH FRENCH BACK.

No. 3335.—The pattern to this superb jacket is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Three and three-eighths yards of 27-inch-wide material are necessary to make a garment like it for a lady of medium size. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

CHILD'S TYROLESE DRESS.

No. 3356.—The little dress here pictured will undoubtedly become one of the popular styles of the season. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and requires 2½ yards of 27-inch-wide material to make a dress like it, for a child of 4 years. Price, 25 cents.

3333 *Front View.*

LADIES' POSTILION TALMA.

No. 3333.—These illustrations picture a desirable pattern by which to model one of the light wraps so indispensable to a lady's summer wardrobe. It requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, to construct it for a lady of medium size. The pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure; and the price is 30 cents.

*Back View.* 3333*Front View.*3343
Back View.

MISSSES' HALF-FITTING JACKET.

No. 3343.—These engravings picture a charming little jacket for a miss. There are 8 sizes of the pattern for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make a garment like it for a miss of 10 years, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be necessary. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

*Front View.*3315
Back View.

LADIES' GYPSY BODICE.

No. 3315.—The coquettish little bodice pictured by these engravings makes a handsome finish to a lady's costume, and requires but a yard of 27-inch-wide material for a lady of medium size. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure; and the price is 20 cents.

*Front View.*3328
Back View.

MISSSES' WALKING JACKET.

No. 3328.—The gracefully outlined jacket shown in these engravings is appropriate for cashmere, linen or any light materials. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and the price is 25 cents. Three yards of material, 27 inches wide, are sufficient to make a garment like the one represented, for a miss of 14 years.

3352
Front View.3352
Back View.

CHILD'S COAT.

No. 3352.—The cunning little affair shown in these illustrations requires one yard and a-half of 27-inch-wide material, to fashion it for a child 3 years old. There are 5 sizes of the pattern for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and the price is 20 cents.



3327

Front View.

3327

*Back View.***LADIES' DOUBLE-BREASTED BASQUE.**

No. 3327.—A basque cut in the style here illustrated would complete a suit handsomely; and if the material employed were 27 inches in width, 3 yards would be sufficient for a lady of medium size. There are 13 sizes of the pattern for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure; and the price is 30 cents.



3349

Front View.

3349

*Back View.***GIRLS' OVER-SKIRT.**

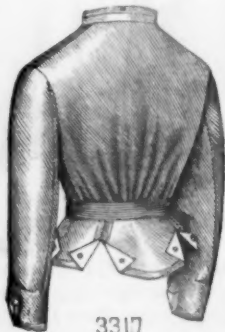
No. 3349.—The attractive little over-skirt represented by these engravings, requires one and five-eighths yards of 27-inch-wide material for a girl of 5 years. The pattern is in 6 sizes for girls from 4 to 9 years of age, and the price is 20 cents.



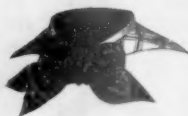
3317

*Front View.***LADIES' DOUBLE-BREASTED FRENCH WAIST.**

No. 3317.—These illustrations picture a stylish waist which can be fashioned from 3½ yards of 27-inch-wide material, for a lady of medium size. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure; and the price is 30 cents.



3317

Back View.

3355

Front View.

3355

*Back View.***LADIES' ULSTER HOOD.**

No. 3355.—These engravings picture a novel and desirable addition to a lady's wardrobe. It can be fashioned from ¾ of a yard of 27-inch-wide goods, and the price of the pattern is 10 cents.



3353

Front View.

3353

*Back View.***LADIES' WATERPROOF HOOD.**

No. 3353.—A very effective protection for the head or bonnet against severe storms is here represented. To make a garment like it for a lady, ¾ of a yard of material, 27 inches wide, are requisite. Price of pattern, 10 cents.



3337

Front View.

3337

Back View.

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 3337.—This stylish over-skirt is appropriate in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure; and requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch-wide material for a lady of medium size. Price, 30 cents.



3340

Front View.

3340

Back View.

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT, WITH SHAWL FRONT.

No. 3340.—The graceful over-skirt here represented, while admitting of elaborate ornamentation, is equally attractive when plainly trimmed. It requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch-wide material to make it for a lady of medium size; and the pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure; the price being 30 cents.



3358

LADIES' CHATELAINE POCKET.

No. 3358.—The novel little affair represented by this engraving would prove a great convenience to a lady on almost any occasion, if made of suitable material and appropriately decorated. It requires $\frac{3}{4}$ of a yard of 27-inch-wide goods to construct it for a lady. Jetted silk, velvet, and lace are the materials usually employed. Price of pattern, 10 cents.



Front View.



Back View.

MISSSES' BLOUSE WAIST, WITH DIAGONAL FRONT.

No. 3316.—The shirt-waist here illustrated is particularly cool and comfortable and when soiled is easily renovated. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and the price is 20 cents. Three and one-half yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be sufficient to make a waist like it for a miss of 11 years.



3321

Front View.




3321

Back View.

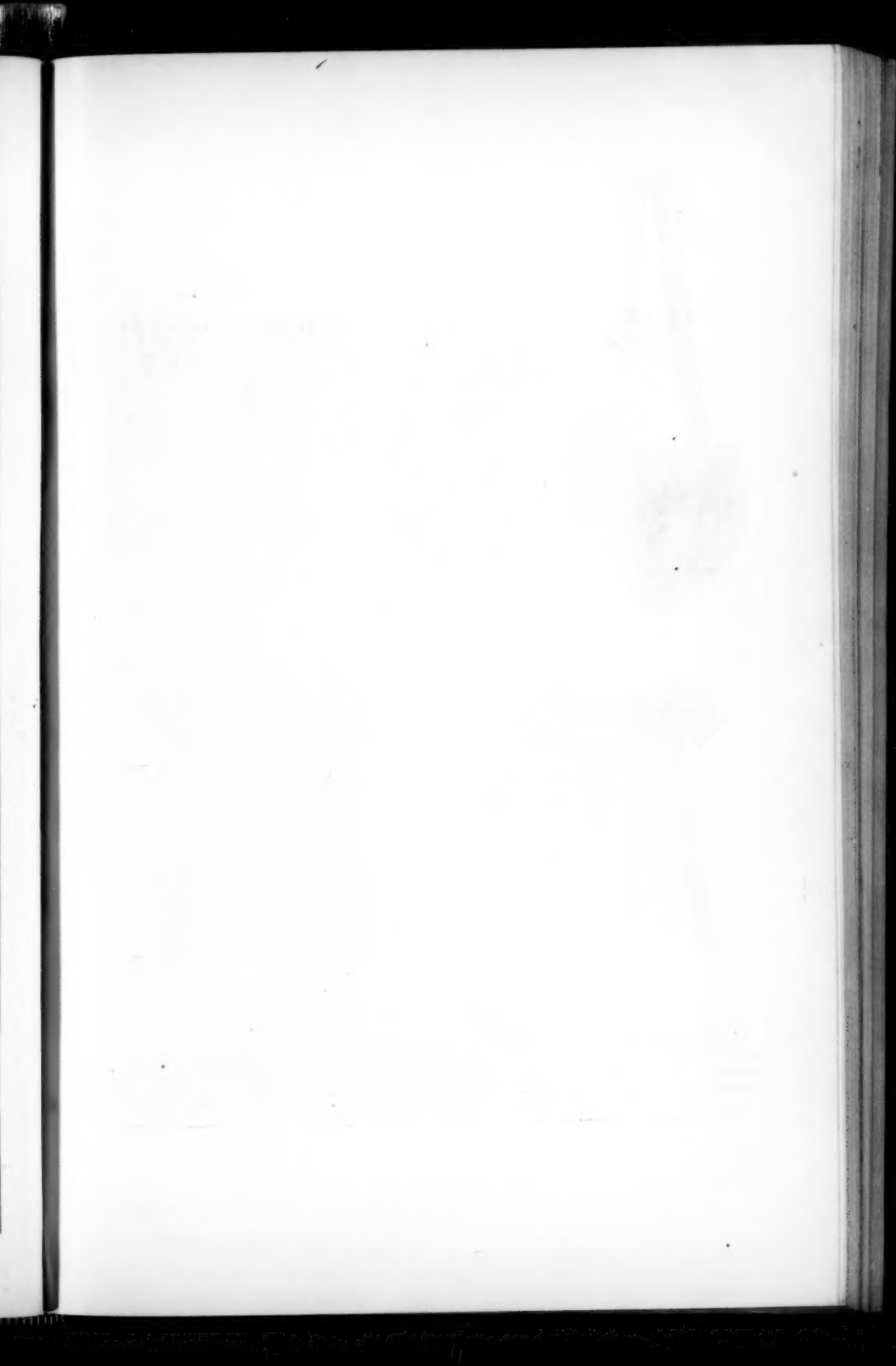
LADIES' CHEMISE.

No. 3321.—The comfortable and shapely garment here illustrated, requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material, 36 inches wide, for a lady of medium size. There are 10 sizes of the pattern for ladies from 28 to 46 inches,

bust measure; and the price is 25 cents. Lonsdale and other cambrics are most suitable for summer wear, and lace or fine embroidery is the appropriate decoration for choice materials.

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SNOW-DROPS.

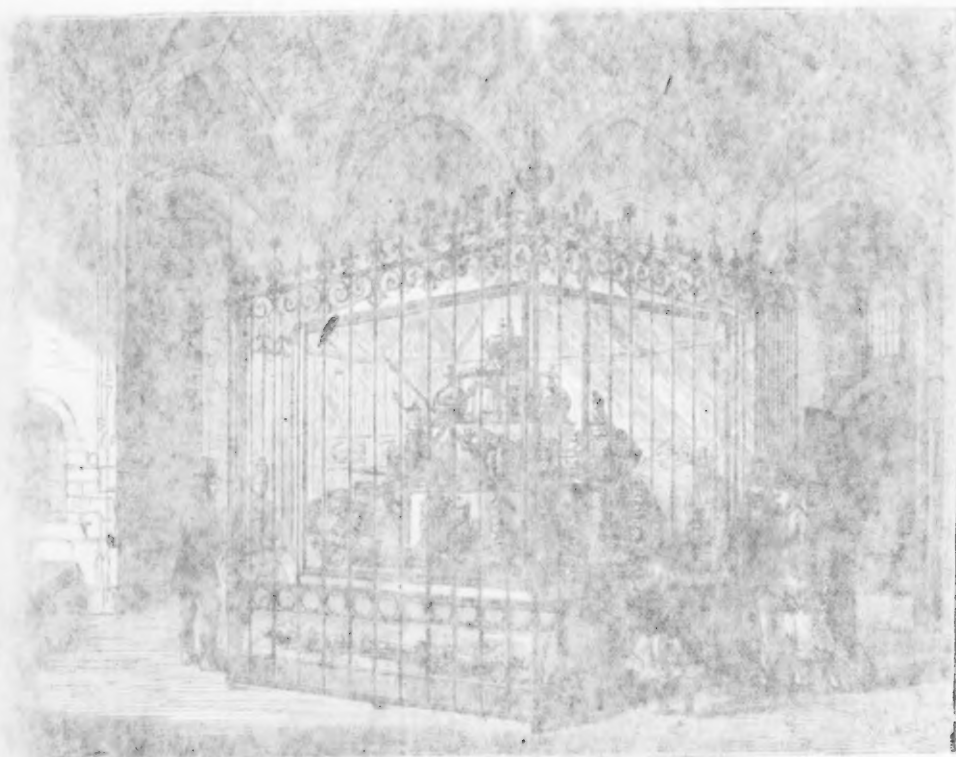
ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLII.

JULY, 1874

No. 7.

History and General Literature.



JEWELLERS IN THE TOWER.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

BY EDW. E. S. DUFFET.

Of all the structures which still remain, either complete or in ruins, in the world, there are none which will compare in amount and variety of interest with those of London. No more building or mass of masonry equals it in age. It has an unbroken history of nearly seven centuries, and a traditionary story reaching back to the earliest times. It has seen the wrongs of many kings since the time of the Norman invasion. It is believed to have been a Saxon fortress for many centuries before that period. It is even supposed

VOL. XLII.—29.

by antiquaries to have been originally built in the days of Caesar, and the traces of a Roman wall, which are still visible in the locality, seem to give countenance to this assertion.

It has been the palace, the prison, the Arsenal, and not infrequently the place of execution for monarchs and upon generations. Here royalty has held its court, and here have been its most political prisoners; here have been met their fate, and here have been the victims of treachery.

The Tower stands upon the point of land, which is now below London Bridge, on ground which was once a marsh commanding the river. It is not a single building, as its



SNOW-DROPS.

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History and General Literature.



JEWEL-ROOM IN THE TOWER.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

OF all the structures which still remain, either complete or in ruins, in the world, there are none which will compare in amount and variety of interest with the Tower of London. No other building or mass of buildings equals it in age. It has an authentic history of nine hundred years, and a traditionary one extending backward nine hundred years more. It has been the stronghold of the English kings since the time of the Norman invasion. It is believed to have been a Saxon fortress for many centuries before that period. It is even supposed

VOL. XLII.—29.

by antiquaries to have been originally built in the days of Cæsar; and the traces of a Roman wall, which are discovered in the locality, seem to give countenance to this assertion.

It has been the palace, the prison, the dungeon, and not unfrequently the place of execution for generations upon generations. Here royalty has held its court; here have been confined political prisoners; here traitors have met their fate, and here have languished for long years the victims of treachery.

The Tower stands upon the Thames, about half a mile below London Bridge, on ground which was once a bluff commanding the river. It is not a single building, as its

(465)

name might imply, but a conglomeration of ramparts, towers, walls, gates, dwellings and gardens. The Tower buildings are inclosed by two walls. Within the first is the Inner Ward, in which are found the White Tower, the Wardrobe Tower, St. Peter's Church, the Queen's Apartments, the Queen's Garden, and the houses and quarters of officers and soldiers. Thirteen towers rise from this wall, one at each of the four corners, known respectively as the Belfry, the Salt Tower, Martin's Tower and Develin Tower. On the side facing the river, between the corner towers, are the Bloody Tower, Hall Tower and the tower called the Lantern, the latter so named because a light used to be burned in it as a guide to vessels coming up the Thames. On the eastern side are the Broad Arrow Tower and the Constable Tower. On the north side the Brick, Bowyer and Flint Towers; and on the west Beauchamp Tower.

This inner wall inclosed all that originally belonged to the Tower; but in the reign of Henry III. the Outer Ward was planned, and a high embattlemented wall built to surround it. In this wall are found Byeward, St. Thomas, Cradle, Well and Galleyman Towers. Within this ward are the quarters of the soldiery and persons belonging to the place. Under St. Thomas's Tower, in the outer wall, runs a canal from the Thames, arched over, and known as the Traitor's Gate. A little farther up the river, and leading down to the river's edge, is the flight of stairs known as the Queen's stairs. All persons coming to the Tower in honor were landed at the Queen's stair; all coming in disgrace were pushed through the Traitor's Gate.

Each one of these towers and gateways has its own special story and romance. Lady Jane Grey, the "nine days queen," after her brief experience of royalty within the Tower, found her prison within the same Tower in the dwelling of the deputy lieutenant, while her young husband was first confined in the Beauchamp Tower and afterward removed to the Belfry.

Sir Walter Raleigh endured four seasons of incarceration within these walls. During his first restraint he was lodged in the Brick Tower, though this can scarcely be called an imprisonment, as he was entertained in state by his cousin, Sir George Caren. His second enforced residence found him in Bloody Tower, and the terraced wall leading from this tower to the Belfry is still known by the name of Raleigh's walk. In this tower, and in the adjacent Garden, however, he worked and wrote, and received the visits of all the celebrities of the time. Here he wrote and studied, and mapped out Virginia, issued political tracts, invented the modern war-ship, and wrote his History of the World.

His third period of restraint gave him a home a second time in the Bloody Tower. Arrested a fourth time, after his Guiana voyage, he was lodged in the Wardrobe Tower, from whence he was transferred to the uppermost room of the Brick Tower, in the more sumptuous rooms of which he had once been a luxurious prisoner; and from thence he went to meet his death.

The Duke of Northumberland was murdered in the Bloody Tower. The terraced wall between Martin's Tower and the Brick Tower is called "Northumberland's Walk." Tradition makes the Hall Tower the scene of the mild detention of Henry VI., and the place where he met his death at the hands of the Duke of Gloucester.

Up the Queen's Stairway to the Byeward Tower, came Anne Boleyn, the fair bride of King Henry VIII. Scarcely three years elapses when again her foot presses

the same stairs, but not now as a bride or honored wife. She goes to find a prison in the same room which she occupied before.

Beneath the arch of the water-way from the Thames, known as the Traitor's Gate, many illustrious persons have passed in their day, never to return again, or to go out only to meet their death. Among these we find Buckingham, Strafford, William Wallace and David Bruce. Here, too, came the Princess Elizabeth, a prisoner in the days of her sister's reign; but another fate awaited her.

In the records of this ancient pile, romance plays an important part. Within its walls the beautiful wife of Henry III., Eleanor of Provence, held her court, and sang and poetized, and robbed her subjects, and cheated her tradespeople. She felt her fortress-palace a kind of jail, and longed to escape to Windsor. But as her barge proudly put off, the people met her, and with taunts and threats drove her back to her refuge in the Tower. This insult, her son, the young and fiery Edward, strove to avenge on Lewes field, where he was defeated, and his father's crown imperiled.

The White Tower, which is at once a palace and a dungeon, is a building of special interest. It is ninety feet high, with walls from twelve to fifteen feet thick. It is a square building, from each corner of which rises a turret. In this edifice are banqueting-halls, state chambers, and vaults used on occasion for incarcerating pirates, rebels and Jews. One of these vaults, darker and damper than the rest, being in fact a crypt beneath a crypt, is called Little Ease, and it was here, there is reason to believe, a lodging was found for Guy Fawkes after the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot.

In the reign of King John, the White Tower was made the prison-house of a beautiful young girl named Maud Fitzwalter, the daughter of Lord Fitzwalter. She was imprisoned here because she refused to listen to the dishonorable suit of the king. King John, wearied out with her obstinacy, finally caused her to be poisoned. Her father, who had been driven from England, returned at this, and placing himself at the head of a great band of prelates and nobles, marched against the king, and defeating him at Runnymede, forced from him the Great Charter.

Fifty years after, the banqueting-hall received two royal tenants, John de Bahil and David Bruce. In this same banqueting-hall, Prince Charles, of Orleans, grandson of Charles V., was held captive, where he remained a prisoner for five-and-twenty years. When he returned to freedom, he married a second wife, and became the father of a son, known in after years as Louis XII. of France.

The various localities of the different crimes of Gloucester: he stabbed King Henry in the Hall Tower; he drowned his brother in the Bowyer Tower; he accused Lord Hastings in the Council Chamber, and struck off his head on the terrace below the keep; he caused his nephews, the young princes, to be murdered in the rooms over the entrance-gate, then known as the Garden Tower, now known as Bloody Tower, and buried them in the passage at the foot of a private stairway, where their bones were afterward found.

But it is impossible to enter into the history of this place. Every building and every apartment has its own story, or perhaps many of them. The Tower is no longer the home of royalty nor the dungeon for political offenders. There can be no stronger evidence of the progress of civilization during the centuries than a consideration of

the different uses made of this building during the past and at the present time. The court no longer needs the safeguard of strong walls against foreign and internal enemies. Royal personages are safe without the protection of the guard which was once so frequently a necessity, but now when used, as they are on stated occasions, are only for show. London needs no stronghold commanding the river, to protect and defend her.

The Tower is now used for the preservation of state papers and the regalia of royalty, and more than all, no doubt, as an invaluable relic of the past, an actual verification and evidence of many important passages in the history of the English nation.

The crown jewels were probably in past centuries kept in a vault in the White Tower, for a "secret jewel-room in the White Tower" is frequently referred to in royal books; and a vault has been found in this building, or rather two of them, scooped from the solid wall, sufficiently safe and secluded to lead one to imagine that they might once have been put to such a purpose.

During a period prior to the Reformation, the regalia of England was kept in the custody of the monks of Westminster Abbey. But during the civil war, the crown and most of the regalia was stolen and lost; and on the coronation of Charles II., new had to be made, which, with alterations and repairs, have continued in use down to the present day.

The crown-jewels are kept in the Hall Tower, now called the Jewel Tower, where they are placed on exhibition, surrounded by a strong iron railing, and carefully guarded. The regalia consists of the crown, the sceptre with the cross, the verge or rod with the dove, the so-called staff of Edward the Confessor (made in reality for Charles II.), the blunt sword of mercy, called the curatana, and the two swords of justice, spiritual and temporal, the ampolla or receptacle for the coronation oil, the anointing spoon (probably the only existing relic of the old regalia,) the armillar or bracelets, and the spurs of chivalry. There are besides these a smaller crown, sceptre and orb for the coronation of a queen consort, and two other queen-consorts' sceptres—one made of ivory, made for Marie D'Este—and the state crown of silver and diamonds, which was used at the coronation of Queen Victoria, and the plain gold crown, without jewels, of the Prince of Wales. Queen Victoria's crown contains, among other jewels, a large ruby, said to have been worn by Edward the Black Prince.

This crown contains one large ruby, one large broad-spread sapphire, sixteen sapphires, eleven emeralds, four rubies, one thousand three hundred and sixty-three brilliant diamonds, one thousand two hundred and seventy-three rose diamonds, one hundred and forty-seven sable diamonds, four drop-shaped pearls, and two hundred and seventy-three pearls. The crown has a crimson velvet cap with ermine border, and is lined with white silk.

William Hepworth Dixon, in describing the Tower, says: "Seen from the hill outside, the Tower appears to be white with age and wrinkled by remorse. The home of our stoutest kings, the grave of our noblest knights, the scene of our gayest revels, the field of our darkest crimes, that edifice speaks at once to the eye and to the soul. Gray Keep, Green Tree, Black Gate and frowning battlements stand out, apart from all objects far and near them, menacing, picturesque, enchaining; working on the senses like a spell, and calling us away from our daily mood into a world of romance, like that which we find painted in light and shadow on Shakspeare's page."

GHEENT—THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. BOVAN.

BY C.

THE famous and fortified city of Ghent, in Belgium, is situated in a country perfectly flat, but very interesting. It is the capital of the province of East Flanders, and is in a fertile plain at the confluence of the four rivers, Scheldt, Lys, Leive and Moer, which by their various branches and ramifications divide it into twenty-six islands. When the city gates are closed, the town is entirely surrounded by water, so that it would be very difficult for an invading army to enter. A person cannot walk three squares in any direction without coming to a canal or river covered with vessels.

Where there is so much water in a city, there must be many bridges, and there are in Ghent, eighty-eight—forty-two of them are large, and forty-six small bridges. The large ones are all built of stone, and the small ones of wood; they are all constructed so as to turn on pivots, so admirably that the very largest can be managed easily by one man.

The city is well built, and has many elegant edifices and hotels. Its public buildings and churches are numerous, and it has many curious antiquities. The streets are straight and wide, except in the older parts of the town, where some are narrow and dark; and the houses have gable fronts, which rise, tier above tier, presenting a very fantastic appearance.

Ghent has many literary and scientific institutions. The University is a handsome modern structure; it has a library of sixty thousand volumes, and a museum of natural history; with about four hundred students. There are many other important schools, and the atheneum, that well deserve to be mentioned as claiming the attention of strangers.

The Cathedral of St. Bovan is a vast structure, the interior of which is finely proportioned and richly decorated; it is one of the most ornamental edifices in the world. The pulpit imitates a tree, most cunningly carved out of oak, with top branches spreading out and over-arching the desk of the preacher. The steps which lead to the pulpit are supported on each side by four beautiful cherubs. Immediately under the desk is a marble Time, with his usual accompaniments—wings, beard and an hour-glass. The whole forms a mixture of wood and marble, remarkable for the beauty of its workmanship and the elaborateness of its details. Beneath this vast building is a crypt, which might be called a subterranean church, which has as many as fifteen chapels, where repose the remains of many distinguished individuals. It would be difficult to convey any idea of the splendor of the interior of the Cathedral. The solemn aisles, the beautiful side-chapels, the elegant pictures, the wonderful statues, and the very gorgeous choir, all strike the beholder with perfect amazement. The choir is so rich that it is rather overloaded. Four splendid candelabras taken from St. Paul's in London, and once the property of Charles II., are stationed at the four corners. Four mausoleums, surmounted by as many statues of celebrated bishops, carved out of the most costly marble, and finished beautifully, add to the general magnificence; and on the walls are to be seen twelve large and admirable pictures in marble, the effect of which is very grand. The Cathedral of St. Bovan far surpasses the other churches of this interesting old city in splendor. Ghent is connected with the sea by the Ternouzen Canal, and is thirty miles from Brussels on the railroad to Ostend.

Dunellen, New Jersey.

PEARL FISHERIES.

BY E. I. N. SAMMLER.

IT is a curious fact that pearls, which are treasured by those of highest station as almost priceless, are the product of disease in a mollusk.

Nacre, or mother-of-pearl, the hard, brilliant and iridescent substance lining the interior of many shells, is found the most plentifully in the pearl oyster (*meleagrina margaritifera*), or, as it is sometimes called, the Pintadine. In this shell the nacre is not only the thickest, but of the purest white. This nacre itself is valuable, and gathered with much care. It is obtained by splitting it away from the shell by a sharp instrument, or by eating away the outside of the shell with acids, leaving the naked bed of nacre.

Pearls are only this nacre in a globular form. They are caused by the presence of some foreign substance within the shell. A grain of sand or the egg of a fish finds its way accidentally within the shell, and probably gives the oyster uneasiness. So it covers it with a secretion of nacrous material, which may perhaps make its presence less irritating to the mollusk. As layer upon layer of this beautiful substance is deposited upon the pearl, it increases in size and value.

The Chinese take advantage of this fact concerning the origin of pearls, and by inserting small glass beads or other minute hard substances, manufacture these gems to order, as one might say. Sometimes they obtain a whole chaplet of pearls by inserting a string of beads. At other times they introduce minute designs in metal, and in due season reap their harvest in the shape of pearl idols or other grotesque forms.

Sometimes pearls are attached to the shell or valves, and have to be taken away by pincers. These are less valuable, and are sold by weight. A pearl within the body of the oyster, entirely detached, is called a virgin pearl or paragon. These pearls are of different forms, sometimes perfectly round, at others, pear or egg shaped.

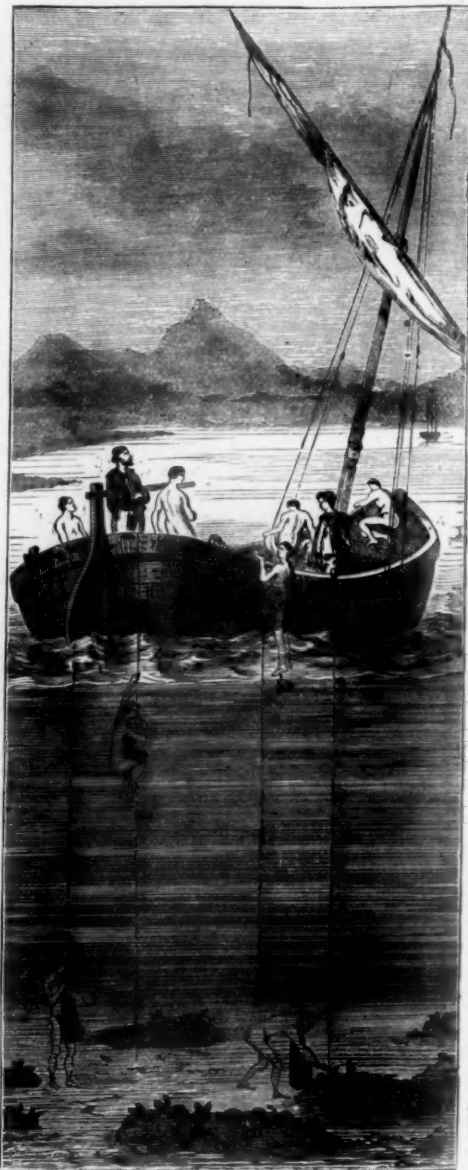
The pearl oyster is found in the Bay of Bengal, Ceylon, the Persian Gulf, the islands of the South Sea, on the shores of California and Panama, and on the coasts of China and Japan. The Ceylon fisheries are under governmental inspection, and every spring an official examination of the coast takes

place, to make sure that they are not being fished beyond what they can bear without injury. Sometimes the fishing is undertaken on account of the State, and at others it is let out to speculators.

The fishing for mother-of-pearl Pintadines takes place in the Gulf of Mannaar, on the north side of the island of Ceylon. It commences in February or March, and continues for thirty days. Two hundred and fifty boats are employed in this fishery, coming from different parts of the coast. At daybreak a signal-gun is heard, indicating the time they should be upon the ground. Each boat's crew consists of twenty hands and a negro. The rowers are ten in number, and the divers ten. The divers divide themselves into two groups of five each, one party resting while the other is diving. They descend into the water forty or fifty feet. In order to help their descent, a large stone is attached to a rope. This stone, which is pyramidal in shape, has at its apex a stirrup attached, into which the diver places his right foot. In his left foot he holds the net in which he is to gather the shells. He fills his ears with cotton, holds his nose with his left hand, and taking in his right the signal cord, he springs overboard, descending vertically, being assisted to remain in that position by the stone attached to his foot. Having reached the bottom, he slips his foot from the stone, which latter is drawn immediately to the surface.

In all haste he gathers the pintadines within his reach, placing them in his net. When he is ready to ascend, he pulls the signal cord, and is immediately drawn up. An expert diver remains under water from thirty to eighty seconds.

The diver repeats this feat sometimes not more than



three or four times of a morning, sometimes as often as fifteen or twenty. It is a very painful operation. On returning to the boat, he sometimes discharges water tinged with blood from the mouth, nose and ears.

At midday the signal-gun is again heard, as an indication for cessation of the diving. The proprietors wait on shore for their boats, and examine the products of the morning's labor.

In past time the Ceylon fisheries have been very valuable, their yearly gain ranging as high as five hundred thousand dollars, and from that figure up to nearly one million; but now one hundred thousand dollars is considered a good yield.

In the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea the pearl fisheries do not commence until July or August, the sea being at that time calmer than in other months of the year. The mode of fishing everywhere is about the same, though there is some little difference in the manner of cleaning the shells and searching for the pearls. In the east they throw the oysters in a heap and allow them to decompose, before they open the shells and make a search for the pearls. In America the bivalve is opened with a knife, and the mollusk is broken up between the thumb and finger. Sometimes pearls are overlooked in this manner, but the pearls preserved retain greater freshness by the process, the nacre of the dead shells losing some of the brilliancy which is retained by those suddenly killed.

Immense pearls have been found in Panama. Philip II., King of Spain, was presented with one the size of a pigeon's egg, and in the form of a pear. This pearl was valued at twenty thousand dollars.

Early in the seventeenth century, a lady of Madrid possessed an American pearl valued at thirty-one thousand ducats.

A prince of Muscat possessed a pearl so clear and transparent that the daylight could be seen through it. Though its size was not large, he refused twenty thousand dollars for it.

The Shahs of Persia possess a string of pearls, each one of which is nearly the size of a hazelnut.

We have all heard of the pearl which Cleopatra is said to have dissolved in vinegar and drank. Though no one knows its exact size and value, it is estimated to have been worth at least three hundred thousand dollars. Its mate was divided in two parts, and suspended one-half from each ear of the Capitoline Venus.

A pearl was purchased at Califa by the traveller Tavernier, and was sold by him to the Shah of Persia for the enormous price of nine hundred thousand dollars.

In the Zoemee Museum at Moscow, there is a pearl called the "Pilgrim," which is quite diaphanous; it is globular in form, and weighs nearly twenty-four carats. It is said that the pearl in the crown of Rudolph II. weighed thirty carats.

Biography.

THOMAS HUGHES.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

HAS any one ever read "School Days at Rugby," either young or old, without feeling how thoroughly its author understood boy-nature? Some one, criticising the book, said its great fault was "too much preaching," and Mr. Hughes answered that he "couldn't see why any one wrote at all unless he had something which he thoroughly believed and wanted to preach about." "Let him, by all means," said he, "put it in the shape in which it will be most likely to get a hearing; but let him never be so carried away as to forget that preaching is his object."

The story of Tom Brown's experiences at the Rugby school is so faithfully told that boys seldom lay down the book after once taking it up, and surely they are none the worse for the lessons inculcated, which are, in fact, only those that life itself teaches. Its style is as fresh and racy as the scenes described, and there is an air of reality about the whole, very convincing to boys, who detect, even sooner than grown people, anything false or affected, and have a hearty contempt for it, whether in books or men. This explains why so much of the literature intended for their edification fails of its object, such as the Sunday-School stories of remarkable children who never do anything wrong and die young in the full odor of sanctity, stories written by worthy people for laudable objects, yet effecting harm rather than good by their distorted views of life, and the impossible characters described. A book must give us pictures of real life, and recognize the imperfections of human nature, or its words cannot reach the heart, and this is as true of children as of their elders. How many a school-boy has recognized

his own likeness, or that of a playmate, in Tom Brown at Rugby—blundering, boisterous, good-natured, pugnacious Tom! One half suspects while reading his exploits that Mr. Hughes not only retains a vivid remembrance of his own boyhood, but is identical with his hero. This suspicion is strengthened by another book of his, entitled "Memoir of a Brother," the record of a life so interwoven with the author's that we catch frequent glimpses of his childhood and youth, and find them strangely resembling Tom Brown's.

We all know that the figure of Dr. Arnold in Mr. Hughes's book is drawn from life, and that, as headmaster at Rugby, he gave to the school under his charge, an earnest and thoughtful tone which it keeps to this day. "He brought home to us," Mr. Hughes says, "for the first time, the meaning of life: that it was no fools' or sluggards' paradise into which we had wandered by chance, but a battlefield, ordained from of old, where there are no spectators, but the youngest must take his side, and the stakes are life and death. At the same time he showed us, by every word he spoke in the pulpit, and by his whole daily life, how that battle was to be fought; and stood before us our fellow-soldier and the captain of our band. The true sort of captain, too, for a boys' army, one who had no misgivings and gave no uncertain word of command and, let who would yield or make truce, would fight the fight out (so every boy felt) to the last gasp and the last drop of blood. Other sides of his character might take hold of and influence boys here and there, but it was this thoroughness and undaunted courage which, more than anything else, won his way to the hearts of the great mass of those on whom he left his mark, and made them believe, first in him, and then in his Master."

Dr. Arnold is not the subject of this sketch, but the words above written help us to understand Mr. Hughes's character and the influences surrounding his youth. He was the second son of John Hughes, an English author and artist, and was born in October, 1822, at Uffington, a small village in Berkshire. His elder brother, George, whose life he has given to the world in the "Memoir," before mentioned, was only thirteen months his senior. The two boys seem to have been almost inseparable during their childhood, and, even when later in life their

and modifying, in more ways than one, their thoughts and feelings. His biographer tells us with what tact he guided the public opinion of the school, making all kinds of falsehood and meanness seem twice as hateful by his calm way of ignoring them. "If you say so, that is quite enough; of course I believe your word;"—this was his way of checking the older boys who attempted to prove an assertion. Every feeling of honor and self-respect was at once enlisted on his side, and the boys would have told any one else a lie sooner than Dr. Arnold.



THOMAS HUGHES.

paths diverged, preserved for each other an unbroken attachment until George's death in 1872. The "memoir" of one brother, therefore, gives us many details concerning the early life and struggles of the other.

Both were sent to Rugby at the same time, in 1834, and placed under the charge of Dr. Arnold, whom their father had known at Oxford, and for whose ability and character he had the greatest respect. We have already referred to the influence exerted by Dr. Arnold's teaching, an influence extending to the future lives of his pupils,

Strange that not only teachers, but people generally, are so slow to learn that if you want to find truth you must first believe in it yourself, and that the child or man who is constantly distrusted will come at last to have a low standard of morality.

Upon leaving Rugby the brothers went to Oxford, George in 1840, Thomas a year or two later. In the meantime Dr. Arnold died, and his biography was given to the world. Living, his political faith had only been half understood by his pupils; dead, it shone out upon

their paths like a great white light. "If there is one thing short of the highest for which I would gladly die, it is democracy without Jacobinism," he wrote; and these words, and the life and teachings they exemplified, helped to make Thomas Hughes and others promoters of and believers in liberalism and reform. But they could not shake the old-fashioned Toryism of his brother, who disliked innovations of every kind, and thought the existing order of things as good as any. This difference of political creed was, doubtless, of service to both, for it taught them that one's opponents are as likely to be honest and upright as those with whom one agrees, and that the most useful and powerful supporters of a cause know best what can be said against it. If all men thought alike, life would be a monotonous affair, and there would be no means of detecting error or discovering truth. It is necessary to the stability, both of society and government, that they contain radical and conservative elements; for without the first, old abuses would be perpetuated forever, and lacking the second, everything would plunge into chaos and anarchy, as in the French Revolution of 1789.

After taking his degree at Oxford, Thomas Hughes went up to London to read for the bar, but it was some years before his brother, who seems to have had at first a strong leaning toward the church, decided upon entering the same profession. The choice once made, the two were again reunited under the same roof. This was in 1849, when events in France had given republican principles a new impetus all over Europe, and drawn the attention of thoughtful and humane men toward the social condition of the poor. A society, chiefly of young barristers, had been formed in London, for promoting working men's associations, and Thomas Hughes ranked among its most active and influential members. He tells us that at a later day he could not think of his state of mind then without wonder and amusement. For he not only believed that here was the solution of the great labor question, but that nothing was necessary except to found an association or two, in order to convert all England, and usher in the millennium. His zeal for the cause had in it something of fanaticism, and one can imagine his disappointment when the elder brother, from whom he had expected not only sympathy but help, looked upon it coldly. George Hughes, to use his own words, "hated upsetting things," and could not see how the world was to be bettered by any change in its social or political organizations. He was willing enough to assist the society pecuniarily, and bought his clothes at their tailors' association, although we are assured the "cut was so bad as to put the sternest principles to a severe test." But he could not conscientiously take an active part in their work.

This opposition of his brother was not without effect on the mind of Thomas Hughes, and, though it could not weaken his faith in the cause, gave his ideas on the subject more of a practical, and less of a visionary, turn. The society was at first unfortunate in the name adopted by its members—"Christian Socialists," for their doctrines were thus confounded in the minds of many with the extravagant ones of St. Simon, Fourier and other French enthusiasts. Socialism, it was argued, meant the same thing as communism, a division of other people's property and absurdities of the like kind. The name was gradually dropped, therefore, and that of "co-operatives" substituted, which, in fact, explained their purposes better, as the only ideas they had borrowed from the French were those of making association instead of com-

petition the law of industry, and educating the working classes in thrift and self-control by teaching them mutual help and inter-dependence. The principle is a good one, and has been productive of vast results, notwithstanding the fanaticism and eccentricity at first mixed up with it. In 1851, the Industrial and Provident Societies' Act was passed by the English Parliament, under which more than a thousand co-operative societies are at present registered, doing a yearly business of ten million pounds, and owning property to the amount of two million and a half. A co-operative society is a body of men who form what might be called a joint-stock copartnership for the distribution of articles of daily consumption among its members. A store is established where all make their purchases; the goods are sold at the market-price for ready money, but are of the best quality, and each member shares in the profits. The goods are also bought for cash, and there is no credit whatever. Payment for a share constitutes one a member, but the share is personal, and not transferable. Stock-jobbing is thus prevented, and the whole system put upon such a basis as to secure honesty in its management, and discourage all kinds of fraud and selfishness.

From the beginning of his career, Thomas Hughes has been a sincere and consistent friend of the working classes, seeking by every available means to advance their cause and elevate their social standing. He has been active, too, in other reforms, always taking the side of the oppressed against the oppressor, and vigorously attacking abuses wherever found. The brother, whom he so loved and revered, after practising a short time in London, settled in the country, and was henceforth known to but few outside his immediate circle of friends and acquaintances. Thomas Hughes, on the contrary, is widely celebrated both as author and politician, and is especially honored by Americans for his brave words of sympathy during our late struggle. To understand his literary popularity one has only to read "School Days at Rugby," and its sequel, "Tom Brown at Oxford," both of which have passed through numberless editions. These are his first and most entertaining works, but the others breathe a like atmosphere of truth and simplicity, and are inspired with the same real and living faith in God and humanity.

In 1865, Mr. Hughes was elected to Parliament by the Liberals, and again in 1868, but has been recently defeated upon trying for re-election. Whether in Parliament, or out of it, he is one whose large-hearted benevolence and disinterestedness of purpose will always be felt for good, and whose influence upon young minds and hearts can hardly be overestimated.

It is no great matter to live lovingly with humble and meek persons, but he who can do so with the forward, the peevish and the perverse, he only hath the true charity; always remembering that our solid, true peace consists in complying rather with others, than in being complied with; in suffering and forbearing, rather than in contention and victory.

THE Great Builder has some lowly crevice in His house which the meanest and feeblest of us may occupy. We may not be called to bear up buttresses, or to crown turrets, or to adorn the carved work of the sanctuary; but it should satisfy us if, in some remote recess and unknown shade we fulfil the office which the Master has upon us.

Home-Life and Character.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 7.

BY PIPSSISWAY POTTS.

IN this township in which we Pottses live there were, at one time, long ago, no less than six still-houses for the manufacture of whisky. It was when the country was new and money very scarce, produce that could have been spared from home consumption brought nothing, and so whisky was all the currency in circulation. Every man drank in those days; it was customary, and none of the disgrace was attendant upon the moderate use of whisky then as it is now.

What tales these purling woodland springs and hillside fountains could tell us now of other days! I shudder when I stand among those beautiful places, many of them the most delightful sylvan recesses, and think of the quietude of those woody haunts as once broken upon by the seething, steaming still-houses in the shady hollows a-near.

Every one of these old sites has a story, some sad, some tragical, and all full of interest. Perhaps, by the deacon's assistance, I will write them sometime.

When I was a little girl we always kept a jug of whisky in the house—the deacon was a temperance man and lived up to the principles he professed, but he felt none of the fear and dread about intoxicating liquors, that we temperance people do now-a-days. He could not; whisky had been currency in his youth, and he was not afraid of it. It was kept to make camphor, and to wash bruises, and to wet the children's heads with while they were attending school.

When I learned how panada was made, if myself or sister felt badly, why we took a bowlful hot, and covered up in bed immediately.

I never knew of our whisky being used for any other purposes than those I have named. Our father loved the taste of it dearly—it was his by inheritance—but when he saw his danger, and knew that his influence was pernicious, he gave it up bravely and truly. He was a man of an iron will, and when he said a thing he meant it. This was right—all honor to his gray hairs to-day, but I think his judgment on the temperance question is not sound. We have many and many a talk on the subject. He judges every man by himself. He laughs at a poor, weak soul who cannot listen unmoved to the tempting gurgle of flowing liquors, who feels the fire in his veins when he sees the rich purple or the ruby tint glowing in the glass, or smells the peculiarly reviving aroma of the wine that lieth in wait like a stealthy foe. He makes no allowance for the great difference in the moral stamina of men. He thinks whatever he can do, or withstand, any other man should. He thinks temperance organizations are useless, that a man who is so weak that he has to be held up by rules, and regulations, and by-laws, and by the united efforts of his more favored fellow-men, is not much of a man. He does not give credit to the helps that lie in words of encouragement and strong words full of good cheer, when given cordially to the weak and erring and easily tempted.

In this we disagree, and have for years. There are not many planks in our platform on which the deacon and I

stand side by side. I often wonder that we get along as well as we do when we so very materially differ in almost everything.

I want to say to the mothers and sisters that we cannot occupy grounds too ultra on the temperance question. We mustn't yield one inch—we must be firm and we must endeavor to see the way clearly.

I was first roused to the importance of this by hearing my baby brother, at the age of three years, crying: "I 'ant whicky! I 'ant whicky!" My stepmother poured a little bit—a mere taste—into a saucer and sat him down on the floor beside it. He thrust his dear little fat finger into it, and then licked it off with infinite relish. He whooped in his delight and kicked his feet up into the air with every taste he took.

Why the little toper! That put me to thinking, and I was troubled beyond expression. The family said that was nothing—that was no sign the little rogue would love it—it was only funny, and he did it to raise a laugh. But I knew the baby loved the taste. I followed back as far into the generations gone as I could, and found that if the child became a drunkard he would only be in honest possession of his rightful inheritance. The taint was in his blood. This was very sad, and we took upon ourselves a new burden of work.

When he cried out: "I 'ant whicky!" I would take him on my lap and tell him of its evils. I would say, "The baby must drink water, good water; God makes it for little boys and for everybody. The bad, ragged man, with an old hat on—a man with a dirty, red face and watery eyes and shaky hands, he makes the bad, strong whicky—he's wicked, too—God don't love him. He turns away from him. Whicky makes the head ache, and the nose red, and the eyes all fady and dull, it burns in the stomach and it makes folks swear wickedly, and make fists and crooked faces, and makes 'em fight, and God don't love 'em at all, at all. It makes men's heads dizzy, and they fall out of wagons and tumble off their horses, and the horses step on them and make the blood come, and sometimes they die—poor fellows, they'd ought not to touch the bad whicky! Little boys who like it make bad, ugly, fighty men, and they can't learn how to read and write, and nobody loves them and they have no friends, only the devil. He sticks to them and tells them that whicky is good—that he likes it."

I often cried while I was summing up the evils of whisky to the little man on my lap. His beautiful blue eyes would grow very large and round and earnest, and his fingers would knot themselves together, and his breath come and go heavily, while his red lips would be parted and his attention all centered on the thoughts to which I gave utterance. It generally ended with: "Give me a bid drint of dood told water now," and he would stand and swig most valiantly. When he climbed on my lap and begged for a "dood 'tory," I managed to work into some of them, strong points, that showed the evils of indulging in the use of liquor. When he was five or six years old, I could make him see the danger there was in tasting the forbidden beverage, I could tell him of his ancestors, and that the thirst came down from one generation to another, losing not one grain of its power or one jot of its danger. He resolved that he would never

touch the poison again. When he was a little older, he could read temperance stories—and I know of nothing better in a family than a sensible, child's magazine devoted to this cause. Ours was the *Yonth's Visitor*, published in Rockland, Maine. The worth of such a periodical in a family of children is above all price. It will reach them as they can be touched in no other way. Taken in time, and brought up this way, the boy made a temperance man, and never touched strong drink, and was never tempted beyond what he could stand. Though every one of the workmen about him drank whisky, and offered him the brimming glass, they offered it in vain; though all the young men whom he most respected in college indulged in brandy and wine, he touched not, and soon his name was known as the synonym of temperance.

We sisters were always anxious that our brother should become a member of the organization of the Sons of Temperance, it would throw his influence farther, and made broader its reach; but he replied: "Father says a man is foolishly weak who has to be propped up by others. I can be just as good a temperance man outside of the organization; it will not change my principles one whit."

We said: "Other men not as strong and positive as you are may say the same thing, and while saying it may fall weakly; they may hide behind you, and make you an example, and for their fall, and their getting up and falling again, you may be responsible in the sight of God."

But these errors in the early teaching of the father lay like great blocks for many years in his path; at last the light came, and he saw, and all obstructions over which others might fall were removed, and he was known henceforth as a total abstinence temperance man, ready and willing to labor anywhere.

I have always observed that it is a dangerous plan for parents not to take a positive stand against intemperance. No half-way work will do; it must be decided, strenuous, determined.

If children love their father, and think no further, he can make them believe black is white, almost. I can think of a half dozen young men, perfect gentlemen, too, who have been taught by the father—have heard it from his lips since their infancy—that moderate drinking is not dangerous, it is beneficial, and that the man who binds himself to a temperance organization is a coward, a sneak, and one who cannot trust himself. Such fathers too often find a fearful reckoning awaiting them when their sons come up to manhood.

The best meeting I ever attended was a little Band of Hope speaking meeting. The children all spoke—told of their hopes and fears and their blessed little resolves in the temperance cause; and there I sat with the tears chasing each other down my cheeks. It was so good, so full of rare promise, that all I could do was to sit and listen and cry, and say through my nose: "Bless the dear little children!"

There is much pleasure to be found in the little everyday things about us, if we only have the faculty to draw the pleasure therefrom. I will tell you some of them. We will suppose you are a farmer's wife, and rise very early in the summer morning. As you step out to the pump to wash, and stand there looking around and slowly turning back the cuffs of your morning wrapper, you hear the birds; some are wide awake and full of song, while you hear others just beginning to peep, like little

children when they rub their eyes open and peep over at their bed-fellows. You smile at the pretty, half-awake twitter.

Then you see the dawn in the east. Glorious! The tintings reach away to the peaked hills in the southwest. While you are getting breakfast, a robin alights in one of the door-yard trees, and pours out a song full of trills and warbles, and ups and downs, the most delicious music, yours without any solicitation.

Then, while you are busy about your household duties, pretty things will come to you whether you see them or not—the morning-glory vine a-sparkle with dew and full of drooping bells; the lambs skipping in frolicsome mood, all in a heap up on a pile of rails or on a stump, every movement the very perfection of grace and beauty; the gay party of young men and maidens going to a picnic; the exquisite laughter that reaches you from one whom you know not, but whose musical ha! ha! made you laugh in spite of yourself; the troop of passing school children, who were sure to say something very original and very funny. And thus, if your heart be attuned to pleasurable emotions, will little, pleasant surprises come to you all the long day. An odd fancy, or singular coloring of the clouds; a patch of cream-white violets on the brook-side bank; ruby berries right under your feet, where you least expected to find them; a new tune, a strange bird, a delicious breeze, a neighbor's gift, a baby's face, a grand poem, a book to read, a churning of superior butter, a new discovery in baking pies or making cookies, a pattern you had long wished for, the shadow on a distant mountain, going for the cows yourself, going with the children for mosses, or an unusually magnificent sunset that glorified the woody hill-tops, and bathed them as with the siftings of fine gold, while the hollows and ravines were thrown into shadow and darkness. All these are common things—little things, you might call them; but don't overlook them—don't undervalue them, these things you call trifles, lying all within reach of your eye and your heart. Use them, my dears, they will do you good, and keep you young, and beautiful, and cheerful. Don't let them all go while you are grasping for the larger good just out of our reach—a fancied good that may never come to you, and, if it does, you may be embittered with disappointment.

Do you sneer and say one must have a small capacity for happiness that such trifles can fill and satisfy? They do not satisfy, but they keep the faculty in pleasurable exercise, and the happiness which comes by larger and more important channels is more wisely and more truly enjoyed.

Let us keep open eye and ear to such gentle ministries as these. Remember and not go through life with eyes too high for seeing the little blessings that cling about your feet.

I was in at a neighbor's the other day while they were eating dinner. It was washing-day. Her sleeves were rolled up, the front of her dress sopping wet, her toes stuck into her slippers, and her hair looked like a crow's nest.

"Dear me! I do wish, Pipsey, you hadn't come to-day," said she, slipping her parboiled hand over her head, feeling if the pins were all in the bosom of her dress, and clutching the dry calico in a hurried handful up over the wet front of her gown.

"Oh, I'm glad you did come, Pips!" said the husband, enjoying his wife's mortification.

"Will you take off your calash?" said she, reddening, and the expression of her face said: "Oh, I hope to goodness she'll not do it!"

"No, I didn't come to stay," said I, "I came to see if you were done with the shirt-waist pattern of the girls'."

She said, "yes," and hesitated a little bit, and then, as though she had renewed her courage, she got up and flapped off to find it.

"Flapped" is the very word—her dress was all slit up, and went flippetty-flap, flippetty-flap, as she crossed the room. And there sat her husband, the very identical man, who, five short years before, had wooed her and had called her his star, and his rose, and lily, and pink, and sweetheart, and nugget, and his birdie, and pet mouse, and his queen of Sheba. I had heard how he wooed her and what his vocabulary had been in his green young days, and really my heart did ache for the poor creature.

Ha, ha! a chrysalis makes a butterfly, but this butterfly had turned back to a grub!

I have told you women often what a bad business it is to begin washing-day with the beds unmade, the dirty dishes piled up, the floors unswept and the parlor or sitting-room in disorder. Better do up all your work well before you commence, for you will be too tired to do it when the washing swings on the line. Don't dress up shabbily, either, just because it is wash-day. Comb or brush your hair, put on a clean collar, wear your ear-rings and breast-pin and feel respectable. A woman should be dressed well enough on washing-day, that she can, without a moment's preparation, step into the parlor to see a caller, taking off her apron on the way, and rolling down her sleeves, if she chooses to do so.

When the neighbor came back with the pattern, she said: "I was gone so long I 'spect you thought I was making a new pattern. Everything is all upside down to-day, and I found it away over back of the bed with all the clothes tumbled on it."

Then she drew together the slits and sat down to finish her meal.

This wash-day dinner was good enough, plenty, if it had only been made to look inviting, the food was excellent. There was cold roast beef on the same plate on which it had been first served, broken pieces and fragments, and fat slices rejected, all lying in the cold grease. Laid on a clean plate with the fragments left out, this would have been nice. Then there was a dish of baked beans, a remnant of the Sunday dinner—they needed to be put on a clean plate dished into a heap and the clean spoon laid beside it. The baked apples were piled up in a heap—all they required was a white plate with not more than four of them on it and white sugar sprinkled over. The bread, loaf and all, was on a pan with the bread-knife, the butter-plate had been used a long time without changing, the pickles had been out of the vinegar until they were dry, the cream-pitcher was an old veteran with a broken nose, the table-cloth hung awry and looked as though it had been flung down in a heap instead of folded in its first creases, as it should have been. The knives had not been polished and the dust of many days was on the castor.

With no trouble at all, a picked-up wash-day dinner can be made just really nice and good, and to look appetizing.

I like Lua's way of settling coffee. She always buys the best article of green coffee and roasts it herself. She roasts one pound at a time and this is how she manages,

for we all know that one pound roasted at one time for a small family, will lose its strength before it is all used. She beats one egg well, and when the coffee is done and just cool enough not to cook the egg, she pours it over it, stirring briskly that every grain may be coated with the varnish, then she lets it stand a few minutes in a warm place until it dries. This prevents the escape of the aroma, is not affected by the moisture, and the egg settles the coffee when it is ground and steeped.

Roasted coffee should never be kept in an open vessel; if you have no better way to keep it put it in a tin fruit-can with a close cover on it. This is a very good substitute.

I always learn something new when I go to Lua's. Now, the last time I was there, her youngest boy came home from school, crying with the ear-ache. He had felt it all day and toward night it grew worse.

"Oh, I'll soon cure my little baby," said she, taking off his boots and rubbing his cold feet with her warm hands, and then sticking them out close to the fire.

She took a bit of cotton batting, put upon it a pinch of black pepper, gathered it up into a wad, dipped it in sweet oil and put it in his ear. Then she tied a little shawl all over his head to keep it warm. It gave immediate relief, and I think it was not over ten minutes until the little dear's head was nodding, when his mother took him up softly and put him in her bed.

Lua's husband has a touch of dyspepsia and she is very careful what she prepares for him to eat. It is not much pie that he eats and what he does, the crust is made this way: She takes equal quantities of Graham and white flour and wets it up with thin, sweet cream. Or, she takes a piece of bread dough, after it has risen, and works into it a small bit of butter. They use a good deal of cracked wheat, boiled and eaten with a sauce of cream or milk, sweetened. The wheat will burn if boiled in a kettle, so she puts it in a little covered tin pail and stands that in a kettle of boiling water to cook.

Lua has a rich uncle in California, who is always sending pretty things to her. Before she was married he sent her some beautiful jewelry—opals in a setting of gold. She did not wear them for a long time, once, and when she took them out to wear to the wedding of her youngest sister, she was astonished to find them dull and looking valueless.

It is well known that the opal is a silicate, containing water, and is much softer than quartz. It can be dissolved in a solution of potash, hot, while quartz is not so dissolved.

Lua wept and refused to be comforted. She is a little bit superstitious, and she said she knew her dear uncle was dead or dying. Her husband carried the jewelry down to Brother Hickman's—he is the best educated man in the bounds of Pottsville Church—and he soon explained the meaning of it. He said opals contain water, they are made of siliceous in a soluble state and a small quantity of water, and that it was nothing unusual for such stones to lose the water contained in them, and in this state they became valueless.

He told her to place them in a damp cellar and in a month or two they would be perfectly restored, and be as brilliant and beautiful as when her uncle first sent them to her.

She did so, and they became all they were at first.

When I rose to start home, Lua slipped two or three soft ginger cookies into my reticule for me to eat on the way. We live about two miles apart, but the route is

circuitous, and is quite three miles the way we go. By going across one large meadow, we can pass the fountain, a beautiful stream of clear, cold water gushing out of a crevice between two large rocks, and falling with a gradual slope about sixty feet. It is one of the finest sights in the vicinity of Pottsville. It is one of my Mecca's, and has been all my life, and will be while I live.

I sat down on a rock and ate one of Lua's cookies, and drank water from a cup made of a big oak leaf. If I were sentimental, I would tell of romantic incidents that memory brought back to me while I sat there munching the cookies and sipping of the flowing fountain.

I smiled as I remembered clasping hands with a beardless boy once under the purling fountain stream, after the romantic fashion of Scottish lovers plighting troth. As the poet sang,

"Both were young and both were green."

When I came down the hollow, past the Widow Burdett's cottage, I heard musical laughter and the ripple of child-talk, and soon a little boy's voice said: "Oh, there goes an old woman! Shack! old woman—shack!"

"Hush, you Billy!" said a little girl; "that's Flipsissaway Flopps! Don't you know 'er? Why she's a real dood old woman! She aint no shack! Many's the piece she's gin me. Shame on ye! I'll tell yer mammy!"

Just then Mrs. Burdett came out on the stoop and invited me to come in. She said it was the birthday of her little daughter, and the child's cousins were all invited, and she had given them full possession of the kitchen. They were making cream candy; one of the older sisters superintended the job. I never saw a happier set of little ones. It was the tenth birthday of the little girl who had dignified me as a "dood old woman."

The cream candy was every bit as good as any made in Boston, and for the sake of the many dear little ones I love in the households of the HOME MAGAZINE, I append the recipe here:

To any quantity of white sugar, add an equal quantity of cold water. Set the water and sugar on the fire to boil; do not stir it much after the sugar dissolves. In the meantime, dissolve in cold water, wheat starch, in the proportion of two teaspoonfuls to one cup of sugar, and set it aside for use when needed. Let the sugar and water on the fire boil until a little of it dropped in cold water will harden readily. Then add the starch, stirring very rapidly, and let it boil a minute or two; then try it again. When done, pour it into a buttered dish and set it aside until it is cool enough to work with the hands. If you want it flavored nicely, you can add the flavoring extract while working it. Handle it until it is very light, then pull it out and cut it off into sticks to suit yourselves.

If you chaps try it, I hope you will enjoy yourselves as well as did little Birdie Burdett on her birthday. Why I enjoyed the fun, too!

MY GIRLS AND I.

BY CHATTY BROOKS.

No. 7.

JUNE 29th.—There was a public society at Millwood Hall last Tuesday evening. The girls insisted on me going with them. They offered to do up all the work after supper, and milk Flossy, and set the yeast for to-morrow's baking if I would go. It was: "O Chatty, do! Chatty do!" until at last I told them I would go. I did very much enjoy the entertainment. They had essays, recitations, select reading, biography, paper,

budget-box, questions and discussion. The recitation was "Dickens in Camp," that rare poem by Bret Harte; the discussion a real woman's debate about whether it was right for the last girl left at home to marry and leave her parents. Very good arguments were brought up on both sides. They made me cry two or three times, I declare for it! That girl is an angel who conscientiously puts aside love and marriage, and with no consideration but love for father and mother, stays at home and voluntarily gives them the best years of her bright young life. We do not half appreciate these brave, noble women. We are too apt to sniff our noses, and call them ugly old maids. They are heroes in the sight of God and the angels, braver and stronger than the men who, fired by a spurt of patriotism, scale the enemy's ramparts or face the cannon's mouth. It requires a stronger spirit, a bolder heart, and a more determined will, to thus unselfishly consecrate one's self to old parents who are unkind or mercenary, greedy for worldly pelf; or deaf and blind to everything but slavish toil. I cannot think of a sadder life than this, when not appreciated, when misconstrued, and all the weary summers and winters, dark days and long days, passed in employment that is drudgery, and among those who are incongenial.

Oh, we know not the bitterness that some lives contain! pure springs among bitter herbs and noisome weeds, and yet the little rill that issues forth is as clear as crystal, and as pure as though it gushed from the heart of a rock.

The next morning when we went to get breakfast, we found the kettle in which we boil our potatoes, set away under a pantry shelf, not washed, and the spider in which the fish had been fried, left in the same condition.

I called the girls to an account for it. That is a slovenly, lazy way some girls have of setting away dirty things. Now the right way is, that just as soon as the mashed potatoes, turnips, squash, or stewed veal or chicken is taken up, then put some water in the kettle and wash it about, and leave it in order to wash easily by the time you are ready for it. A better way is to wash it immediately, because it is so easily done at that time. I told the girls this—told them to take the calico dishcloth and make short work of it. I often wish Pipey Pcats would visit my boarding-house, and visit my girls, too.

The excuse my little girl gave was, that she was feeling agueish, and wanted to hurry down to the druggist's to get some quinine before it was time to go to the Hall.

Poor girl! that was excuse enough; but the little Spartan should have told us she was feeling badly.

Her home is in a malarious neighborhood, and the seeds of ague are in her system. She manages to feel quite well, and to keep the chills in subjection, by taking a dose of quinine once a week, and one day earlier in the week every time. Ague can be held in subjection year after year by adopting this plan. If through neglect, the chills come on, then on her well day she takes four doses of quinine, four hours apart.

It is bad to have this mortal enemy, ague, lying in wait like a sneaking wolf, waiting for an opportunity to spring upon his victim. But, bad as it is, we are glad that it can be held at a distance and made subservient to quinine.

July 2d.—I forgot to say that the little clerk whom I mistook for Orge Torix awhile ago, helped me down the long stairs the evening I was at public society. I thought he was very gentlemanly indeed. None of my girls noticed me when I started down the stairs, and as I was feeling my way in the darkness, dapper little Mr. Torix

said: "Give me your hand, Mrs. Brooks; you are not so well acquainted with these narrow steps as I am," and the young gentleman assisted me as politely and gracefully as though I were a beautiful girl. He even saw me down the steps at the door, and through the gate.

If young men knew how much such careful politeness advanced them in the good graces of women, especially the mothers and grandmothers, they would not be so careful to bestow all their attentions on young and handsome girls. Girls expect it, but women do not, and that is why it seems so perfectly unselfish and gentlemanly, and is so gratifying.

You could count all the young men on your thumbs whom you ever saw assisting an elderly lady down a stairs, or down the icy steps at a church door. They do not do it, because it is not customary, and some young comrade might laugh at them for it, and look upon the civility as water spilt upon the ground.

July 3d.—We, Charity Brooks and the girls, love each other, but sometimes there are little quibbling things that come up among us, things that we are sorry for. Now, the other day, when Lucetta Mason was buried, ten girls, all dressed in white, were to walk with the pall-bearers. 'Cetta was one of the Institute girls last year. Two of my girls, Mary and Margie, were in her class and they were to be of the ten chosen ones.

Now our Mary is one of the poky sort, poor thing, she is never quite ready. When others are ready and waiting, she always has to run up-stairs for her veil, or tumble everything out of her trunk in a search for that other glove.

The day of the funeral, the girls were to meet at Squire Mason's at two o'clock, precisely. I told them before noon to wash, and comb and fix their hair, and to put on their best under-clothing and shoes and stockings, and have their white dresses and skirts laid out ready to put on in good time.

At one o'clock Margie came into the parlor already dressed, saying: "Now I can sit down and commit four rules before it will be time to go," and then commenced a jabber of Latin, every word of which was unintelligible to me. At half past one, I went into Mary's room, and there she sat, half dressed, her abundant hair hanging over her shoulders, busy reading Middlemarch.

I said: "Mary, come! you have little enough time in which to get ready. Perhaps there will be some arrangements to make after you all get to Mr. Mason's. And, my child, don't let a silly story come between you and the solemn duty of this eventful day."

"Oh, I'll be ready in ten seconds, Chatty, see if I don't. All my clothes are waiting."

Ten minutes before two I looked in and said: "It is nearly time, Mary."

"I'm just ready, auntie," was her hurried reply. She was finishing the pretty little curls on her temples, and still her airy, white dress lay like a puff of vapor on the snowy counterpane.

"I'll not call you again, my dear," said I, "Margie will go alone, if you are not ready in five minutes."

"I'm just, j-u-s-t ready," she replied, breathlessly.

Just as Margie, wearied with waiting, stepped off the veranda, Mary came bustling into the parlor with her hat, veil, parasol, gloves, fan and handkerchief, heaped in her arms.

"Now, I've forgotten my watch, after all," said she, as she piled up the articles on a chair and ran up-stairs. As she came down she caught her overskirt on the catch of the door, and twisted it all awry. "Just ready, Marguerita!" and her eyes were wide and scared-looking and her cheeks unusually flushed.

Margie walked on slowly. They waited till five minutes after two at the house of mourning, and still no tardy Mary. They went out into the street and began forming the procession. Of course all eyes were turned up the street, waiting and looking for the one girl lacking in the procession.

At last they could wait no longer, and a girl in a light lawn dress was taken as a substitute for the tardy classmate.

After the procession started, Mary was seen running down street. Just as they turned the corner, she reached them, and the girl in the light lawn dress stepped aside, and Mary, worried and mortified, and with ribbons and curls and fixings flying and fluttering in the wind, took her place. It was easy to see that her delay had caused a great deal of dissatisfaction among those in the procession who were identified with the Young Ladies' Institute, and who were anxious that everything connected with this last tribute to their pupil and school-mate should be done in order and with due respect.

If Mary had profited by this lesson and had felt ashamed and had resolved resolutely to overcome this bad habit, it would have been a valuable lesson, but she forgot it before she slept that night.

I have no patience with this kind of girls—I don't like to come in contact with them—they pain and annoy me exceedingly.

There is nothing sweeter in the habits of a young lady than to be prompt and always ready, and to have that charm of woman—a quiet repose of manner—never in a hurry—always self-possessed, serene, lady-like.

The Story-Teller.

NOBODY BUT JOHN.

"SOME one is coming," said I, as the clack of the shutting gate fell on my ears, and I looked at Maggy's soiled, untidy dress, and tumbled hair.

Maggy started, and glanced hastily from the window; then sat down again in a careless way, remarking as she did so: "It's nobody but John."

Nobody but John! And who do you think that nobody was? Only her husband.

Nobody but John!

A few moments afterward, John Fairburn came into the

room where we were sitting, and gave me one of his frank, cordial greetings. I had known him for many years, and long before his marriage. I noticed that he gave an annoyed glance at his wife, but did not speak to her. The meaning of this annoyance and indifference was plain to me; for John had come of a neat and tidy family. His mother's housekeeping had always been notable. She was poor; but as "time and water are to be had for nothing"—this was one of her sayings—she always managed to have things about clean and orderly.

Maggy Lee had a pretty face, bright eyes and charming

little ways that were very taking with the young men, and so was quite a belle before she got out of her teens. She had a knack of fixing her ribbons, or tying her scarf or arranging her hair, shawl or dress in a way to give grace and charm to her person. None but her most intimate friends knew of the untidiness that pervaded her room and person when at home and away from common observation.

Poor John Fairburn was taken in when he married Maggy Lee. He thought that he was getting the tidiest, neatest, sweetest and most orderly girl in town, but dis-

suppose it is the perfection of disorder. No one could love such a looking creature. That was simply impossible.

"Nobody but John!" I looked at the bright, handsome young man and wondered. He ate his dinner almost in silence, and then went back to his work. I had never seen him so moody.

"What's come over John?" I asked, as he went out.

"Oh, I don't know," his wife answered. "Something wrong at the shop, I suppose. He's had trouble with one of the men. He's foreman, you know."



HER HEAD WAS DROOPED, AND HER EYES ON THE FLOOR, WHEN I ENTERED.

covered too soon that he was united to a careless slattern. She could dress for other people's eyes, because she had a natural love of admiration; but at home, and for her husband, she put on any old dud, and went looking often "like the old scratch," as the saying is.

On the particular occasion of which I am speaking—it was after she and John had been married over a year—her appearance was almost disgusting. She did not have on even a morning dress; only a faded and tumbled chintz sack above a soiled skirt—no collar—slippers down at the heels, and dirty stockings. Her hair looked like a hurrah's nest, if any one knows what that is—I don't; but I

"Are you sure it's only that?" I asked, looking serious. "That, or something about his work. There's nothing else to worry him."

I was silent for awhile, debating with myself whether good or harm would come of a little plain talk with John's wife. She was rather quick-tempered, I knew, and easy to take offence. At last I ventured the remark: "Maybe things are not just to his liking at home."

"At home!" Maggy turned on me with a flash of surprise in her face. "What do you mean?"

"Men like beauty, and taste, and neatness in their wives as well as in their sweethearts," I said.

The crimson mounted to her hair. At the same moment I saw her glance at a looking-glass that hung opposite to her on the wall. She sat very still, yet with a startled look in her eyes, until the flush faded and her face became almost pale.

"Maggy," said I, rising and drawing my arm around her, "come up-stairs. I have something very serious to say to you."

We walked from the little dining-room and up to her chamber in silence. I then said: "Maggy, I want to tell you about a dear friend of mine who made shipwreck of happiness and life. It is a sad story; but I am sure it will interest you deeply. She was my cousin; and her name was—"

Maggy bent forward, listening attentively. "What?" she asked, as I hesitated on the name.

"Helen."

"Not Helen White, who married John Harding, and was afterward deserted by her husband?"

"Yes; my poor, dear Cousin Helen. It is of her I am going to tell you."

"I never knew why her husband went off as he did," said Maggy. "Some said he was to blame, and some put all the fault on her. How was it?"

"Both were to blame; but she most," I replied. "John Harding was, like your husband, one of the neatest and most orderly of men. Anything untidy in his home, or in the person of his wife, annoyed and often put him out of humor; but he did not, as he should have done, speak plainly to his wife, and let her see exactly how he felt, and in what he would like a change. If he had done so, Helen would have tried—as every good wife should—to conform herself more to his tastes and wishes. But, he was a silent, moody sort of a man when things did not go just to suit him; and instead of speaking out plainly, brooded over Helen's faults, and worried himself into fits of ill humor. And what was worse than all, grew at length indifferent to his home and wife, and sought pleasanter surroundings and more attractive company abroad.

"Every man thus estranged from his home is in danger, and Harding was no exception to the rule. Temptation lay about his feet—and that commonest temptation of all, the elegantly fitted up billiard and drinking saloon.

"They had been married just about as long as you and John have been, when the sad catastrophe of their lives took place. I had called to spend the day with Helen, and found her in her usual condition of personal untidiness and disorder. When her husband came home at dinner time, I noticed with painful concern that he had been drinking—not very freely, but just enough to show itself in capacious ill humor. Helen had not dressed for dinner, but presented herself at the table without even a clean collar, and with an old, faded shawl drawn about her shoulders. She looked anything but attractive.

"I saw her husband's eyes glance toward her across the table with an expression that chilled me. It was a hard, angry, determined expression. He was scarcely civil to me, and snapped his wife sharply two or three times during the meal. At its close, he left the table without a word, and went up-stairs.

"What's the matter with John?" I asked.

"Dear above knows!" replied Helen. "He's been acting queer for a good while. I can't imagine what's come over him."

"Does he come home in this way often?" I asked.

"Yes, he's moody and disagreeable as he can be most of the time. I'm getting dreadfully worried about it."

"As we talked, we heard John moving about with heavy footfalls in the rooms above. Presently he came down, and stood for a little while in the hall at the foot of the stairs, as if in hesitation. Then he went to the street door, passed out, and shut it hard after him.

"Helen caught her breath with a start, and turned a little pale.

"What's the matter?" I asked, seeing the strangeness of her look.

"I don't know," she replied, in a choking voice, laying her hand at the same time on her breast, "but I feel as if something dreadful were going to happen."

"She got up from the table, and I drew my arm around her. I too felt a sudden depression of spirits. We went slowly up to her chamber, where we spent the afternoon; and I then took upon myself the office of a friend, and talked seriously to my cousin about her neglect of personal neatness, hinting that the cause of her husband's estrangement from his home, and altered manner toward herself, might all spring from this cause. She was a little angry with me at first; but I pressed the subject home with a tender seriousness that did the work of conviction; and as evening drew on, she dressed herself with care and neatness. With a fresh ribbon tied in her hair, and color a little raised from mental excitement, she looked charming and lovable. I waited with interest to see the impression she would make on her husband. He could not help being charmed back into the lover, I was sure. But he did not come home to tea. We waited for him a whole hour after the usual time, and then sat down to the table alone; but neither of us could do more than sip a little tea.

"I went home soon after, with a pressure of concern at my heart for which I could not account. All night I dreamed uncomfortable dreams. In the morning, soon after breakfast, I ran over to see Helen. I found her in her room, sitting in her night-dress, the picture of despair.

"What is it?" I asked, eagerly. "What has happened?"

"She looked at me heavily, like one not yet recovered from the shock of a stunning blow.

"Dear cousin! what is the matter?" I said.

"I now saw, by a motion of her hand, that it held, tightly clutched, a piece of paper. She reached it to me. It was a letter, and read:

"We cannot live happily together, Helen. You are not what I believed myself getting when we were married—not the sweet, lovely, lovable girl that charmed my fancy and won me from all others. Alas for us both that it is so! There has been a shipwreck of two lives. Farewell! I shall never return."

"And this was all; but it broke the heart of my poor cousin. To this day, though nearly three years have passed, she has never heard from her husband.

"I saw her last week in the country home to which she has been taken by her friends—a wreck both in mind and body. She was sitting in an upper room, from the windows of which could be seen a beautiful landscape. She was neatly attired, and a locket containing her husband's picture, hung at her throat. Her head was drooped, and her eyes on the floor, when I entered; but she raised herself quickly, and with a kind of start. I saw a momentary, eager flush in her face dying out quickly, and leaving it inexpressibly sad.

"I thought it was John," she said, mournfully. "Why don't he come?"

I had to stop here, for Maggy broke out suddenly into a wild fit of sobbing and crying, which lasted for nearly a minute.

"What ails you, dear?" I asked, as she began to be a little composed.

"Oh! you have frightened me so. If John should—"

She cut short the sentence; but her frightened face left me in no doubt as to what was in her thoughts.

She arose and walked about the room in an uncertain way for some moments, and then sat down again, drawing in her breath heavily.

"If young wives," I remarked—believing that in her present state the truth was the best thing to say—"would take half the pains in making themselves personally attractive to their husbands, that they did to charm their lovers, more of them would find the lover continued in the husband. Is a man, think you, less an admirer of womanly grace and beauty after he becomes a husband than he was before?"

"Hush! hush!" she said, in a choking voice. "I see it all! I comprehend it all." And she glanced down at herself. "I look hateful and disgusting."

After a plain, earnest talk with Maggy, I went home. I give her own words as to what happened afterward.

"I was wretched all the afternoon. John had acted worse than usual at dinner-time; and what you told me about poor Helen set my fears in motion and worried me half to death. Long before the time he usually came home, I dressed myself with care, selecting the very things I had heard him admire. As I looked at myself in the glass, I saw that I was attractive; I felt as I had never felt before, that there was a power in dress that no woman can disregard without loss of influence, no matter what her position or sphere of life.

"Supper-time came. I had made something that I knew John liked, and was waiting for him with a nervous eagerness it was impossible to repress. But the hour passed, and his well-known tread along the little garden walk did not reach my anxious ears. Five, ten, twenty minutes beyond his hour for returning, and still I was alone. Oh! I shiver as I recall the wild fears that began to crowd upon me. I was standing at the window, behind the curtain, waiting and watching. All at once I saw him a little distance from the house, but not in the direction from which he usually came. He was walking slowly, and with his eyes upon the ground. His whole manner was that of one depressed or suffering. I dropped the curtain, and went back into our little breakfast-room to see that supper was put quickly on the table. John came in, and went up-stairs, as he usually did, to change his coat before tea. In a few minutes I rang the tea-bell, and then seated myself at the table to wait for him. He was longer than usual in making himself ready, and then I heard him coming down slowly and heavily, as if there were no spirit in him.

"My heart beat strongly. But I tried to look bright and smiling. There was, oh! so dreary a look on John's face as I first saw it in the door. He stood still just a moment with his eyes fixed on me; then the dreary look faded out; a flash of light passed over it, as he stepped forward quickly, and coming to where I sat, stooped down and kissed me. Never before was his kiss so sweet to my lips.

"I have found my little wife once more," he said, softly and tenderly, and with a quiver in his voice.

"I laid my head back upon his bosom, and, looking

up into his face, answered: 'And you shall never lose her again.'"

And I think he will not. The sweetness of that hour, and the lesson it taught, can never be forgotten by my friend Maggy. A.

BY STILL WATERS.

A STORY FOR QUIET HOURS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CROOKED PLACES," "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

"There's a new echo sounding in my life."

J. E. A. BROWN.

"WELL, ma'am" said Mrs. Stone to her mistress next morning, "a happy New Year to you, and we've had our 'first foot.' A real 'first foot,' too, though I always do count the first unexpected one, as one may say, and not the baker, or the butcher, or the post. But this is real romantic. The house-bell rang, and the housekeeper she went, and there was a young gentleman. I heard them parleying together myself, ma'am, but didn't take no notice. 'Deed, I thought it was somebody or other that had been about the house before, for I kind of knew the voice. And presently she shuts the door, and comes back and says she, 'Well, I reckon our Mr. Halliwell is waking up at last—what with ladies sending him notes and nosegays at the end o' the year, and young gentlemen coming asking after him at the beginning, and leaving letters to be taken up. The lad said he would call again, so I don't know what he expects—a fine-looking youth, but a bit too flustered to be over ceremonious.'"

"Let us hope that it will be a 'first foot' that will bring new life to poor Mr. Halliwell," Sarah answered, a remembrance of the youth she had seen in the last night's moonlight glinting strangely across her mind. As she descended from her chamber to the dining-room, she found Mr. Halliwell's breakfast-tray standing on the hall slab. The stranger's letter lay beside it. As she passed, she paused, put her finger on the envelope, and looked at the superscription, to "Frederic B. Halliwell, Esq." The handwriting was black and hasty. It had been done vehemently—with a passionate burst of something long pent up—it was surely the outflow of a character for whom analogies must be found among volcanoes and cataracts rather than pastures and rivers. Sarah Russell drew a long breath as she looked at it. Alas for the town beneath the volcano! Alas for the traveller who must shoot Niagara! There is so much more profit and peace in the calm pasture lands and soft-flowing streams. Yet men living among such will dream of the burning hills and the roaring waterfalls, and think years of quiet toil among the one recompensed by one short visit to the other! How is it? Ah, were there not many "fervent meltings" and "great rushings" among many elements before the sunny fields stood ready for harvest, and the rivers shimmered through, with a whisper like love's own? And Nature yearns toward any remnant of the old Past that is so nearly absorbed, just as the foreign-born son of an exiled race yearns toward the older homesteads and more primitive customs of his fathers' land, because these existed when his race was there, and something of them is therefore in himself. And so Sarah Russell sighed, for she was sure that the primal elements of many a serene and noble character and many a grand history, lay in their rudimentary chaos in the mind whence issued that letter.

"Ah, well-a-day," Mrs. Stone began, when she came into the dining-room to remove the breakfast; "the old gentleman that's never seen you, ma'am, takes kinder to you than to some folks I guess he knows more about. For he has sent that letter down-stairs again, and has just written across it, 'Give this back when called for—no message.' He hasn't opened it. I should have thought he might have felt pleasanter-like with them flowers smiling up at him off his table. If he were like that poor paralyzed critter that can't speak, maybe he'd be thankful for another chance."

"Ah, Mrs. Stone, we are richer and happier when we long for what we can't get, than when we throw away what we have," said Sarah. "The only real misery of wanting what we cannot get, is that we sometimes actually make that an excuse for throwing away what we possess."

"The housekeeper says that when the young man comes she shall send the letter and the message up to him by the girl," said Mrs. Stone; "he were that eager and determined like, that she can't bear having to give him such a plunge of cold water. It's an ill way to turn off a 'first foot,' too," added Mrs. Stone, lugubriously.

Sarah did not notice the last remark. Sarah had a fortunate habit of not hearing when people made a note of evil omens. It was a genuine habit—no mere convenient deafness. It came about in this wise. There is scarcely an evil omen which is not the outward expression of some spite, or negligence, or unsympathy. The outward expression catches the common eye, and illogically fixes upon itself the logical consequences of the inner fact. Sarah was one of those who see the inner fact, and therefore always concerned herself therewith while other people found occasion ignorantly to discover an evil omen. In fact, she had got to God's version of the old Pagan idea of "averting the omen"—to wit, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." So, before Mrs. Stone gave utterance to her presage, Sarah had thought that to turn this hungry heart empty away was a bad beginning for the New Year. Yet what could she do? How could she interfere? But it was many years since Sarah had fully realized that Cain's question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" was not recorded for our example. As she had said to Tibbie, "we are all of us each other's business," and she would as soon have thought of standing quietly aside while a madman stabbed his child, or one blind man led another into a ditch, as of making no effort to arrest a cruel word or an unkind deed which should plant in one soul a pain perhaps not unmixed with sin, and leave in another a sin with certain pain sown in it. What could she do? Her thoughts always resolved themselves into questions, by which the vague wish to do right was crystallized to the point of present duty. What will happen next? The young man will come for his answer. How will he take it? He will take it so bitterly, that even the housekeeper would rather not witness his pain; and yet from his age, from the description of him, nay, from something about that very letter itself, it is unlikely that he will give any outward sign of suffering, so that the good woman's reluctance to confront him must arise wholly from her ignorant but intuitive psychometry. And would he suffer less if the blow came through a hand that did not in the least feel his suffering? Not likely. Besides, when a wound is received, sharp, present pain is not the worst symptom. Well, if he could impart the pang of the blow to a mind not pre-eminently acute or sympathetic, as the housekeeper clearly foresaw he would, might not a consciously

sympathetic mind impart to his the balm of its own longing to heal and comfort? Surely. Then she herself would see him and deliver the letter into his hands. She would not go out and speak to him on the threshold of the house where he had perhaps hoped against hope for a welcome. She would direct that the letter should be brought to her, and that when the youth returned he should be shown into her drawing-room. Out of the mist of her human wish to save and help there loomed this small definite opportunity. There is such in every nimbus of spiritual yearning or aspiration. In the heart of the Idea, there is a "Do this."

Unlike Tibbie, Sarah neither suspected herself, nor feared any suspicion, of a desire to solve the secret of Mr. Halliwell's seclusion. If we relieve a starving fellow-creature, we are scarcely likely to mistrust that we only do so from a morbid curiosity to watch the effects of food on his famished frame, or to learn his account of the physiological sensations of extreme hunger. To Sarah Russell's mind, the hungers and pains of the spiritual life were quite as real and bitter as those of the physical, and she sought to relieve them with the same frank unconsciousness, trusting as little in the one case to her own individual tact, as she would in the other, to her medical or surgical knowledge; but starting on the broad principle that, anyhow, kindness is as wholesome and necessary for the soul, as is bread and water for the body.

Nor did Sarah Russell trouble herself what she should say, or what she should do, when her unknown visitor arrived. She had had quite enough experience of life to know that all such fore-plannings are sheer waste of time, and that all set speeches and arranged courses of actions are always to be known by their utter irrelevance. Fancy a sailing vessel navigated quite irrespective of the way of the wind! Fancy a barometer moving serenely on without respect to the drought or rain-fall of the season! God's world is a spontaneous world, where to-morrow is not the same as yesterday, but better; and among growing things, anything that does not grow is soon left behind. Sarah did not wear out herself and her thought by turning it over in her brain. Rather, she laid it in her heart, and let it pervade and color every corner; a method which has this advantage, that it leaves one's more mechanical mind at full liberty to perfectly superintend one's hands; and Sarah's industry had shaped all sorts of handiworks into parallels with all sorts of heart-incidents and experiences. She always felt sure that her little industries were the better for the association; she had her fancies that the heart-histories were the better for the little industries. This morning she was engaged in making up a worked bag, and the thickly embroidered canvas was very stiff to push the needle through, and the more she did so, the more rose her courage and her prayerful determination to defeat the unknown evil she had to contend with, and to set free the enslaved of habit and self-will.

But the morning passed, and she took her early dinner and resumed her work till the evening shadows gathered too darkly for her to see any longer, and then she dropped it on her knee and sat between the twilight and the fire-light. Sarah Russell did not always call it waste of time to do this. Not that she felt such pauses to be "thinking times"—indeed, she did all her thinking very unconsciously, and greatly distrusted any merely abstract meditation that grated among her mental machinery. She did not cultivate castles in the air or waking dreams. She knew that much refreshing sleep leaves no memory

for the awakening. And taking that, as she took all physical things, as a type of something spiritual, she did not always lay such eager hold upon her own soul as to keep it from escaping at times into regions whence it brought nothing except a sense of refreshment and quietness. Often had Tibbie aroused her with the quaint formula, "A penny for your thoughts," only to be told, with a smile, "I do not know where I was."

This time she was only aroused by Mrs. Stone throwing open the door, and with a mystified expression, announcing,—"The young gentleman, ma'am."

Sarah rose to her feet as the stranger came in. And how was it?—who was it? For this could not be Mr. Halliwell's visitor; but what could have brought her fellow-passenger from America, Mr. Frederick Broome, to call here upon her? And besides, how did he know she was here? Sarah caught the meaning of Mrs. Stone's mystification (as we catch many meanings) by feeling it herself.

"Why, Mr. Broome," she said, holding out her hand, "I am very glad to see you!"

"I thought I was not mistaken in the person who opened the door to me," answered the youth. "I did not think I was to have the pleasure of seeing you."

His dark, handsome shut face had so brightened with a hope that Sarah knew lay entirely behind their meeting, that she felt she must quench it at once, or her courage would go down.

"You left a letter here this morning, I believe," she observed. Her voice fell low and quiet, like the first autumn leaves upon a grave.

The light went out of the lad's face; the soul shut its doors and sat down in the inner darkness. He said simply: "Yes, I did."

"I am afraid there is some mistake, or something wrong," Sarah went on, gently. "For this is what Mr. Halliwell has sent down."

He took the letter, his own letter, and held it silently for two or three minutes. Its stern endorsement could have taken but a second to comprehend.

"Thank you," he said presently. "No, there is no mistake. I understand."

Then he rose to go, but paused, with his white face turned toward the dank greenery of the little churchyard. Sarah went up to him and put her hand upon his arm.

"But there is a mistake," she said, "and you do not understand. I know nothing beyond what is before us now; but I can say this, because I am quite sure of it. Will you not sit down?"

He looked at her stonily—perhaps the lines of the resolute young mouth just flickered a little—but he sat down.

"I remember what you said at Liverpool, when I asked if you were going home," said Sarah, gently.

He looked up at her with a sudden glance. Why had she noticed his words? Why had she remembered them? The true memories and quick sympathies of a pure intuitive soul are a fragmentary revelation about the all-present, all-wise, all-powerful love of God—the glory of the sky reflected in a broken scrap of mirror. The pity is that some see the reflection, and never look up to find whence it comes!

"Is Mr. Halliwell a relation of yours?" asked Sarah. "Do not answer if you would rather not."

"He is my mother's father," said the young man, and bending forward, buried his face in his hands.

His mother's father! As it some link was broken, so that the relationship did not make him his grandfather.

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"Is your mother living?" Sarah asked, very gently.

He shook his head.

"Or your father?" she added.

"I never even saw him," said the lad, with an icy composure.

And then Sarah remembered the superscription of the letter, "Frederick B. Halliwell." And the young man's name was "Frederick Broome." There was a revelation in those names.

"Has your mother been dead long?" Sarah asked again.

"I do not know," he answered. "I was never told anything about her. I have but one remembrance that I think is connected with her."

"And do you know your grandfather himself?" Sarah inquired.

"No," he answered; "nothing more than that I was always given to understand it was he who kept me at school."

"You have not communicated with your grandfather before, since you have been in England?" asked Sarah.

"No," he said, with a sudden fall of reserve. "I had a reason for doing so on New Year's Day."

"And did you come over expressly to see him?" she inquired.

"Yes," he said, with a very slight hesitation. "Yes. I found business to bring me over because I wanted to come. The business is done long ago. I have waited here expressly for to-day."

"And have you been staying with anybody?" asked Sarah.

"No," he answered. "I have lived at an hotel. I gave up my rooms there this morning."

It flashed upon her that he had done this with a clinging hope that it made a good omen that a real home would be opened to take him in. Ah, and the earthly parent had given a stone where bread had been expected, and alas, this young heart might understand the Heavenly Father in the inverted type.

"Will you be my guest for a day or two?" said Sarah. "You see there is an open welcome for you in your grandfather's house after all. Do not you reject, in your turn."

"It is not his welcome," observed the lad, gloomily.

"But you may have his God speed before you leave," said Sarah, cheerily. "Stay here for to-night, at any rate. I shall like to have a talk with you about America."

"I should like to stay," answered the young man, with a dash of warmth in his manner. "But I ought not to do so. I have no right."

"No," said Sarah, "but you have a duty—the duty of accepting a kindness kindly."

Frederick Broome gave his head a curious little shake, and the shadow of a smile came out about his lips.

"Where is your luggage?" asked Sarah, briskly.

"My portmanteau" (with emphasis on the word) "is at a baker's in Crosier Street. I left it there as I came along."

"I will send the servant for it," Sarah replied; "and now I must just go and give my housekeeper some directions. You will, I hope, find some books to amuse you. A dinner-tea will be ready in half an hour."

And the little lady bustled away to the womanly cares of linen closet and larder.

Somebody had come to eat the dainties and to sleep in the spare room! Not anybody whom she had expected; therefore, all the more, somebody whom God had sent.

And to Sarah Russell God's care for any one was the pledge of His care for every one. Out of the depths of a great despair, whose whole black history nobody had ever heard, or could hear, she had looked up and seen stars and galaxies of a too far-off and tender glory for the eyes of those who walk on the level paths of life. A light cloud might obscure them now and then for a moment, but they were always there. Nor did her larger sight tempt her to a merely extended finality, but only taught her to say:

"There is much more beyond."

So that in the best sense she already had also possession of that "much more."

CHAPTER X.

"A cry where there is none to hear
On hill or desert plain,
Returns in silence on the ear,
In torture on the brain."

GEORGE MACDONALD.

SARAH caused "the dinner-tea" to be spread in the dining-room. To Sarah's fancy a dinner-tea was the most social and enjoyable of compromises—its mingling of pretty china and bright silver, savoury meats, and toothsome sweets only serving to typify its mixture of dignified hospitality and chatty ease.

As Tibbie had said, Sarah was not ignorant of human nature. One of those touches which make the world kin had established a link between her and her almost stranger guest. But she knew that more was needed for that utter melting of reserve which makes confidence and helpfulness easy. We may know a house is to be our home when we are brought to it, but even the great love which brings us does not make it so home-like as a few days of mere living in it. A little talk about ordinary things finds out for us the friendly heart to which we may confide our secret, and which will cover it and keep it, like an egg laid in the warm wool of a nest.

The young man, in his eager, impatient youthfulness, sat alone and wondered how he should speak when the lights and the tea came in—how he should explain the little details of his history to this woman who did not even know him.

The lights and the tea came in, and Sarah with them, and so, she began to talk about the events of their mutual voyage, and the gossip of their fellow-passengers. And in his thankfulness for her sympathy with his mood, and her wisdom in granting him this respite, Frederick Broome found the first reason why he should trust Sarah Russell.

They spent the rest of the evening in the drawing-room. Sarah knew they would be undisturbed. For Tibbie was keeping New Year by attending a board meeting, where, as she herself wittily put it, she "did no particular good, except that her very presence vindicated the rights of woman to equality with stupid men."

Still they went on only with pleasant, ordinary talk—talk that flows over the tragedies and heroisms of life, as the green grass grows over graves. Only every now and then there fell a silence, in one of which the slow step tottered across the room overhead.

"Is that—Mr. Halliwell?" asked the young man, under his breath.

"Yes, that is poor Mr. Halliwell," Sarah answered.

"Of course you have seen him?" said Frederick, half interrogatively.

"Why! did you not know that nobody sees him?" ex-

claimed Sarah. "Not even the lawyer who manages his affairs."

"I almost fancied something of the sort," said the lad; "but nothing so bad as that. Do you know how long he has lived so?"

"No," Sarah replied. "The people at the hotel opposite say there has been no change in their time, and they have been there fifteen years. They know the change took place in their predecessor's time, but they do not know when. The housekeeper has been here ten years, and everything was the same on the day of her arrival as it is now. That is all I know—except, indeed, that a cousin of mine met him in society about twenty years ago."

"I shall be nineteen in a month or two," said the lad, gloomily. "I suppose he cannot help cursing my birth. I suppose there is no mistake as to what it means."

"You said you had one remembrance which you associated with your mother," said Sarah, very gently.

"Yes," he answered. "But it is almost like a dream."

I could not have been more than four years old. I don't remember anything that went before. My life seems to begin at that day. I see a kitchen with a stone floor, and a tall, pale woman, who always said 'hush,' and I am sitting just outside the edge of the little rug before the fire, and there is an old woman in a red and yellow shawl, who has just come in, and my hat is put on and a shawl wrapped round me, and I am taken away with her in a coach. It is for a long, long drive through country roads, and it is raining, and the damp comes through the old coach, and I have a tooth which aches, and I cry, and the old woman gives me a slap and shakes me. And at last we drive within walls and stop before a door, and I am lifted out and taken to a room where there is a lady with curls and three or four women in caps. They took me to the lady, and she kissed me, and hugged me, and cried over me. There was a great doll, almost as big as me, lying on the sofa. They take me away very soon, and as I am carried out of the room I see that she is hugging and kissing the big doll. And I am taken back to the stone kitchen and the tall woman, and after that I remember myself constantly sitting at the edge of the rug and thinking over the drive, and the great house, and the lady. I never lose memory from that day."

"And did you stay in that place long?" asked Sarah.

"I was eight when I left it," he replied. "I had gone to school every day for three years before I left there. I liked going to school, only I saw that whenever people noticed me they generally whispered to each other. From there I went to a boarding-school. I found out that it was a peculiar school, where children were sent who could not very well be received at other establishments. Some of us were there for our own sins, and some for the sins of our parents. We had peculiar histories to tell each other. The boy who slept with me was the son of a man who had been hanged. Nearly all of us stayed there all the year round, and scarcely anybody came to see any of us. There I was led to what I conceive is a right conclusion, that that great house was a madhouse, and my poor mother a patient."

Sarah's heart ached. Oh, poor little flock of lambs, dropped in the cold, unmothered and outcast, losing all because you wanted most, how could one bear to think of you without faith in God, the Good Shepherd, who knoweth all His sheep, and goeth into the wilderness after the stray ones? And how can one bear to think of

that Good Shepherd without giving up one's life to follow Him on His search?

"When I was fifteen I was sent abroad," pursued Mr. Broome. "Our schoolmaster helped most of us to our settlement in life. He was always 'in communication with parties able to introduce young gentlemen to suitable modes of life, according to individual tastes and position.' The negotiations for these introductions were always carried on quite privately, and nothing was known further than that so and so had got an appointment with a Gold Coast merchant, or such an one was going out to a farmer in Australia. But some of the boys got inklings from their own side of the transaction, and it used to be whispered that very smart sums were paid with some of them, and that the schoolmaster got a percentage. There was a kind of pride about those sums," said Frederick Broome, looking up with a sad, elderly smile for such a handsome young face. "When one is to be got out of the way, it is a kind of rank to be worth somebody's while to give a good deal to get one out of the way."

What an outgoing into life! What influences to surround organizations peculiarly open to evil! For what class of people would they be who voluntarily put themselves into contact with infamy, for sake of profit? What class of people are they who serve for mere hire in lazar-houses and dissecting-rooms? The free Christ-love can touch and heal a leprosy without tainting itself, but the leprosy of Naaman goes with his gifts to Gehazi!

"I think there were more pains taken in setting me out in life than most of the others," Frederick went on. "I gathered an idea from many things that the schoolmaster was instructed to take special pains to get me placed outside the limits of his ordinary 'connection,' and that his profit did not depend wholly on the percentage of the premium. I presume I had to thank Mr. Halliwell for that."

And as he paused, the slow step tottered overhead.

He went on talking in a more desultory way, about his voyage out, and his office work in New York. The world had opened to him so. And albeit it had turned to him but its dreariest phases of travelling and boarding-house experience, still at its very barest table, he had seen feasts in which he had no share. He who has no bread, yearns to the half loaf of his neighbor. He, homeless, was not thrown before a mirage of homes not open to him, but most of the other homeless ones about him either had homes somewhere, or, at least, had had them. Sarah could understand the sickness of heart that a few poor photographs or an occasional letter would bring to one who had not even so much or rather so little. Yet better the sigh of an awakened longing than the stagnation which did not even know what made it so dreary. The young man did not say anything of this kind of suffering, perhaps he did not quite comprehend it himself, but Sarah could read it between the lines of such remarks as these:

"I was very lonely, I did not seem able to settle down. There seemed nothing to settle to. I did not care for that kind of life, and there was no reason why I should try to care for it. I thought I might as well have more change and movement."

Poor heart, with no tendril safely struck before it was aware! Such have grievous temptation to go rolling hither and thither, not pausing to strike a tendril anywhere; and, besides, they generally roll on stony ground that has no welcome for tendrils!

And then the lad went on to speak of his wanderings and adventures. He told them only in the driest and plainest way, but there were names in the story which strangely stirred Sarah Russell's heart. Only names of rivers which no poet has ever sung—only names of places not yet glorified by any known heroism. Ah, but everything in God's world is sacred to some heart—everything has some place in that boundless city of love, whose builder and maker is God. Some stranger's careless word thrills you and me, reader, as those musical names thrilled Sarah Russell. A silence falls on us as we go along the street—we have passed a notice announcing when the next mail goes to Australia. Those mails took letters from us once upon a time: those letters they will take never more. But perhaps it is not even a gentle silence which falls upon us; perhaps we only speak to our companion the more kindly. Or, in an old prayer-book, we come across a spray of maiden-hair, saved from a little bunch of flowers which was given us and taken, oh, so tenderly, one summer morning, years and years ago. The dried maiden-hair is yellow and withered—as withered as the passionate fancy of that temporal, earthly youth which is not the eternal childhood which beholds the face of the Father in Heaven. The hands that gave and took it have unclasped forever. They each do their work, not very far apart, maybe, but they never touch. They never stretch out to touch; and, therefore, they are little likely to clasp again in that wide Heaven where only like will draw to like, out of all ages and peoples and tongues. Yet the lives are not the same as if the vain, passionate fancy had never been, and something crystallized in them stirs at sight of the yellow maiden-hair in the old prayer-book.

Sarah Russell gave no sign while the lad went through his narration; very likely he thought that, quite naturally, it was not very interesting to her. Just once or twice, perhaps, she did really find it hard to keep her thoughts to the story before her. It was so strange that a fact, a new human interest, should come to her from the very places where her prayers and thoughts went daily. Was it on their spiritual telegraph that this was sent her? She could make no "answer" out of this. But Sarah Russell was always content to wait, assured that much that seems incongruous in the dense atmosphere of this life, will be seen as perfect harmony in the better light of the life which is to come. She had a clear consciousness that many things have inner meanings, which give them inner relationships and inner fitness for their place, and in this, even saw possible solutions of many of the old mystic legends, wherein natural objects have beautiful and appropriate part. Does not all mankind reach after this, in emblematic art, and even in the lowly, fanciful language of flowers? Perhaps the spiritual signification of things will be a science in the spiritual world.

But in spite of all the dreamy hintings that would come and go across the boy's story, Sarah caught enough of it to realize that it was somewhere in his wanderings that his purpose of returning to his grandfather's house had struck root and grown. He did not say much about it, did not dwell on any longings or questionings that had led to it. It seemed to rise up suddenly, in the words uttered with a solemnity falling across his face—"Something determined me to come to England, and to come here as soon as I possibly could."

And in all his further story of later wanderings, one could trace the influence of the mysterious "something"—

the passive watching for an opportunity to obey it. Sarah asked no question, she knew that there might be an answer which could be given—she knew equally well that there might not. There are strange stars that appear in the sky of each of us; but some of us are looking downward and do not see; and some of us who see, do not follow. There are strange voices which whisper to each of us by night, only some of us never answer, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth," but go to sleep, convinced that it is really only Elii calling in his dotage. There are strange footsteps that draw near to the dwelling of each of us, but some of us, when we hear them, go out and shut our door.

It might have been an incident, or a word, or a sudden impulse in the secret soul, that had started him on his quest. Sarah asked no question, for she knew that whichever it was, it was not what it seemed. As death is not what it seems, so neither is life. Sarah knew that much of her own history had been written by hands which had not been very visible among its pages. God shows results, He does not always display processes. A time comes when the fruit is meet to be gathered, and we may take it then, and do with it as we will. But let us not pursue the botany of "waste and ruin" among fruit blossoms. Great writers seldom care to tell the stories they mean to write. But there comes a time when we may hear the beginning of a story without risk of spoiling its end, because the end is ended quite, as far as it relates to the brain whence it issues. We can tell some of the tragedies and comedies and mysteries of our lives, because our soul has cast them off, and folded them up to give away, as we bestow old garments. But the present must remain the thing we "scarcely tell to any"—nay, the thing we cannot tell—because we do not know it ourselves. It must first recede from us. In Heaven we shall find out many secrets.

"Did you like life on the shores of the Mississippi?" asked Sarah, dreamily.

"Yes," he said. "I know it is wild and rough, and hard and low, often. But people are generally either really bad or really good. It does not pay much there to seem what one is not. And character stands out there, and most people above a certain line of cultivation are characters and have histories. All the quarters of the world, and almost every form of breeding, will be represented round one hotel table."

"I know," said Sarah, "I know."

"You were never there?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she said, "I was never there."

"One gets hints of something one can hardly work out; at least, that I can't work out yet," the lad went on. "One feels them stirring and stirring when one comes back to the older civilizations. I've known men that had been counted religious men in England or the old States—I've seen their church-membership cards, and their good books—who have left off every form of godliness when they came there. And I've known others—not a great many, perhaps, but many—who have been sent out as scapegraces, that were breaking their families' hearts, who have presently taken to all sorts of ways of trying to be good. 'I wouldn't go to church at home,' one of them told me once; 'but here I'd grow a downright devil if I didn't. But when I write home and tell my mother I go, I know she only thinks I say so because she's too far off to find out the lie.'"

"Oh, what a pity!" said Sarah.

"It seems to me," young Broome continued, thought-

fully, "as if some people think they know all about life, when they only know as little as they can hold between their finger and thumb. I've heard sermons and read tracts that I don't think could have been written if their authors had heard some stories and seen some death-beds—that I have heard and seen."

"Perhaps not," Sarah admitted. "You see no man was, is, or ever will be infallible. Nobody can know everything, and therefore he is the wisest man who is always conscious that on every point there is surely much beyond his present knowledge or experience. Oh, what a miserable thing it would be to come to the end of one's pasture, and no more growing! One would have only grown fat and flourishing to be starved at last. But I dare say you read most of the tracts and sermons you refer to before you heard the histories and saw the death-beds?"

"Yes, indeed," said Frederick Broome, with his haughty face, "I have had no patience to read them since."

"I know that many such are very hard and narrow," said Sarah, "very, very different to the good news which Jesus brought of our Father in Heaven. And we need not trouble ourselves at all about them, for it is as little children that we must enter into the Kingdom, and no little child could understand or learn from them. But having said all this, I must go on to say that, if you read them again by the light of your larger experience, you would find something new about perhaps even the very hardest and narrowest of them—very darkly hidden perhaps under very conventional phrases, maybe not at all understood by the writers. But you would see it—unless indeed your experience had been as vain as that of that royal race who 'forgot nothing and remembered nothing.'"

"Ah, but we know what the writers meant themselves," Frederick answered, "and we must take them at their own meaning."

"Must we?" said Sarah. "First, how can we be quite sure what they did mean? Language gets new shades of meaning every ten years, and many words have different shades of meaning for different individuals. I know myself that I have a habit of saying, 'I have a right to do so and so,' where most people would say, 'It is my duty to do so and so.' Secondly, I think meaning never ends. The greater the work, the more new meanings will always keep sprouting from it. A thought is written, a poem is sung, and then years after another thought is born, another poem is sung, and this enters into relation with the other, and the two are not the same as either would be alone. If any word is alive, it is like life; the individual enters identity a child, even then in a relationship which he does not yet realize, that of a son, then he becomes a brother, a friend, a husband, a father, a citizen, a cosmopolitan—always the same individual, yet always different, and each growth not destroying, but developing and absorbing the previous growths. But I am speaking this of vital words, and I know quite well that many of the tracts and sermons you speak of are not these, and that the very utmost you can expect of them is to see upon them a reflection of any growing thought or experience of your own, rather than a response from within them."

"Well," said he, "I will say that all the religion that is left me—no, not that, I never had any more—is that there is a Deity, who sees deeper than men, and judges differently, and that all we have to do is to live as well as

we can in obedience to the laws written by nature on the face of society."

Sarah looked grave, but she only said: "If we live up to the light we have, however dim it be, we may be sure it will increase." Then she asked, with apparent inconsequence, "I wonder what made you defer coming here till New Year's Day?"

Perhaps it was the abruptness of the remark which disconnected the young man, as he answered, rather disconnectedly, "Oh, many things—it was a date which—besides I thought Mr. Halliwell might feel more—I thought if he was ever likely to think of me, it was then—and it would make it easier, perhaps."

"You thought he might have longed for you," said Sarah, very quietly. "And be sure he has, although he has spurned you now. Many hearts long for what they spurn, because they don't understand. But God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things."

And then there was a silence, till Sarah returned to his stories of travel, by asking: "Did you keep your health well while you were on the shores of the Mississippi? One always associates that region with fever and ague."

"I was very fortunate," answered the youth. "I had two or three chills, but very slight. Whilst I was at Cape Girardeau, the cholera broke out there, and I was taken ill, but I escaped. People died off in flocks. It was awful, but very different to what is written in many books; yet I don't think I believed in a God at all till then: I'd only never thought enough on the matter to contradict what I was told!"

And then Mrs. Stone and the servant came with their Bibles.

That night Sarah read the fifth chapter of Matthew's Gospel, and offered up Jesus' own prayer to "Our Father." That was all.

She bade her unexpected guest "good-night" at the door of the spare room. It stood open—the candles on the toilet-table letting out a glow of soft brightness from its rosy curtains. The warm light fell on the lad's face as he glanced toward it, and to Sarah's soul it seemed to bring out there a picture of a whitewashed "hotel" room, sparsely set with cheap, jerky, American furniture, and with something stretched out, long and still, on the bed. He had been talking of the fatal pestilence at Cape Girardeau; perhaps he remembered some such death scene, as he gazed at the warm snuggerly waiting to welcome him.

He went in, and he went round the room and looked at the pictures. Then he took up the Bible which Tibbie had taken up, and looked at the initials over which she had wondered. He looked at them again, holding the book close to the candle. There was no mistake about them; they were were certainly—

"J. S. D."

"Well, it is a curious coincidence," he said to himself, laying down the book; "but that is all. The handwriting is quite different."

"It is almost a pity that prayer is nothing," he said, to himself, standing still in the midst of his bed-room. "It was not quite easy to believe that, either, while that little lady was saying 'Our Father.' I used to pray 'God bless' the old schoolmaster and his wife, whom I wanted to curse, and now it is no use saying, 'God bless this lady.' I think I'll do it, though, and let it take its chance—

"Please, God, bless Miss Sarah Russell."

CHAPTER XI.

"You've helped me more than I've helped you;
I hope there's some kind soul to do
As much for Max," she said."

Avon.

THERE is a glad sense, as well as a painful one, in which we "know not what we do." We speak a few kind words to a stranger, that is all, but perhaps our cheery greeting gives his failing heart a filip which saves the coroner from holding an inquest over him. We give a little friendly advice, a mere hint about diet or dress, but it may save a life from decrepitude and many lives from bereavement. Sometimes, however, circumstance reveals how much depended upon us, and what dire misery would have resulted had we failed in what presented itself as only a very slight and unobligatory duty.

When Frederick Broome joined his hostess at the breakfast-table, his face had a sickly pallor, and his eyes were heavy and dark.

"It was only a headache," he said, "he often had severe headaches; and perhaps he had caught a little cold. It was nothing."

Sarah was quite willing to believe it was not much. But directly after breakfast, she sent him back to his bedroom, and made him stay there in quiet and darkness. But when, as the day wore on, he grew no better, and Sarah began to suspect the appearance of other symptoms, to which her experience was not wholly a stranger, she took alarm, the more from his answers to a few pertinent questions she put.

He owned that he had not felt well for some days, that he had had shivers and a sore throat, but persisted that these could have nothing to do with the present attack, because "he had felt nothing of them all New Year's Day."

But Sarah better understood how mental excitement can suspend physical, and she said nothing, but she sent for a doctor.

The physician spoke cheerily to the patient, but Sarah had seen many physicians in many sick-rooms, and could recognize the cheerfulness within, which means a very grave face outside the door.

"Is the young gentleman any relation of yours, madam?" he asked, kindly, as they descended together to the dining-room.

"No," said Sarah. "We both travelled together from America, and he is now on a visit to me."

"Dear me!" the doctor said. "Then I suppose he has no home near, nor could I advise his removal if he had. But you must send for his friends. This is the beginning of typhoid fever."

"There are no friends to be sent for," said Sarah, simply. "You must give me all directions; I will do whatever can be done."

"It is rather hard for you," said the doctor. "Typhoid fever is one of the most anxious and trying of illnesses. And this patient is in a low state to begin with. Do I understand he has been living alone?"

"Yes; travelling about alone," Sarah answered.

"Worse still. I quite understand," said the doctor. "Been taking things as they came, fancying nothing mattered. Eating anything, forgetting meals sometimes. Catching colds and letting them go anyhow. Worried and excited a little, too, perhaps?" This was put interrogatively.

"Probably," was all Sarah would admit.

"Well, we must do our best," said the doctor, adding significantly: "It will mostly depend on the nursing."

Next day Frederick Broome was only half-conscious and quite incoherent.

Sarah quietly made her preparations. Her mind was always at home. She knew her way—this way as well as others. She had trodden it before, over and over again, and had sometimes returned rejoicing with the prey she had "taken from the mighty," and had sometimes returned alone, still rejoicing, because the victory had been gained on the other side. Better the resurrection of Jesus, than the resurrection of the daughter of Jairus or the son of the widow of Nain.

Sarah had her sick-room dresses, cheerful, subdued washing stuffs, which were always put away with fresh cambric frills tacked about the throat and wrists. She put one on, and then she cleared away the curtains of the bed, and the drapery of the toilet-table. And then she was ready.

She would be the nurse, and Mrs. Stone only the relief-guard, who sat in the sick-room, while she took half an hour's brisk walk about the Hallowgate, and again in the early morning hours, when the patient was quietest, and Sarah stole away for a short sound repose in her own chamber.

"When there is illness in the house I can get as much rest in two or three hours as I do in whole nights at other times," she said. "I seem to go so far away in my sleep at those times. It is as different from other sleep as a rest on a mountain-top is from a mere walk in the park."

She wrote to Tibbie, telling her that there was fever in the Hallowgate, and that there was no necessity for her coming there, and asked her to deliver the same warning to Jane, who might prefer to receive even the information indirectly.

Tibbie arrived the next day, and as she happened to come up just as Sarah started for her half-hour's walk, they went away together.

Sarah did not tell Tibbie everything; she kept in view the time when Tibbie and young Broome might meet the more easily for a little reservation. We must keep a perfect friendship for each of our friends. It was quite enough to tell Tibbie that she had made acquaintance with the lad on the steamer, that he had visited her, and that she had invited him to spend a few days under her roof, seeing he was a lonely stranger in London, and that at a time of year when loneliness is particularly trying.

"And this fever is the angel you have entertained with the stranger," was Tibbie's "quser" remark.

"Very likely," was Sarah's calm response; "true angels come in dark disguise at first, sometimes. It is only the dense atmosphere of this earth closing round their glory. They penetrate it by and by."

"I'm not afraid of the fever for myself," said Tibbie. "I face fevers every day in my 'courts and alleys,' as Jane calls them. I would offer to come and help you to nurse, only I have never nursed anybody in all my life. I seem to make sick people worse, so I always clear myself out of the way. I know other people who do the same thing, but who don't clear themselves out of the way. But I do want to do something to help you. I don't care a bit for this boy. I know it is a very touching story, poor fellow, but while hundreds of people have to die in hotels and hospitals, he might just as well have been one of them. But let me do something to help you. I think you are throwing yourself away; but if you will, you must, and somehow I'd like to throw a bit of myself

with you. Invest in many ways, and then one does not lose all. There's no knowing which bit of bread may turn up after many days."

Sarah did not shrink from this strange form of sympathy. The theory was hard and comfortless, the practical wish was right—the flower was sweet, though the bud was green and sour.

"Will you go and call upon some poor people that I have been helping lately?" she said; "some of your own poor people" (and she named the family with the paralyzed lodger); "and will you go to see Jane for me, as well as for yourself? You generally go once a week now; so go twice."

Tibbie made a grimace. "I'm like Naaman when he had the leprosy," she said; "the easy things are the hard ones to me."

"Go and do them, and your heart will grow like the heart of a little child."

"Well, I'll go to see the poor people," said Tibbie; "that I can quite promise. About Jane, I won't promise; but I've no doubt I shall be like the bad-behaved son in the parable, who 'afterward repented and went.' But it will be done all for your sake, Sarah, remember. Don't imagine it is sanctified by any higher motive."

Sarah smiled. She said nothing, but thought within herself that someone who are called to inherit the kingdom, because they have fed and clothed and visited the King thereof, know not that they have done so till He tells them.

"And there is something else," she added. "Buy a little bunch of flowers every Saturday, and let Mr. Halliwell's housekeeper take it up to him. You see, if my patient were in great straits, I might forget, or I might send up infection too. Poor old man!"

Tibbie's face had two swift changes—a hardening and a softening. They both faded swiftly, but perhaps a little of the softening stayed.

"I will do it," she said, as she parted from Sarah. "I will certainly remember it."

Tibbie was really better than her word, and went to see Jane that evening. If she acted from a very outward and inferior motive, she certainly got very dubious reward. Let us hope the higher blessing was but reserved till the higher motive should be revealed.

Jane wished Sarah would see that her own flesh and blood should have the first claim upon her. She was sure she had had enough headaches and fits of depression, and each ought to look after their own. Then Sarah would be taking the fever, and expecting other people to look after her. Well, at any rate, she could not, being an invalid herself. Did Tibbie think typhoid was infectious? She wondered if Sarah had made a will, and to whom she had left her money. For her part, she thought riches had wings and flew away, and were only fit for moth and rust to corrupt, and if she only had another two hundred a-year, she would ask no more, for then she would be able to winter in Florence or the south of France.

Poor Tibbie crept home, as she herself put it, "possessed with a devil."

Meanwhile, Sarah carefully spared herself as much as she could through the early stages of her visitor's illness. She knew that a time would come when its necessities would demand sacrifices which she could ask from nobody but herself, and for which, therefore, she must husband her strength.

He was only conscious for a few minutes at a time

now; long enough to just say some saddening words, not long enough to receive a cheering answer.

He would lie very quiet sometimes. At others, he was restless and delirious, murmuring names and broken ideas which thrilled through Sarah's tender woman-heart.

It is not to be supposed that such a woman as this, sitting silent hour after hour, by what might so soon be a dying-bed, did not cast many a thought "before and after." Jane wrote her a letter (which she begged her not to answer, one never knew how subtle infection was!) in which she "ventured to remind Sarah of her responsibility in endeavoring to obtain some assuring and satisfactory expression of belief from a soul so soon to be launched into the dark ocean of eternity." That letter gave Sarah an hour's acute pain; not for Frederick, but for Jane! Poor Jane, did she really mean to launch herself in such a leaky boat as any "expression of belief?"

Of theology, but a very little is written, and what is written is generally dead, being severed from the love which should be its root, by being spoken in discussion, or put dogmatically, or preached in "strife and contention." It is written by men in the prime of life, whose mothers have long been dead, who have yet no little children in Heaven, who have forgotten that Jesus did not teach a creed, but a prayer, and did not find the type of a saint in a Doctor of Divinity, but in a little child. There is another theology, which is seldom written; which grows in the meditations of quiet women watching in sick-rooms; in the glad dream of the young mother with her baby at her breast; in the bold, unshrinking thought of those who work for the Lord in dark places; in those martyred lives that look up steadfastly into Heaven and see the glory of God. It may be that this theology has most to do with the spiritual life after all: when we are in great soul-stress, we fall back upon the twenty-third Psalm, and the Sermon on the Mount, and Jesus' last talk with His disciples. We do not say the catechism with our last breath, but only "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit." The greatest divine returns to the babe's prayer and the babe's hymn. The spoken theology is the varying class-book of the noisy school; the silent theology is the hushing of the child upon the Father's breast.

Sarah sat by that sad sick-bed, and said to herself that the Father knew all about it—the Father who wastes nothing, not even a single leaf. It was not for her to puzzle, it was for her to trust. It was not for her to ask why some lives were so full, so overflowing with love, while this poor life had had no endearment save that poor mad woman's one crazed caress. It was only for her to give it all the love she could, and to be assured that this outcast life was as precious in God's sight as that of any cherished heir. It was not for her to question God's dealings. It was for her not to judge them unworthily, but to lift her heart to the glorious faith that they must be for the best of each and all.

There was one name which came constantly into the lad's ravings—a name he had not named when he narrated his history, a name which made Sarah's brow to flush, and her heart to swell.

"Denison." "John Denison." "Syme Denison."

"I will do what you tell me, Denison, of course I will, when you have been so kind to me."

And Sarah leaned back in her chair, and thanked God for the unknown cup of cold water which had been given and received in some wild town on the Mississippi. Did not Jesus say that such should in nowise lose its reward?

And if the King takes the kindness done to another as done to Himself, may He not take the gratitude and loving service which it evokes as also paid to Him? If this starved heart had been so ready to do the bidding of a man who had been kind, would it not be as ready to do the bidding of God if it knew how kind He is? Is not thankfulness for the crumb but a narrow thanksgiving for the harvest field? How could Frederick Broome understand what the word "Father" means? We learn heavenly things from earthly types, and Frederick Broome's sole type of providing care had been one from which he could at best make out but a cold and distant Deity, who gave food and clothing and discipline, but no smile, no shelter, no love. But would a father spurn his children, because in foreign lands false teachers had taught them that he was a stranger? "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in Heaven give good things to them that ask Him!" And what is asking? Must it always be a prayer in words? May it not be also the eager grasping of the first mortal shadow of the Immortal Love? Said not Paul, "If haply they might feel after Him?"

"John Syme Denison." Strange that this waif should bring her the name that she had not heard for years and years, and that she never breathed except in her prayers, and, oh, those prayers of Sarah Russell's went on all day long! She might never hear any more. This poor clouded brain might only clear beyond her questionings. Never mind. From that lost life—one of those sad, divided lives, one-half of which seems able to rise so high, and one-half to be drawn to the very lowest depth—there had come to her a token from the upper half. He had been kind! "God bless him," she said in her heart; "he was never anything but kind to me, and all that is happiest in my life would not have been without him."

Some people cannot be injured. The smitten cheek only blushes; the broken heart only pours forth treasures; the lonely life goes into the very heart of God. But let us take the more care lest we injure. In the next world we shall have to see the martyrs' crowns that we have made.

The darkest days came presently to the sick-room. One way or the other, it would be over soon. Sarah never left the bedside now, except for five minutes' breath of air at the staircase window that faced the sunset.

Should she let Mr. Halliwell know that his grandson was still under his roof, wrestling on the very edge of life? She decided no. It was too late for the poor boy himself to derive any comfort from his grandfather's recognition. And such recognition, if obtained under such circumstances, could now only be a vain remorse or a false satisfaction to the old man. Sarah did not have much faith in death-bed reconciliations—new pieces of cloth patched on old garments. Perhaps it was because Death itself never seemed to her such an ending and putting far away as it does to some people.

The doctor came and went. "One can never predicate in this disease," he said. "But we must be prepared. You must be ready for a shock; he may go in a moment at last."

"Miss Sarah'll go and kill herself," sobbed Mrs. Stone, "a-doing everything that his own mother could for a poor cretur that's as helpless and as senseless as a babe new born. And that poor paralytic's gone at last, Miss Tibbie says, dead and buried all of a sudden, as they do with poor folks. And his name were Smith; leastways

that was all the name they knew. Miss Sarah won't come out of Mr. Broome's room, though she'll let me help her. She's afraid of his being taken while she's away. If angels come for sick folk, as they say, I reckon they might take Miss Sarah for one of themselves. I'd never want no better angel than Miss Sarah myself. I'd be clean scared at better ones. They say that poor paralytic said something about his wife just afore he went. They'd never heard anything of her before. Ah, I reckon there's a many who thinks o' things they don't name. I shouldn't wonder but my poor man was sorry about me in his heart. I hope he made sure I'd forgive him—if there was anything to forgive. I reckon we all want forgiving among each other somehow. But I can't make out Miss Sarah. She have got a kind of look inside her face that's something like the sunset on the outside of it. She's that bright; and yet she's never left that room for four days, nor put her head on anything softer than a sofy pillow."

Ah, but it is not on down couches and in the soft places of life that we dream of a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reaching to Heaven, and the angels of the Lord ascending and descending on it, and the Lord God standing above it.

The broad sunny river flows restlessly; the great lakes in the level lands of the West are sometimes as stormy as any sea, but where the mountains rise highest and steepest, there, there is the "still water."

(To be continued.)

LITTLE MIDGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE giant intellect was overthrown; and great as had been the height to which it had attained, so great was its fall. He, before whom had bowed in humble reverence all that is noble, great and good, now, bowing in abject helplessness to his inscrutable doom, lay prostrate, a thing to pity and shudder over.

What had brought him so low? Vice—love—passion—intemperance—overwork? The malice of man—the faithlessness of woman? Oh, horrible, horrible fate!

The iron gates were flung wide open to receive him. Had not every gate—that of the prince as well as the millionaire, of the saint as well as the sinner—opened wide at his approach? Had—yes; now one door only opened for him—opened silently, and he entered.

He was a great man still—great even in his abject abasement; all proper respect therefore was shown him. The master of the house stood on the threshold to receive his guest, and bowed low before him his uncovered head, not daring to look into the face that had been so glorious, that was so marred—so terrible.

Along the dim vaulted passages, re-echoing to each muffled tread; no eager crowd pressing forward to catch sight of him—no eager whisper circulating his name—utter silence around him.

Sounds, indeed, there were in the great house so full of pain and misery; but the walls were thick, and, like the grave, they guarded well their secret.

They gave him a room to himself, and light and air—the only things left to him of a life that had been so beautiful. And even these were his no longer, for the tortured soul could neither see nor feel them.

The good will always reverence what is great, and feel for what was great. Dr. Ferguson was a good man—

how, then, could he look at that other man, so great once, so fallen now, without both awe and pity?

The case had been pronounced a hopeless one. The patient was not violent, not outwardly at least, though there was something of the wild beast about him—in the red glare of his eye; in the limbs that grovelled and crouched, as if the right were theirs no longer to stand upright upon God's beautiful earth; in the sharp, sudden cry that alone broke the dreary silence in which he lived.

The keepers were half afraid of him—afraid to meet his eye, to enter his lair. If the doctor feared anything, it was to betray to the man who was so infinitely greater than himself the pity that he felt for him. For spite of all his care, and the skill that was little less than miraculous, the case grew more hopeless day by day. Day by day the maniac's cheek grew more hollow, his eye more sunk; the frame, once erect and strong as that of Hercules, more gaunt and shrunk and bent. Yet he did not sicken; he was not ill; and if he suffered, it was in silence.

Had he not once been great—so great—force, the triumph of the many over the one, would have compelled obedience to the rules of the house. His rags would have been taken from him; the long bright hair with which woman fingers had so rapturously toyed, now tangled into a hideous mass, would have been cut and combed; the food, from which the gnashing teeth turned in loathing, would have been forced between them to prolong life, and such a life!

"Why, if the man starves he'll die, won't he?" quoth good, simple Mrs. Ferguson one day. She had sat down very hungry to dinner, and felt all the better for two juicy slices of roast beef. Not understanding how any one, even a madman, could refuse good, wholesome food, she had heard with horror that the patient who paid so handsomely had actually not tasted anything for two days. "Shouldn't you make him eat, my dear?"

The doctor looked anxious and troubled. To his care had been committed the stricken life; his duty it was to prolong it to the uttermost—but how? Must he use force? have the man, so grand still even in his dire humiliation, seized, bound, held down, grappled with, like some common malefactor? One other chance there was—the last. He had heard of its having once been tried. It might be a mere tale; half, nay more than half, we read is false; but it was a chance, and he would try it.

Dr. Ferguson had a little daughter. Such a little daughter, such a wee specimen of humanity was she, that her friends had christened her Midge, and then, as if in very mockery, added the word *little* to the sobriquet.

Now little Midge was no stranger to papa's poor people; nearly all of them she knew, some of them she loved. She was quite familiar with their ways, too, and not a bit afraid of them—no, not even when they made big eyes at her, or glared out at her from behind their iron bars, calling her by name as she wandered among her flowers. So when papa, looking careworn and troubled, found her out, and asked her very softly if she would go with him to see a poor man who was so bad that he would certainly die unless something could be done to help him, she gravely nodded her head, as if she understood him perfectly, which no doubt she did; for though the weest of wee women, she was mighty wise, having already learned ever so much from—experience.

"Do you remember, darling, how you got old Parker to give up swearing, because it made you cry? and how you coaxed old Mrs. Maccleby into changing her stockings?"

"Am I to make your poor man change his stockings, papa?"

This victory over the stockings had been the hardest won, and therefore the most glorious of our heroine's life. And she now put on a look of determination that said, plainer than words, "I'll do it again, if I must."

The doctor smiled; his little girl could always make him smile, however full his heart might be of care and trouble. He did not say what was expected of her; he only told her what he had read of a poor maniac who had loved a little child; and this had made him think of her as his last hope.

"Will you come, dear?"

He held out his hand; she took it, and went dancing and skipping at his side, until all at once she darted off, and then back again, a half-open rose in her eager grasp.

"I thought he might like it, papa, you know; they sometimes do."

She always called papa's poor people *they*; for her they constituted a distinct world, apart from that other world that lay beyond the gates, and of which she knew as yet so little.

Midge was not the doctor's only child; but it was not because there were many other little ones that he loved her less. On the contrary, as, where there are many, we naturally single out the one, Midge was papa's pet and his constant companion—naturally enough, for she loved his poor people, and his flowers, and himself, oh, so dearly!

It is terrible to see those we love exposed to danger; it is more terrible still when we ourselves expose them to that danger.

Hand in hand and silent, because both deep in thought, they walked on together; the little fingers clinging tightly about the man's big thumb. Silently they passed along the dim, echoing passages till they stopped before a certain door. Very pale the father's face had grown by this time, and even over that of the young child a shadow of awe had stolen.

A man paced up and down, mounting guard.

"I've brought my little girl, Rodgers; I thought the sight of her might do him good."

The man started, and looked from father to child in blank amazement. He knew that Miss Mary went in and out among the poor patients, and did more good with her pretty baby ways than he or his whole staff put together. But for her to enter *that* room—to look upon *that* man!

"It'll never do, sir. He's worse than ever this afternoon, and looks dreadful."

A wild sound—half moan, half howl—the irrepressible cry of mingled rage, anguish and despair, falling drear and desolate on the shuddering ear! The strong hand tightened its hold of the small fingers, fluttering as if to get free; the doctor turned his looks down upon the wistful, eager face.

"You are not frightened, darling?"

"No, papa."

A pause—a silence within as without. Father and child were looking into each other's eyes.

"You will go in, dear, alone?"

"Yes, papa."

Then the doctor opened the door, the child passed in alone; and the father's hand closed the door behind her.

He knew that it must be so. The half-open door—the pale, anxious face peering in—might arouse the man's suspicions and excite his rage. Too well he knew the

danger to which the little one was exposed; but in her lay his last hope, and God would take care of her.

The strong hand, nerved to calm, lay ready at the door; the straining ear was schooled to listen. No sound at first; not even the child's reeding footsteps, for they fell inaudible in that padded room.

A life-long agony in one brief moment of suspense, then a sharp, sudden cry. Not a call for help; but the involuntary cry of pain, grief or fear. Had he, against whom it had seemed a sacrilege to use violence, now used it against the little helpless child who had come to save him? Had he, with his lost greatness, lost, too, every spark of humanity, becoming something lower than the beasts?

The door was burst open; doctor and keeper both stood in the room. No regard for the man's feelings now! He should be seized, bound, fettered. No matter what became of him if he had hurt the child.

"Midge—little Midge!" And the child sprang to her father's arms, her own about his neck.

"Oh, papa, it has stung me. It hurts me so; and—and it has left its sting in, and will die; mamma told me it would. Poor little bee!"

And that was all! It was the sting of the bee, and not the gripe of the maniac, that had called forth that piteous cry.

"Never mind, darling. I will take you to mamma."

So the child was carried out, and transferred from the father's to the mother's arms. The bee that had so cruelly wounded the little hand crawled away to die, and the half-open rose lay at the madman's feet, his eye down-bent upon it.

CHAPTER II.

THE wound healed—the bee dead—the rose withered! Were the next few days to bring no other change? Was the doctor's last attempt to save the doomed life to have no better result?

On the day following the events above recorded, Midge asked papa if she might go again to the black man's room to look for the bee. "For if it must die, papa, you know, wouldn't it be much nicer for it to die out among the flowers than in a dark, ugly hole?"

It was seldom the father said "No" to his little daughter's "May I?" He certainly did not in the present instance. So she went to look for the bee; and no way abashed by the wild looks of the maniac, who stood pressed up against the wall, his arms tossed above his head, shrinking and cowering like some caged angry beast, she walked straight up to him, and flushing and pouting, because feeling rather shy and so very much in earnest, she said: "Will you come and help me look for the bee? I want to find it, and carry it out to the flowers—"

"Yesterday it stung you," interrupted the man, with gloomy bitterness, looking down at her where she stood, so far below him that the great, mad eyes lost half their fierceness before they reached her face. He had not forgotten what he had seen and heard.

"It did hurt very much"—looking down, self pitying, at the mite of a hand so lovingly swathed and bandaged—"but it's quite well now, and the poor bee will die—mamma says so—and papa let me come and look for it. It was in the rose I brought you yesterday."

The rose she had brought him! How often had roses been brought to him before—placed in his buttonhole;

laid at his feet; given in exchange for a smile, a jewel, a box at the opera, a kiss of the little hand that offered it. Roses as well as laurels fall to the share of the great; and the eager hand, outstretched to grasp the one, too often allows the other to be placed in it instead. Fame and love! Both his once—both lost to him now. Was it of the lost love and its summer roses he thought, as his softened glance fell on the young child's upturned face?

"Won't you help me?"

He did not answer—he was thinking, thinking deeply. In the room so carefully examined, so carefully padded, there were no cracks or crannies, no crevice even, where a poor little bee that felt thoroughly ashamed of itself could creep away to hide. Midge's protégé, therefore, was soon found, and secured in a large leaf brought for the purpose. Then Midge held out her hand to the black man, who seemed to have forgotten her presence.

"You would like to see it put back on the flowers, wouldn't you?"

He certainly did not give her his hand, yet her wee fingers had soon closed about it, and she was quietly leading him toward the door.

"Won't you put on a hat? Papa always does."

The fashionable chimney-pot screening the wild head, the sinister brow, the darkling eyes! When had he last worn one? Walking down Piccadilly, the handsome dandy almost as much run after for his beauty as his genius, perfumed locks, calm eagle glance, and stately bearing. Would the envious rival, the doting woman, have recognized him now?

Thinking, thinking deeply still, he allowed himself to be led on; the guiding impulse of those weak clinging fingers more resistless than the iron hand of force; for who would have the heart to shake it off?

Step by step she led him on to the door, which seemed to open of itself to set him free, and out into the corridor.

Three men stood there: the doctor and two keepers hidden by the angle of the wall. Her eyes bent wistfully on the big leaf gathered up into her wounded hand, little Midge passed them by unnoticed.

Did the woman's tender instinct tell her that they must be passed unseen? that clinging to the poor pale hand, she must draw him silently on, nearer to herself, farther from those who were his judges and his jailors?

When would he awake from the fit of abstraction into which he had been thrown by her rose and sweet child's face? A rush of air blowing about his uncovered head, the deadly faintness that seizes on the frame exhausted by long confinement. He looked up and around him. That sea of vivid noonday light, that blowing fresh exultant breeze; light and air, and no escape from either now! The glories of Nature around him; and he who had worshipped her instead of God drew a deep gasping breath, reeled, and sank to his knees.

The child was on her knees, too. She had found the bush from which the rose had been gathered, and very gently she laid the bee down among its leaves.

The bee found and carried off, there was no reason why little Midge should again visit the dark, bare room, about whose hushed walls hung an atmosphere of gloom and terror. But children have their whims as well as their elders, and Midge evidently took a particular interest in the black man (she only called him so because of his black, scowling looks, for his eyes were as blue as hers, and the tangled mane, had it been less tangled, would have been almost as bright); and scarce a day passed but she would get Rodgers to open the door, that swung back so noise-

lessly on its hinges, and skipping up to the distant corner where he cowered and brooded the long hideous hours through, she would laugh up in his face and pluck him by the hand, dancing about it, and leading him on, as she had done that first day, to light, and air, and freedom. But not always was he obedient to her child's will. If his hands were folded high up on his broad breast, she could not reach them. If he scowled upon her when she smiled, the smiles would die away, and she would pout and blush and grow shy; and sometimes, in very shame, hide away her face on his knee.

One day when he sat on the leathern seat fastened to the wall, his head dropped back against it, his eyes fixed and despairing, finding his look more sad than fierce, and hearing how he muttered to himself, she clambered up to his side, and asked him eagerly if he were telling himself a story. Nurse sometimes told her stories, and papa; but they hadn't much time. Papa had told her such a pretty story that morning. Then seeing that the great eyes had turned from vacancy to her face, she nestled up closer, and getting within the shelter of his arm, her fingers straying about his, her bright hair over his breast, she told him the story.

After that, papa very often told his little daughter stories, and when she repeated them to the man he listened.

We have said that the keepers, big, stalwart men, were more than half afraid of the patient whom they dare not treat like any other poor raving fool; but, strange to say, little Midge, whose life his uplifted hand could so easily have crushed out of her, was never a bit afraid of him.

Once only he frightened her and made her cry—when he killed a bright butterfly she had brought to show him, and then laughed its death and her tears to scorn. How often had he, perhaps, in the wanton cruelty of his strength and power, destroyed some creature scarcely less bright and frail than the butterfly he had but to touch to kill!

But when little Midge huddled the dead insect up in her apron and left him, when he heard the small, angry feet pattering along the stone corridor, and the sobs dying away in the distance, he felt sorry, and called out, "Midge, little Midge!" echoing the cry he had so often heard when, from behind their iron bars, papa's poor people would call out to her as she wandered among her flowers.

But Midge did not come back, and he fell into a train of thought—thought of the past, and of faces that the child's, in its pretty, tender petulance, had conjured up. Not the faces whose looks had burnt into his soul, making of love something worse than a passion, a madness; but of others that had smiled, and frowned, and beamed upon him; that would have been so beautiful if seen by the magic light of home, that were beautiful when looked back upon now.

"Pretty, spoilt, silly child," he muttered, half angry with himself for having vexed her, half angry with her for having left him. Then he laughed, and rising to his full height; shook back the tangled masses of his hair with the old careless movement, half petulant, half defiant.

If some envious rival could have seen the maniac now, would he have recognized him? At least some fond woman might, I think.

"Well, really, if I don't believe the child will make something of the poor fellow, after all!" said good, compassionate Mrs. Ferguson one day, as she stood at the

—drawing-room window looking out upon the garden. "I declare if she hasn't got hold of his hair, combing it through with her fingers, and laughing fit to kill herself as she shows him each separate curl." And the mother laughed, too, with sheer sympathy, so contagious was the child's mirth. "I suppose she'll be undertaking to shave him next. Just to see how she hangs about him and fondles him, with all that nasty hair over his face, too! But she always was an oddity, wasn't she, John? And really he's a fine fellow, and not so wild-looking, either, with our little Midge hanging about him—eh, John?"

But the doctor did not answer; he could not. His eyes were fixed upon the man and child, and his heart was full.

CHAPTER III.

IT is strange how that of which one will make so great a trouble another will only laugh at. The responsibility that weighed so heavily on the doctor's mind, lining his brow and turning his hair prematurely gray, little Midge took upon herself as lightly as did her poor bee its burden of honey culled among her roses; and so the patient, who was to the father a ceaseless source of anxiety, was for her but as a new plaything, too pleasant ever to weary of. Through the long, bright, summer days she played with him, combing out his hair with her own small, nursery comb, and laughing, gleeful and triumphant, as she saw how it glittered in the sunlight, and how much prettier it made him look. Through the long, soft, summer twilights she played with him, too, nestling up into his arms, which were not opened to receive her, but into which she crept with the most perfect confidence, as if they could but have been made so big and strong to afford her shelter; and once there she would whisper odd, foolish things, or tell him stories, to which he listened because her voice was sweet; which he remembered because they recalled the past and set him dreaming. And sometimes, as evening deepened, worn out with the hideous wakefulness of the vision-haunted night, he would lay down the pale, grizzly head upon the baby lap, the soft arms folded somewhere about him; and his rest would be all the sweeter for their contact.

Little Midge the only friend and companion of him who had once had the world at his feet—his own, gay, fashionable world, and all that it held of grace and beauty. Women, soft, wild, meek, passionate, he had had but to choose, who, if they had not really loved, had professed to worship him; and now only the little child to cling about him and remind him of what he had lost, the last link between him and the brilliant past. And has he, after all, lost so much? Youth and grace and beauty and love are his still; something else, too, that was never his before—faith in them all. Will not the love of woman, if it is ever again to be his, seem to him something more real, more reliable after that innocent, perfect love? Will not henceforth the woman's weakness or the woman's sin meet with more pity and less scorn as he remembers that, however lost now, she was once good and innocent like little Midge, and capable, perhaps, of a devotion as great?

The summer—such a glorious summer!—had come and lingered and passed, and the doctor, so absorbed in his anxious duties, scarce noted the change of the season; but little Midge did, all too plainly. We have said that she was a wee, frail thing, as frail almost as the insect whose name she bore—a dainty creature, born to live

through the summer day, and die when the sun set. Well, little Midge had watched out many sunsets with her big friend, so she had more than lived out her day; and when the autumn succeeded the summer, the child was missed from her favorite haunts—from the park, the garden, her friend's room—no longer the bare, ugly room, for something of its lost grace and elegance had been restored to his life, now that he could once more appreciate them. Yet I think he would gladly have renounced it all to have had back his child companion and her wayward caresses. He did not say to himself that he missed her, but his eye saddened, and as it saddened, it softened, too. For how could he think of her, without at the same time thinking of all with which her innocent young life had been associated? and such thoughts are gentle and good. Frenzy turned to sorrow. On the man's darkened brow lay the shadow of a troubled thought, and something more; something that would never have been there save for that awful visitation and the young child's ministry of love. All that was over now. Little Midge could do nothing more for him or any one else. Why, she could hardly lift her little weary head from the sofa cushions, or raise her hand to where the sunbeams danced about the wall so tantalizingly within her reach. And lying thus alone often—for papa had so much to do, and mamma had many more little ones, as we know—Midge would long for the man who had been everything to her, or to whom she had been everything—the child never paused to reason which; long for him more than for air or flowers or birds or insects or all the other things that had made her summer life so beautiful. And the longing growing more than she could bear, she told papa.

"Bring a madman into our own private rooms, and leave him alone with the child!" cried the mother, aghast.

"Do you think that would be safe, my dear?"

And the doctor answered solemnly, "I do."

So the man came, and was to the suffering child all that she had once been to him. The hand at whose touch woman had thrilled; whose clasp had been esteemed a favor; whose power, as the interpreter of the soul, had been so gigantic, now played with the bright curls, smoothing and caressing them. If she could no longer tell him stories, her voice being so weak, she listened to the stories he had to tell, and listening, she forgot to suffer. Sometimes, worn out with the wakefulness of the fever-haunted nights, she would lay the pretty, nestling head upon his lap or within the cradle of his arm, and her rest would be all the sweeter for its contact.

Holding her thus—meeting the first awakening look of her eyes, so full of longing satisfied—strange thoughts, holy and calm, would creep into his heart; through light, the boasted light of reason; into darkness so deep, so appalling; through darkness, the darkness of the shadow of death, back again into light. Who said that your work was over when God's hand laid you low, little Midge?

In the dear shelter of his arms, alone—her last look fastened on his face—Midge died. They would gladly have held her back, those strong, protecting arms; but they could not prevent death coming, and they had to lay her aside in the little coffin, that was a thing altogether pitiful to look at, so wee and light it was.

She was carried without the walls to be buried, and two men only followed her to the grave—her father and the friend on whose arm he leant for support, in whose sympathy, so true, so deep, he found his best consolation.

A month after the great iron gates had opened to let

the little coffin pass out, they opened wide once more, and the man over whose life the storm had passed like some hideous, vanishing dream, leaving behind no trace more bitter than a vague, solemn memory, went forth, and felt that the world lay once more before him.

Silently as he had entered the house, so silently he left it. On its threshold the master stood to bid him good-bye, and bowed low before him his uncovered head, unable to look up into the noble, shadowed face for the tears that blinded him. In silence their hands met and dropped apart.

"Good-bye, Ferguson; God bless you, and—thank you. I shall never forget all that I owe you."

"Me! you owe me nothing."

Both men knew all that the words implied.

So Midge's friend went back to the world that was waiting for him. Would it find him less great than when it had first run after him? Posterity will not say so, nor will we.

With his future we have nothing to do, but leave him to pass through the gates in silence, as if following the little angel guide who seemed to have gone first to lead the way. The solemn lessons of the past, the great work of the future; the man standing between the two in the full strength still of undiminished power, in the full flooding sunlight of that vivid noonday sun, light and air around him—the breath of faith, the light of truth; no need to shrink from either now—now and forevermore.

The doctor stood bareheaded on the threshold and watched him go, then with a sigh he turned; but the house looked dark and drear within, and without all was so bright, so calm, so beautiful. Not far from the porch was the little plot of ground that Midge had called her garden; the doctor often went there; he went there now, and stooping, picked a weed from her favorite bed. From earth and the flowers she had so loved, he looked upward to the bright, blue, joyous sky. Why is it that, when we bury our dead deep down in the earth, we look upward, and not downward, when seeking them? Is it not the involuntary impulse of faith following the instinctive cry of the soul, "He is not there; He is risen?"

"Midge—little Midge!"

It was but the silent cry of the father's heart, yet he heard it echoed close at hand; some madman calling it out from behind his prison bars. It was poor old Parker, who never could be made to understand that Midge was dead, and that it must pain the doctor to hear her name when she was no longer there to answer to it.

"Midge—little Midge!"

The doctor looked up, nodded, and smiled.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

THE following "gems of thought" have been collected from Edward Garrett's recent novel, "Gold and Dross:"

If endurance be so fine a discipline, has one a right to keep it all to one's self? Is it not a leaving of others' sins undisturbed, that we may use them as steps to raise ourselves into Heaven?

In the little closet Dora read the Litany to herself with many an intonation. She herself heard more of her prayer than God did, since He only hears what comes from the heart.

It always seems as if the best bits of happiness are made up into the smallest parcels.

It is certainly trying to find a stone where we expected bread; but the worst part of the trial, is our own folly in looking for a loaf in a quarry!

What a pity it is for our comfort that the same circumstances which induce us to kill our own inner conscience, generally provides us with two or three exterior consciences, which in this very little world of ours, with its paltry divisions of Europe, Asia, Africa and America, are sure to find us out, and jostle against our beautiful equanimity!

A man's habits in one respect, are his habits all through. If he shuffles in his step, depend upon it, his brain shuffles, too.

There is no such thing as luck, Mr. Fisk. It's a fancy name for being always at your duty, and so sure to be ready when the good time comes.

"A woman's strength is in her heart," Philip pursued, grandly. "Men do not want clever women to contradict and argue with them; they want women to love them."

"Have men so low an estimate of themselves that they think they can only win the affection of fools?" asked Hester, scornfully.

No, unless youth has other thoughts to call it away from economical considerations of its own energies, mental power and physical health, it will find itself like the young man described by the old essayist, whose mother had been so fearful lest study or exercise should injure his eyesight, his lungs or his limbs, that he proved as helpless as he could have been had he lost the use of all. Life will not trust us in any worthy post, until it has part of our very being in pledge.

There are some people who, when they first come upon a great trial, must lock it up and even hide the key.

Philip had mistaken the limits of a narrow experience for the boundaries of creation, till a rude concussion had shattered them to the ground and left him standing in a wilderness of which he had never dreamed.

What a stay work is! Not employment merely, for that may be local and temporary, colored by the changing skies of our existence; but our own work, that which we do by the sweat of our brow, that we may eat bread; that which we must do to-morrow, though we may bury the desire of our eyes to-day; that which we must steadily pursue to-day, however much we are tempted to dream of the bliss that may come to-morrow. This work may be likened to the stake whereto our lives are bound. It may cramp us a little sometimes, but where should not we wander without its chain? We may fancy how we could enjoy ourselves without it, how free, how spiritual, how lofty our natures would become, while we are only as free, and lofty, and spiritual as we are, just because of it! O worker! repining at the same dull task that waits you day after day, look at those who, having no need for the bread that perisheth, work not at all! Would you be as they? Are they so free, so spiritual, so lofty? Does not the devil deceive them into turning his treadmill and calling it sport? Is not work the homely stool whereon we may climb to peep into our Father's treasures?

You have been behind the scenes, and seen the strings that move the puppets. And very likely you wish you had never gone there, and would give much to have back the old delusion! And yet no! It must be a poor soul which, having once seen the truth, would fain shrink back from it into the false.

RACHEL DILLOWAY'S SON.*

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

CHAPTER I.

"Day dawned. Within a curtained room
Filled to faintness with perfume,
A lady lay at point of doom."

AND because of this, many a tender, womanly heart in the small village of Woodleigh, had watched till the stars went out; and many an eye had peered wistfully from window and doorway, as the hours crept slowly onward. For had not Janet Gordon promised at nightfall that, as soon as the child was born, she would hang a red lantern in the tower?

Dilloway House was on the slope of the hill that rose behind the town; and its brown turrets and high-peaked gables could be seen from every quarter. All the long night through, lights had flashed from window to window, and streamed steadily from that of the room in which sweet Rachel Dilloway wrestled with the angels of Life and Death. But the one red light, for whose ray the anxious watchers in the village waited, had not glimmered through the darkness. The night waned and the day dawned, and no signal had been given them.

"It's no good looking up the hill any longer, Molly," said John Farrington to his wife, as once and again, while preparing his early breakfast, she glanced from the open door. "You could not see the light now, even if it was there."

"No, not the light," she answered. "But Janet will make some sign to us, if it is only to hang a white cloth from the window."

"Now, I don't suppose it is any worse for Mrs. Dilloway to have a baby than it is for other women; or that she is in any more danger than you were when this little rogue fought for his life," said Farrington, mischievously, as he tossed his own chubby-faced boy in the air till he crowed with delight. "Women are women; and I never believed yet that pain hurts a rich one any more than it does a poor one."

"O John! it's not that, it's not that!" cried his wife, as she placed the smoking platter on the table. "There! eat your breakfast quick, or you'll be late for the mill. Give me the baby. It's not that, John. But when this little fellow was born I had you to help me bear it, and to keep my courage up; and I knew just how proud and happy you would be when it was all over. I tell you it makes a heap of difference, at such a time, whether a woman has a husband or not. Now, poor Mrs. Dilloway—"

"Hark! What's that?"

A joyous shout, with a clear, exultant ring in it, rose up from the valley and was echoed back by the surrounding hills. John Farrington sprang to his feet and Molly rushed to the window. There was a crowd of men, women and children down by the mills, and every eye was upturned toward Dilloway House. A flag floated from the tower. Janet Gordon had been true to the spirit of her promise, though the early sunbeams had eclipsed her lantern.

"There's the bell, and you haven't finished your breakfast. Hurry, John, and eat a mouthful or two!" cried Molly, with a penitent glance at the clock. "I must have been late this morning. No! the bell is ahead of time. There! ring—ring—do!" and she shrugged her shoulders impatiently, while the baby clapped its tiny hands and laughed as the loud peal rang out on the morning air.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by Mrs. JULIA C. R. DORR, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

But after three or four strokes the clangor suddenly ceased, and Molly saw that the overseer was standing on the steps of the mill and talking to the crowd. Another cheer burst from them only to be hastily checked by a motion of the speaker's hand. Then the throng quietly scattered.

"Why, they're all coming back," said Molly. "Take your time, John. I guess the mill has broken down, or something. What's the matter, Jimmy Flannigan?" addressing a red-headed, freckled-faced boy, who was rushing past. "No work, to-day?"

"There's no work, mem, but there's wages all the same, mem. Sure, an' there's a fine broth of a boy up at the house; and Mrs. Dilloway—bless the swate eyes of her! says we're to have a holiday the day, and no loss to the laste of us at all, at all. Mr. Deane was just a-tellin' us, mem. And more's the token, there's a flag a-flyin' from the very hometop! Look a bit, till ye see it, mem!" and away he ran.

Tender Molly Farrington just sat down and cried. No one knows what John did, for he caught his hat from the nail, and disappeared behind the shed.

Meanwhile, up at the House (one would have supposed there was but one house in all Woodleigh, whereas it was a goodly village of two or three thousand inhabitants; nevertheless, it behooveth us to adopt the phraseology of the place), up at the House, then, there were hushed voices and reverent footsteps. The wings of the two angels still hovered over the spot where Rachel Dilloway had wrestled till daybreak, and now slept the sleep of exhaustion. The hours wore on until it was ten o'clock. At last she stirred.

"Bring him to me," she said, faintly.

They brought the little creature and laid it on her breast. She looked at it quietly for a moment; then a rain of tears fell on the soft, impassive face.

"Ah! but that will never do, my lady," said Janet Gordon, as she cradled the child again in her strong, motherly arms. "Dinna greet now, nor be sair-hearted when the bitter pangs are over, and you have your baby safe beside you. Hush! hush my bairn, for surely joy cometh with the morning," and she laid her hand caressingly upon Rachel's brown hair.

The lady caught it with a quick sob, and drawing Janet down till her face touched hers, she whispered: "What should I do without you, Janet? How could I have lived through all these weary days if I had not had you?"

A suspicious moisture gathered in the eyes of Janet Gordon—eyes that were of as bright an azure as the Scotch blue-bells in her garden. But she laughed cheerily as she answered: "Tut, tut, dearie! The gude Lord takes care o' His ain. If you had na' had me, you would ha' had some ither body! Now I shall carry off the bairnie, and you must sleep again."

"Wait a minute, Janet. If I should die, my baby must be christened 'Royal,' after his father. You'll remember it, Janet?—Royal Ainslie Dilloway. O Roy! Roy! my king! my king!"

Janet gave the child to the nurse in the next room, and then came back to the bedside.

"You are not going to die, my lady—not till the Lord calls you, and He has na' called yet! By the time the bonny June roses are in blow, you'll be up as tall and straight as a lily, and you can attend to the child's christening yourself. Mayhap Mister Robert will be coming home to go to the kirk wi' you, and carry his nephew up the braid aisle to the altar."

Meanwhile, she was deftly smoothing back the young mother's disordered hair, and placing a cool pillow under her head. But again and yet again the pale lips moaned: "O Roy! Roy! if you were only here to see your boy!"

A wave of infinite pity and compassion swept over the elder woman's face, and after a moment's hesitation she stooped and kissed the white, tear-drenched cheeks.

"You must na' think about it, my bairn; you must na' talk about it. Hark now a wee bit, and hear how the wind rustles the tree-tops, and how the brook sings as it goes dancing along down to the dam. Hark, now!"

But with a sudden transition of thought, Mrs. Dilloway looked up, a quick gleam brightening her face.

"Did you remember?" she asked. "Do the mill hands have a holiday, as I wished?"

"Yes, my lady. Andrew took the message to Mr. Deane, and I put up the flag. You should have heard how they cheered! The people are all glad for your sake."

"And for *his*—for they loved him, I know. Now I will sleep, if I can," she added, dreamily. "Take care of my little Roy, Janet!"

It was very clear that Janet Gordon had never become thoroughly Americanized. She had been an upper servant in the family of a Scottish laird; and when at the age of twenty-five, she married Andrew Gordon, the head gardener, their bridal tour was a long one—over the blue seas to the Land of Promise that lay so fair beneath the setting sun. The journey ended at Woodleigh, a picturesque town, of which the Dilloways were at once the central thought and the grand motive power. It had grown up around the factories, or mills as they were popularly called, of Mr. Charles Dilloway, the grandfather of the little fellow whose advent has just been recorded.

When Andrew laid out his first pansy-bed for his new mistress, who soon discovered that she had gained a treasure in her civil yet manly Scotch gardener, the Dilloway family consisted of the above-named gentleman, his wife and two young sons—Royal and Robert. As a well-known divine once said of himself and one of his brothers, these two boys would have been twins if Royal had not happened to come into the world just two years in advance of Robert. When they were respectively fourteen and sixteen years of age, they were strikingly alike in person—tall, athletic, manly fellows, who were as inseparable as two boys could be.

But they were mere children when Andrew and Janet first came to Woodleigh. Perhaps if God had sent a flock of rosy lads and lassies to her own ingleside, the fair and comely Scotch matron might have loved less warmly the dark-haired, hazle-eyed pair who were continually flashing in and out of her door like embodied sunbeams. As it was, she loved them "a'maist as weel as if they had been her very ain;" and their attachment to her was so great that their mother laughingly protested, and declared herself a victim of the green-eyed monster. In her heart of hearts, however, she was never quite so contented about them, when out of her own sight, as when she knew them to be safe under Janet's wing, in the cosy cottage at the foot of the garden.

I have said that Janet never became thoroughly Americanized. As the years went by, and she grew to be a sort of non-resident housekeeper—Mrs. Dilloway's "right hand" in all household emergencies—she never ceased to speak of her employers as "the master and mistress." The old, respectful habits of her girlhood clung about her,

and to the day of Mrs. Dilloway's death she had always addressed her as "my lady."

Odd, the good women of the village considered her, with queer notions and unaccountable fancies; so strange did it seem to the smart, ambitious, wide-awake wives of the operatives in the mills, that a person like Mrs. Gordon, whose pretty house was carpeted from top to bottom, who wore a handsome black silk gown to church, and who was actually said to be the owner of a gold watch, should be willing to call any living being "mistress."

"And why will ye be doin' it now?" asked a brawny Irish woman one day. "Sure an' it's settin' a bad example to the childers, ye are. There be no masters and mistresses in this country. We are all alike here; an' ye're as much of a lady as Mrs. Dilloway, sure."

Janet looked at her from top to toe with a superb scorn.

"Tut, tut, woman," she said, loftily. "Mayhap ye may be as much of a lady as the mistress—but not I! We're a' alike in ane sense—in that the same gude God made us a'. But so he made the thistles that are a' very weel in their places, and the bonny red roses that my Andrew loves and ca's the sweetest flower o' them a'. Nevertheless, they are na' much the same to my way o' thinking. Neither can the weaver make a braw silk web and a linsey-woolsey to be alike, though they should be woven after the same pattern. The thread's na alike to begin wi'."

She could never quite forget her Scotch, though she could speak perfectly good English when she chose. In fact, she rather prided herself upon her English; but whenever she was especially stirred, or in tender moods when her heart got the better of her memory, the sweet, quaint dialect of her youth sprang gladly to her lips.

"Ye'll never be anything but a Scotch woman, Janet; my lassie," Andrew would say, with a low laugh. "Ye're as ready wi' your 'bairnies,' an' your 'mickles,' an' your 'muckles,' as ever ye were when I took ye over the heather to the kirk in auld Scotland!"

"An' why should I na' be?" she would retort. "Andrew, my mon, ye're speaking braid Scotch your ain sell this very minute."

The two boys, as has been said, Royal and Robert, grew up toward manhood inseparable friends and companions. While Royal was in many things two years in advance of his brother, yet Robert's constant association with one that much his elder, had matured him to such a degree that when it was time for the one to enter college, it seemed a pity to separate them. The result was that a compromise was effected. Royal waited a year for Robert; and the latter matriculated a twelve month earlier than he otherwise would.

Only one thought had ever been entertained by the father with regard to the future of his two sons. It was that, having graduated, they would both return to Woodleigh, and after a few years' experience would lift from his shoulders the weight of a business that had grown beyond his expectations. Other mills had sprung up around the one he had first built, until now four cotton factories—two of them for weaving calicoes and obintzes—lifted their tall chimneys against the background of the hills.

"I have built up a grand business for our boys," he would say, as he stood with his fair wife at the library window of the house, looking down on the straggling, picturesque village, the flashing lights from the many-windowed mills, and all the tokens of comfortable and

contented industry about him. "I shall be quite satisfied now when I can place the helm in their hands and let them manage the ship."

It is so easy to lay plans—so easy to mark out a course for the lives of others, with all their whims and idiosyncracies, their caprices and their prejudices, their tastes that are not our tastes, their ways that are not our ways! We grow up with our fellows side by side. We sit at the same table, sleep under the same roof, pray the same prayers, as we suppose, and think the same thoughts. Then suddenly we awake some morning to the consciousness that they are as far away from us as the stars; that their inmost hopes, their aspirations and dreams, are beyond our ken, even as ours are beyond theirs.

Some such knowledge as this came to Mr. Dilloway when, during the last year of his sons' college life, he discovered by dint of persistent cross-examination of both young men, that Robert had an utter distaste for business—at least for the business of the mills—and that all his ambitions pointed in another direction. The keen instinct of affection had not been slow to perceive that something was amiss with the bright young fellow. He had grown dim-eyed and pale, and his whole manner was distraught and unlike himself. Yet both the sons shrank from revealing to their father the fact that was as patent to the one as to the other, that the business partnership for which he had planned so long was nothing more than a bright, intangible dream. Robert was, *par excellence*, a student; not of books alone, but of nature; a student after our lamented Agassiz's own heart, to whom the broad field of scientific investigation, the search after truth for its own sake, seemed the one thing needful.

Night after night, when the "section" was supposed to be asleep, the brothers had talked matters over.

"I feel as if I should go to the—dogs, Royal," Robert would say, while his eyes flashed in the moonlight, and his cheeks were a-blaze with feverish heat. "I feel as if I should go to the dogs and be a curse to all of you if I went into the mills. It makes me faint to think of it. You will be worth more to father and to the business than a dozen like me."

"I do not know about that," Royal would answer. "I wish you could be contented at Woodleigh, for father's sake. You could have your books, you know, and your laboratory and go on with your experiments, and all that sort of thing. The Tower-room would make a capital den for you, and you could heap it breast-high with the rubbish you so delight in, if you liked."

"And leave you to the day-book and ledger, setton and alkalies, while I am your nominal partner? By George, Roy! what sort of a fellow do you take me to be? If I go into the business at all, I go in to work and to lift my full share of the load. But I do not want to do it, Roy. I want to go to Heidelberg and to Paris. I want to study. I want to drain to the dregs a cup of which I have but just tasted. I want to fit myself to do something for the world, and—do not laugh at me, Roy—something for science! You say I could go on with my studies at Woodleigh. But I could not to any advantage, even if I had the leisure. I do not know enough to start with."

Royal sighed. "Well, we must try to bring father over to our—your—way of thinking," he said, caressing his brother's burning cheek, even as he had been used to do when they were children. "Do not worry, Robert. You shall not go into the business if you do not want to do it. I promise you that."

"You will be the rich man of the family," Robert an-

swered, with a constrained laugh. "I have no doubt father will think me a fool, Roy. I shall not make a fortune in the course I have marked out for myself; and it is not probable that I shall make a reputation, either. It seems, perhaps, like romantic nonsense, like a putting on of airs, in a young fellow like me to say it; but I do not think I care much about making money; neither do I flatter myself that I am a genius, to take the world by storm. Yet it is the truth, Royal, that I would rather live on crusts in a garret, doing my own work in my own way, thinking my own thoughts and living my own life, than to try to do work for which I am unfitted, and which is distasteful to me, even if I knew it would make me a millionaire in ten years!"

Yet, notwithstanding there was this full understanding between the brothers, it was not an easy thing to broach the matter to their father; and, as has been said, it was only after persistent cross-examination that Mr. Dilloway arrived at a knowledge of the true state of the case. No one ever knew, not even his wife, how bitter was his disappointment. But he was too good and wise a man to wish to rule despotically over the destiny of another, even though that other was his own son, "flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone."

"We are both dreamers—Robert and I," he said, smiling sadly yet tenderly upon his sons; "and it is perhaps only just and right that my dream should yield to his, since he is making a beginning of life and mine is near the ending."

The two young men graduated with almost equal honors. Then Robert went to Heidelberg and Royal identified himself at once with the business at Woodleigh. It was not drudgery to him. It was not mere taskwork. He brought to it the same kindling enthusiasm, the same eager ambition, that had led his brother across the seas. And his was no more a sordid ambition than was Robert's. To him the great factories with their whirling spindles, their busy looms, and their multitudinous noises, were not mere money-making machines. They were living, sentient beings, with great throbbing hearts and beneficent hands, that fed the hungry and clothed the naked; that carried the bread and the water of life to souls that might else have starved and thirsted and that through countless channels, visible and invisible, were in the long future to make the wilderness bud and blossom as the rose. Not that he was a "philanthropist," so called; not that he was without his own personal ambitions; not that he was not anxious for the pecuniary success of his business enterprises. He wanted to be rich; he was proud of wealth honestly and honorably earned. It seemed to him as grand a thing to marshal the forces and control the resources of a great business, on which hundreds depended for their daily bread, as to command armies, or to kneel with the rapt vision of the scientist at the feet of our mother Nature.

CHAPTER II.

BUT Mr. Dilloway's disappointment, keen though it was, was not of long duration, unless our disappointments follow us to the undiscovered country. His son Royal had but just become familiar with the various ramifications of the business, had but just learned how to grasp the sceptre, when he was called to sit upon his father's throne; and Woodleigh cried out as in one breath: "The king is dead—long live the king!"

Robert did not come home; for the letter telling him

of his father's illness—this was before the days of ocean-telegraphy—was followed immediately by one bearing the tidings of his death.

"I will come home if you say so, Royal," he wrote. "But I should be of little service to you, and I can do my own work better here."

Royal said "stay." Even when in another month his mother, with scarce a moment's warning, followed her husband to the silent land, he did not recall him. Very keenly did the young lord of the manor feel the desolation of the house on the hill. Yet even then there was a sweet hope budding in his heart; a hope that in due time blossomed more fairly than any rose in Andrew's garden. During one of his business trips to a distant city, he had met sweet Rachel Cameron—the orphan daughter of one of his father's friends; and she it was whom, two years after that father's death, he brought, as his wife, to Woodleigh.

It might have been a scene in feudal lands, where vassals and clansmen vied with each other in doing honor to their chief. It was just at nightfall of a bright October day. Bells rang, torches flared, banners floated from many a housetop, music trembled on the air; there were flowery arches under which the bride must pass; there were words of welcome burning against the purple skies; there were acclamations and joyous shouts as the carriage passed through the town and up the hill to where Dilloway House stood, flooded with light from basement to tower, in honor of the home-coming of its new mistress. The young men cheered and swung their hats; the young maidens blushed and smiled as they tossed their flowery offerings under the feet of the horses; and, haply, older heads and hearts, remembering what the years had taught them, may have mingled prayers with their bridal blessings.

Janet stood in the doorway, smoothing down her white apron over the black silk gown. Her abundant brown hair, still without one thread of silver, was put plainly away beneath a muslin cap, whose crimped border lay like a snow-wreath above the rosy, peaceful face.

Peaceful, generally. Just now it was strangely disturbed; tearful eyes contrasting curiously with lips that smiled, even while they trembled. She dropped courtesy after courtesy as Royal Dilloway led his fair bride up the steps.

"This is my wife, Janet," he said. "I need not ask you to give her a loving welcome—to be to her a loyal and steadfast friend, as long as you both shall live, even as you were to my mother before her."

Janet gave a quick, anxious glance at the face of the tall, slight stranger, who clung to her husband's arm with girlish, appealing grace. Then she stepped forward with an almost stately courtesy and a solemn air that well befitted her words.

"'Faithful unto death' to you and yours, Mister Royal! That was what I promised your lady mother I would be, when she lay dying; and I shall keep it my word. For her sake, and for your ain sake, sir, whom I have loved since ever I came to Woodleigh, do I pray God, on my bended knees, to bless the bride who comes to us this day!"

"And for my sake? Will you not do it for my own sake, Janet?" cried Rachel, smiling on her through a mist of tears, as she extended her hand.

"Certainly I will, if, indeed, it will not be considered too great a liberty. But I doubt if it be necessary after a," she added, with straightforward simplicity. "For if

you're as gude as you are bonny, my lady, the blessing'll be sure to come without any askin' o' mine!"

"Dear me!" said Rachel, a few moments afterwards, turning to her husband in a sort of dismay, "whatever shall I do if that stately woman, who carries herself like a duchess, and who is old enough to be my mother, persists in calling me 'my lady'? Is there no way to put a stop to it?"

"None," answered Royal, laughing. "That is one of the innumerable penalties you will have to pay, for the honor of being Mrs. Dilloway. I can venture to make one consoling prophecy, however. Janet's head and her heart are sometimes at war with each other. She will satisfy the one by calling you her 'lady.' She will appease the other in its tender moods by calling you her 'bairn;' or, if she thinks you particularly in need of petting, by any other sweet name that occurs to her. But that will only be when you are alone, and the dignity of Dilloway House is not at stake. Janet was born a hundred years too late. How she would have followed the fortunes of some unfortunate prince through fire and flood!"

But there was little time, even if the young married lovers had had nothing else to say to each other, for further discussion of the retainers of the house that night. This was more than thirty years ago. Yet, if you were to go to Woodleigh to-day, you would be told all about it. It is a fresh story on many a lip even yet—how young Mr. Royal Dilloway brought home his bride; how the house, that had been so dark and silent ever since its old master and mistress were carried over its threshold, was all alight again, and glowed against the dark background of trees like some great constellation that had dropped down from the skies; how, seeing it, the operatives in the mills were drawn thither as the tides are drawn by the moon; how, to please her husband and to do honor to those who had come to welcome her, albeit most of them were humble men and women who toiled for their daily bread, the bride put on a robe of pale rose-colored silk, with pearls on her neck and arms while a diamond star burned in the braids of her dark-brown hair; how her husband led her out on the balcony; and how the crowd were dumb for a moment, as if they had seen an angel, and then cheered till the heavens rang! Woodleigh would tell you all this, even as it told it to me, for it was not a thing to be forgotten. It would tell you, too, how two or three of the leaders were presented to her; and then how, with a soft flush on her cheek, she glided away, while Mr. Dilloway spoke a few warm words to them, thanking them for this welcome to his wife. Then when they turned to go away, lo! a table laden with choice viands, fruits and creams and odorous coffee, had sprung up like a mushroom underneath the trees, and Andrew and Janet and the house servants were there to serve them. The provident Scotch woman had anticipated some such demonstration as this, and was prepared for it.

Of the long, bright days that followed, it is not necessary to speak here. To those who knew Royal Dilloway and his fair wife, it seemed that they had reached the summit of human felicity. She had been for many years an orphan, and this was the first real home that she had known. If it were possible for the existence of other ties—ties of early home and kindred—to in any way affect the closeness of the bond that binds a wife to her husband, in Rachel's case there were no such ties. He was her all. His home, his friends, his interests were

hors, without one opposing claim to interfere with or disturb them. She identified herself with Woodleigh. She made herself familiar with the mills. She learned to know the operatives, and they felt that she was their friend. She knew their wives and their children, and just how to pour the oil of peace upon the troubled waters of discontent; such as must swell at times wherever "many men of many minds" are brought together.

One day, when they had been married about a year, her husband came in with a disturbed face.

"What is it, Roy?" she asked, before he had time to speak.

"I must run over to Liverpool," he said, "by the next steamer. 'I must go, and yet I ought to be here. Things are not moving quite smoothly down at the mills. I doubt if I am as good a manager of men as my father was. However, I must risk it. Can you be ready to start on Wednesday, Rachel?"

"What—! How long will you be gone, Roy?"

"Only a very short time. Two or three days ought to be enough for my business in England. Then I must rush across the channel to see dear old Rob, and then home again in the shortest possible time. I wish we could stay six months, Rachel."

She studied the figures in the carpet thoughtfully for a minute.

"It is better for me to stay here, Roy," she said at last. "No! do not say anything more," she added quickly, as he looked up in dismay; "do not say any more until you have heard my little speech. You have made a thorough Yankee of me, and when a thing will not 'pay,' you must expect me to see it. How much will it cost to take me with you?"

"You little miser! It does not matter what it will cost. I can afford it well enough, and you know it."

"But what if I would rather spend the money in some other way? Roy, I want a beautiful organ for our new school-room. Draw me a check for the necessary amount, and let me stay at home and play the part of Lady Bountiful while you are away."

"St. Cecilia, rather. You shall have the organ next year, whether or no. But I want you, Rachel! Just think I have not been separated for a day since you gave yourself to me."

She hesitated, looking at him with all her heart in her eyes. Then she said, taking his hand and carrying it to her cheek after a tender fashion of her own: "I know it, dearie. But you are to be gone so short a time—and it is better that I should stay here. If I do, there will be no disturbance while you are absent; for I know I have influence enough with the people to keep them quiet."

"Do but hear her!" he cried, laughing merrily. "Oh, the self-conceit of womanhood!"

But Rachel saw that his face lightened; and at length he confessed that he should feel more at rest as to matters in Woodleigh if he knew that she was there, his regent and representative.

"But I so want you and Robert to know each other," he said, ruefully, after the final decision was made. "Did I ever tell you how the college fellows used to call us 'Rob-Roy,' protesting that they could not tell which was which? Excepting in the class-room," he added, laughing. "I imagine we were never mistaken for each other there."

"Rob-Roy," she repeated. "It was a pretty fancy of the boys. I wonder you did not don the tartan at once."

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But are you so much alike? Robert is 'a' very weel, nae doubt,' as Janet says. But—"

The unfinished sentence was so significant that nothing more remained to be said.

Rachel's prediction was verified, and her regency was utterly peaceful; though new exigencies arose to detain him, and the six weeks which her husband had named as the extreme limit of his absence, lengthened into more than six months before he was able to return.

Then followed a twelvemonth that passed as a dream of delight—and the end came.

Rachel was sitting in her pretty morning-room, with a tall willow-basket by her side, singing little snatches of tender song as a bit of delicate embroidery grew beneath her fingers. The room did not overlook the mills, or she would have seen that there was an unwonted commotion there, and she rocked and sung as lightly and happily as the bird that was swinging on the white rose-tree beneath her window. Neither did she hear Janet as she stole softly through the hall, and looked in upon her with a face that was deathly white. Looked in for a moment, and then crept away to an adjoining room, closing the door behind her.

"How can I tell her?" she cried, covering her face with her hands. "How can I tell her—the poor young thing! An' she sitting there sae calm an' sae happy, making the wee bit claes for the baby that shall never, never know its father!"

But there was no time to lose, for already she could hear an ominous tramp, tramp, tramp, as of many feet, beginning to ascend the hill. She herself could be calm and strong as a goddess when occasion demanded. Now she quietly closed doors and windows, drew down curtains, gave a few brief but explicit orders, and then went into the room where Rachel was, and locked the door behind her.

How she told her, what she told her, Janet never knew. It is a very simple thing to say, and easy enough to tell you, how it all happened. The great wheel was in need of repairs; and the young owner, who seldom delegated to other eyes what he could see with his own, went down to investigate matters. While he was there, standing on the slimy, slippery stones, and peering into the cavernous recesses of the pit, suddenly the flume burst asunder, and the rush of waters and the crash of timbers bore him down, down into the darkness. He must have been stunned, and so drowned in the shallow waters; for when the men who leaped to the rescue bore him up into the daylight, there was no wound or disfigurement on all his beautiful body, yet his heart had ceased to beat, and life was entirely gone. But how tell this to the young creature who, with the sweet, new hope of motherhood in her heart, sat waiting for his coming in the room that adjoined their bridal chamber?

"The angels must have helpit me—the gude angels must have helpit us baith," Janet said afterward, with streaming tears. "I was sair afraid that the great grief would make her beside herself, and that if she didna dee, she wouldna hear to reason. But when she would ha' rushed out to throw herself on the cauld body o' her husband, I just held her in my twa arms, and I prayed her for God's sake, and for the sake o' the child that was to come, to be patient a wee while, and to wait till they had laid him on the bed and made him ready. I couldna bear that she should see him then, wi' the wet, dripping locks, and the dark stains upon his face! And when at last the men had gone, and I could keep her frae him nae

longer, she just kissit him once wi' her pair white lips, and then she clapit her hands to her head and cried, 'Take me away again, Janet, for I cannot bear it!' Then I undressed her and put her in her bed, and, thanks be to God! she fell into a deep sleep that lasted for many hours; and when she woke up she was like one of His saints, sae still and sae patient. She didna give way once till it was all over and he had been carried out to his burial. After that came the sairest trial, when she wrestled wi' her ain heart in the lonely night watches; and it's my belief that nothing kept the life in her frail body but the thought o' the child that was coming like an angel to comfort her."

CHAPTER III.

JANET'S instincts had guided her safely. She had in Rachel's unborn child the strongest possible ally. The thought of the little life that was bound up in her own was all, humanly speaking, that saved the young mother. For its sake she rallied all the forces of her moral and spiritual nature, and arrayed them against the "horror of great darkness" that strove to encompass her. For its sake she rose up after a few days of utter prostration, and took up the burden of life—alone. She compelled herself to go out, to busy herself with her birds and flowers, to drink the pure, clear air of the hills, to interest herself in the school her husband had established, in the music of the little church, in all that had occupied her while he lived. It was less to her, after all, that it was her child. It was that it was his—his precious legacy to her; nay, more than that, it was a part of himself that he had left behind, to bless and comfort her.

"Roy's child—Roy's dear, little child," she would whisper to herself, over and over again, as the days dragged on. When it should lie upon her bosom, looking upon her with its father's tender eyes; when she could hear its cooing voice, even if only in inarticulate murmurs; when she could feel the touch of its soft, baby hands wandering aimlessly over her face and breast, she would not be so utterly desolate. She hoped it might be a boy, to bear its father's name and walk in his footsteps. But, be it boy or girl, it would be Roy's last, best gift, and so blessed forevermore.

Janet and Andrew lived in their own pretty cottage at the foot of the garden; but they were in and out at all hours, so that Rachel herself hardly realized that they had a distinct home of their own. Whenever she wanted them, either or both, they were at hand. One day, Janet came into her room, looking a little disturbed.

"Mr. Deane wishes to see you, my lady," she said. "I tried to put him off, but he would na give heed to me. It's about some mill business or other, nae doubt, and I told him you were na to be troubled, now-a-days."

"The mill business!" Strange to say, during all the distress of the last few weeks, it had never occurred to Rachel that her husband had no partner, and that his death had left the business without a head. She had had so much else to think of, poor child! that it was no wonder. But now it all flashed upon her, and she comprehended the situation at a glance. Mr. Deane was the overseer. She must see him at once.

"Show him into the library, Janet, and say I will be with him presently," she said, gazing off on to the hills with a yearning thought of the love that had always interposed itself as a shield between her and trouble. "I will go down in a minute."

"Cannot I see him for you?" asked Janet, in a low voice. "Cannot Andrew do something? Indeed, indeed, my bairn, you must na be fashed and worried now. Bid him bide awhile till you are stronger, and your cheeks are not sae like twa snowdrifts," and she laid her hand caressingly upon the young head that rested against the window-sill.

"No," she answered, with a slow smile. "I must not shirk my responsibility, Janet. Tell Mr. Deane I will see him shortly."

Mr. Deane's duties were not confined to one particular factory. He was the general overseer of the mills; and had been for many years next in authority to Mr. Dilloway himself. Entering the service of Mr. Charles Dilloway as a bobbin-boy, he had worked himself up to his present position, and was at once trusted and trustworthy. A tall, lank, somewhat ungainly man, with what Janet called a slight "hitch," that was yet not quite lameness, in his gait, a smoothly-shaven face, pale blue eyes, and hair that was fast changing to an iron-gray, he stood leaning against the mantel-piece in the library, with his hat on; for which breach of good manners our Scotch woman found it hard to forgive him.

"Hoot, mon!" she said to Andrew that night, as they were talking over the day's doings, "I think he were born wi' his hat on his head! A gude man and an honest, is Mr. Deane; but he has nae breeding. I doubt he would na uncover to the queen hersell."

But he did uncover, and a suspicious dimness of vision made the room seem dark to him when Rachel came in, in her plain black dress. He had not seen her close at hand since the day of her husband's funeral. Yet it was not of that day only that he thought. His memory flew back to the night of her first coming to Woodleigh, when, her young bridegroom, in the first flush of his pride and joy, led her out on to the balcony, a lovely, roseate vision; and his manner, while it certainly had not the polish of a Turveydrop, was still deferential, almost tender, as he said, with no preliminary words: "I suppose I ought not to have come up here to-day, Mrs. Dilloway, and I am sure I did not want to. But the fact is, we are all kind of unsettled down at the mills; and I don't quite know what to do."

Rachel did not answer at first. She could not control her voice, much less her thoughts; but sat like a carved statue, with her head resting on her hand. Mr. Deane's heart grew strangely soft. She looked so young and girlish—why, hardly older than his own Nelly! and he had come up here to talk business! It seemed preposterous.

Presently he said, suggestively, "Mr. Robert, now, if he were at home, might step right in and take hold of things. Maybe he might. I ain't presuming to offer any suggestions, Mrs. Dilloway; and they do say he isn't much of a hand for business. But, still, maybe he might be of some use, if he was here."

The learned *savants* who had but recently awarded the gold medal of the A. B. C. D. E. F. G., or, if not of that, of some other famous society, to Mr. Robert Dilloway for his latest discovery in molecules, would have opened wide eyes at Mr. Deane's deprecatory mention of their promising neophyte. But this only proves that opinions differ as to the "uses" of men as well as of things.

"I am glad you came to me, Mr. Deane," said Rachel. "I am only sorry that you did not come before. I did not remember—I did not think," she went on, in a voice that would tremble. "I forgot that there was no one for you to consult now. I ought to have—"

This was quite too much for Mr. Deane. He was a husband and a father, and he had learned something since he came into that room.

"You ought to do nothing, my dear Mrs. Dilloway," he cried, "only to take care of yourself for the sake of him that's gone! I feel as if I was a brute to have disturbed you. But how is it about Mr. Robert, ma'am? Some of the men have an idea that he will be coming home."

"No," she answered. "He is in Africa with an exploring expedition. He does not even know that his brother has left us; he will not know it for months. No dependence can be placed upon him as far as the business is concerned, Mr. Deane."

He beat the carpet with a little switch he held in his hand, in troubled silence.

"Well, then," he said at last, "I suppose I ought to tell you that the men are all kind of upset, as it were. They don't know but the mills will be stopped, and they don't know as they will. We ought to know it, if you have any notion of shutting 'em down. To tell you the plain truth, that's what I came up here to say, Mrs. Dilloway."

Shut down the mills! What did that mean? It meant to throw up the business to the growth of which her husband, and his father before him, had devoted their lives; the business which had been their pride and boast, and which they had rejoiced to know put bread into the mouths of more than half the town. It meant throwing out of employment, at the beginning of a long winter, scores of men and women and children. It meant giving up the schools, and suffering the desolation that reigned in her own heart to settle down on all the old, familiar places that Royal Dilloway had loved. Her head whirled at the thought, and she leaned back in her chair with white, quivering lips.

"I had not thought about it, Mr. Deane," she said at length. "You will think it very strange—but I have had so much else! I had not thought that it would be necessary; or that there was any reason why the business could not go right on, as usual. But—"

"Bless my soul, Mrs. Dilloway!" interrupted her companion, impetuously, his whole countenance brightening. "Bless my soul! there is no reason, if you only think so. But we did not know but you, being a woman, would feel as if you had better throw the whole thing right up. That's what we were afraid of, Mrs. Dilloway; and you see it would be pretty hard on the men to shut down this fall."

"Yes, I see," she answered, thoughtfully. "It must not be done, Mr. Deane. Surely you and the book-keeper, with a competent foreman in each factory, ought to be able to manage matters as you did last year, when he whom we have lost was in Europe. Tell the men, from me," she added, with a faint smile, "that the mills shall be kept running through the winter, if I have to go down and take charge of them myself."

"That's right! That's the talk!" exclaimed Mr. Deane, heartily. "I'm glad to hear you say so, Mrs. Dilloway. You shall not have a mite of trouble that we can spare you, ma'am, for we all know—we all feel—"

He broke off abruptly, and gave his hat two or three twists, while his countenance worked strangely. Presently he went on in an altered voice: "You see, I know the ropes, every one of 'em, as well as if I had been born on the place; and Lampson, he's kept the books going on seven years. If we can't keep the machine a-running,

we'd ought to be trounced. So, if you just say the word, Mrs. Dilloway, we'll go ahead, and do the best we can for all concerned."

"Thank you," she said, warmly. "I do say it. Let everything go on in the old way through the winter, at least. I could not bear it, I think," unconsciously toying with her wedding-ring as she spoke, "to have the mills silent—not to hear the clamor of the bells, the hum of the looms, nor the murmur of many voices, and to know that the people were scattered hither and yon. We will keep the flock together, Mr. Deane!"

"Though the shepherd is gone," he added, under his breath. "Yes'm, we will. I'll call the hands up right away, and have this thing settled. It's better for you in the long run, too, for it will give you time to make up your mind what you want to do. It's never best to be in too much of a hurry. Maybe by spring you'll see your way clear."

So it was determined that the Dilloway Mills should run through the winter. On the whole, Rachel was happier to know that everything was moving on as nearly as possible in the old way. Yet there were times when in that very fact lay the sharpest sting of all—hours when the smoke soaring from the tall chimneys, the rays streaming from the long rows of lighted windows, the merry clangor of the bells, the hum and whir of the looms, the tread of busy feet, all were sources of the keenest anguish. Life went on just the same—yet with such a difference! It is hard for the stricken heart to reconcile itself to the truth that what is of the utmost consequence to it, is of absolutely no consequence to nature. The eyes that were our light go out, but stars rise and set, hills flush with purple splendor, skies wear the glory of the morning, flowers bloom, and waters sparkle all the same. Sooner or later there comes a time to every son and daughter of Adam when this is felt to be a pang. But it is not half so keen as that which comes with the thought that our own lives, after one brief pause at the open grave, must whirl on as before. We must eat, drink and be clothed; we must work and we must rest; in short, we must live when our beloved are dead. And sometimes, perhaps, we must forget, making them twice dead to us. That is the hardest pang of all.

The winter months wore away, bringing Rachel nearer and nearer to her trial hour. There were none of her own kith and kin to come to her—none but one or two far-removed cousins, whose presence would have been a restraint rather than a solace. Neither had her husband any near relatives, save Robert, and he was on another continent. As for ordinary friends and acquaintances outside of Woodleigh, they made the customary visits of condolence, and that ended the matter—not to Rachel's regret; for was not the memory of Roy, and the thought of Roy's child, ever present with her? It seemed to her that she had no time nor care to bestow upon indifferent persons.

And had she not Janet, who was a host in herself? And did she not know that all womanly hearts in Woodleigh watched and waited with her, whispering her name in their prayers when they were hushing their own children to sleep in the twilight?

So the All-Father comforted her and kept her from being utterly desolate. And at last, when the April violets were in bloom, Janet flung out the flag from the tower, and all the village rejoiced at the birth of RACHEL DILLOWAY'S SON.

(To be continued.)

THE WAY GUS GOT THE STORY AS NELLIE TOLD IT.

BY ANNIE L. MUIRKY.

I'LL tell you the whole story, Gus, and you may judge whether, as you softly insinuate, a woman's faithfulness in love relations does depend on the mere turn of circumstances. For the matter of that, did you ever think how much all our boasted virtues are dependent on the same thing? It is easy enough to declare what we would do, but, until we have been tried, it is never just certain what we will do. Made wise by my own sad experiences, I question if those especially and severely censorious in their judgments of others, have ever endured the fiery tests of temptation; for are not they who have overcome forbearing, compassionate, tender and charitable toward the erring?

Now, when John and I were married, I had not a doubt that I loved him with the strength of my whole heart, and I would have resented with indignation the mildest suggestion that I could ever prove recreant even in thought to the promises I solemnly gave him. He was the one man in all the world for me.

Our courtship had been brief, but bright and ardent as a summer day, singularly free from those little piques, and jealousies, and misunderstandings, known as lovers' quarrels, which, terrible and heart-rending as they seem, serve as warnings to the infatuated pair, of the sunken rocks, on which their bark of happiness may some day run a wreck, if they do not guide it with a watchful care.

The course of true love did for once glide smooth, sweeping us without obstruction to the golden gate of the wedding day, and flowing evenly down into the dusty, prosaic, humdrum ways of matter-of-fact married life. And here it faltered uncertainly, turned aside, and crept slowly in crooked, tortuous paths, with sullen murmurs of discontent, or, foaming angrily into rocky, shadowy places, uttered hoarse and sad complaint of disappointment and neglect.

You see John had been such a paragon of tender and self-sacrificing devotedness, that I had never thought of him as having any other care or interest in life than the promotion of my happiness—the fulfilling of my will; and when he slipped insensibly from the attentive, absorbed, solicitous, concerned state of the uncertain wooer, into the staid, undemonstrative, unprotesting, unromantic ways of the assured and satisfied husband, I felt as though I had somehow missed the man I had promised to marry, and in the pain of my foolish and unreasonable woman's heart, sighed and cried in secret for the lover I had lost. I dare say that John mourned equally for the bright, joyous, loving girl he had wooed, and wondered sadly—the blind, stupid fellow—what in the world had come over me, and if all women were equally disappointed in marriage; for, acting upon the assumption that he had become indifferent to me, I grew capricious, irritable, peevish, critical, unsocial, too proud to reproach him for his failing tenderness, but too miserable to conceal that I found my new relations inharmoonious and dissatisfying. If we had talked the matter over kindly, candidly and rationally, we would have come to a clearer understanding of each other, and dispelled many unhappy illusions that were destroying the peace of both; but when a man and woman get to going wrong, it seems as if reasoning calmly together, like sensible and accountable beings, is the last thing they think of doing, and they just keep on with their self-inflicted tortures, acting and reacting upon

each other's wretched moods, until human nature can endure no longer, and they rend themselves asunder with words that smite and burn while hearts and memories live.

I have no doubt that John—dear man—perplexed beyond measure by behavior that seemed to admit of no rational explanation, called to mind the tales that had chilled his blood in his bachelor days of nervous, hysterical, unreasonable women, whom it was impossible to please or control; and finding himself, after all his caution, hopelessly fettered to such a horror, he resolved with manly fortitude to bear his fate like a hero, in silence and with stoical resignation. It appeared to him, I suppose, the best and wisest thing he could do under the circumstances. Nevertheless, I think he could have done a better.

Gus, when you get married, lay it down as a law that you will know the meaning of your wife's strange vagaries, for be sure they have a meaning, however absurd and ridiculous they may seem. Don't assume that you understand all about the trouble, and act independently on your own conception of right and wrong in the case; for, believe me, though your judgment may be infallible in other matters, it is just barely possible that here where your feelings are most deeply involved you may make a mistake—and mistakes in these delicate affairs of the heart are so fatal to the peace and happiness you are pledged to aid in sustaining and promoting. Go to her at least as eagerly and fondly as you would have gone in your lover days, questioning her tenderly of the cloud that has drifted between you, reasoning with her gently and kindly on the errors and inconsistencies that you see in her conduct, asking her softly to point out the fault in yourself that troubles and alienates her; and so, getting at a clearer understanding of each other, you may find that it is only some manifestation of the old-time love and confidence that the unreasonable wife wants, and she may discover that your heart, after all, is not turned from its allegiance, only choked and overrun by the cares of the world.

As for me, I had to learn all this by a sad and mortifying experience, which must ever make me tender in my judgments of others who go astray; though, thank Heaven, there comes not to every wife in this transitional period of her life, a temptation so dangerous as that which came to me—the subtle, sweet, seductive sympathy of an old and interested friend.

Charley Clarke had been the playmate and confidant of my young girlhood, and when, after years of absence, he came back to the familiar places which I had never left, it seemed but natural that, with other by-gone associations, our pleasant friendship should be recalled and renewed.

There were so many reminiscences to talk over, so many adventures, and pleasures, and perils to recount, that for a time little reference was made to the present, and I flattered myself, with true wifely pride, that I was betraying nothing of the disappointment which I was beginning inwardly to acknowledge I felt in my new relation. But a less observing student of woman nature than Charley would in all probability have detected the symptoms of dissatisfaction and unrest which I vainly imagined I was concealing from all, and it was not very long before certain swift, searching, sympathetic, understanding glances, from eyes quickly and mercifully cast down, suggested the uneasy thought that my conjugal felicity was at least a matter of speculation. Nothing

directly was said on the subject, however—nothing, in fact, could be said.

John did not beat me, you know, did not threaten my life, and was always and everywhere scrupulously polite and considerate of my wants. It was only that I missed some grace and charm to which I had been used in the manner of his attentions—some sweetness and fulness of love which I had expected to find—that I grew to feel, and think, and at last to speak of marriage—half jestingly, it is true, yet with a tinge of bitterness—as a disappointment and a failure, of which the inexperienced should be warned. It may have been in this way that we first drifted into the discussion of those things; and Charley was encouraged to the free expression of his views, which were strongly impregnated with modern liberal theories, though presented with a reserve and delicacy that effectually concealed any repulsive grossness or immorality which might have shocked and disgusted me. I have thought, sometimes, perhaps had he found me a wholly happy and contented wife, he would hardly have been aware that he entertained such sentiments as he then advanced, and I most surely would have rejected them in loathing and horror—such power, after all, have circumstances over our beliefs.

As it was, it grew to be the simplest matter in the world to slip from vague generalities into hints of personal experience, to glide gradually and almost insensibly from sympathetic and confessing looks to timid, faltering and betraying speech, and at last to open and rebellious murmurings against the hard, implacable fate which bound two uncongenial souls together, and held two loving hearts apart.

We could not have reached this point in a day. We slide into error by such easy, slow gradations that we do not realize how far we have lapsed from our once high standard of honor and goodness until we begin to feel the first sharp stings of the sure-coming penalty.

But, Gus, you are not to censure Charley too severely. Let the blame rather fall on me, for I was the guilty. He was weak, but he was no villain. The snare was in his way, and he fell into it, unguardedly. He found me an unsatisfied and unhappy wife, and from pity to love, the transit for a man of quick, ardent sympathies is half unconscious and wholly unpremeditated. I know that he was utterly incapable of planning deliberately the seduction of any woman from the affection and protection of her lawful husband, but the power of circumstances is so strong and controlling that the best of us may not safely defy its influence on our action.

It is needless humiliation to follow, in detail, through all the struggles and temptations to the conclusion at which we finally arrived, that we could not submit to fate, that we must take our thwarted and misdirected lives boldly into our own hands, and make for ourselves the happiness of which the unjust laws of society had cruelly defrauded us.

This was the way we reasoned, for we were under the fascination of a spell which would not suffer us to think with any clearness or precision or to act with the smallest degree of foresight and discretion.

And so it came to pass one never-to-be-forgotten summer day that there lay in John's deserted home a letter, telling him briefly of his wife's unfaithfulness, while she went hastening guiltily on her way to keep her secret appointment with the friend whom she found it so easy to persuade herself she had always loved, and with whom it could, therefore, be no sin to flee, for love in our brave,

new philosophy was the justification of all offences against established law and order, or, rather, it recognized no law above or outside itself.

Under a fever of excitement that made the swift-rushing train seem moving at snail's pace, we pursued our stolen journey, fortifying ourselves against the stings of uneasy conscience by the whispered reflection that we were martyrs to true and righteous principles, and practical teachers of the enlightened gospel of liberty that was just beginning to glimmer across the gross moral darkness which had so long enveloped the world.

But as we passed beyond the limit of possible pursuit, and the long, exciting day darkened into starless night, it seemed as if the way closed up suddenly and suffocatingly around us, and the shrieking iron monster, with its angry eye, of fire, was dashing us on to some unknown but certain destruction.

In vain Charley, with watchful tenderness, strove to reassure me—called to mind the heroic love which had made us strong and bold to ignore the false relation in which I had been held by my marriage vows and come out bravely on the side of truth and right—set before me glowing pictures of the joy and peace and perfect happiness that should reward us for the present sacrifice of friends and friendly favor—last of all, first, and through all, dwelt fondly and rapturously on the passionate devotion which must make him ever the slave of my lightest wish.

I heard, but with another sound in my ears, the echo of love words just as tender, if less impassioned than these, for all the once treasured memories of the wooer John were rushing over me, clear and distinct, to the minutest particular, as though I had been hovering close upon the border of death. Every incident of the happy courtship days gone by was reproduced—not a glance, nor a tone, nor a touch of lips or hands that did not come back with the vividness of present reality, and against the sunny brightness of a pure, stainless and untroubled love lay the black shadow of my infidelity, so hideous and awful that I shrank, sick and shuddering, within myself, flinging up my hands, with unreasoning impulse, to shut out the maddening vision. But all the plainer I saw the man I had foully wronged hastening toward me through the falling twilight, wearied out by the day's perplexities and cares, eager for the rest of home, longing for the welcome of love, and thinking but of that as he went up to the once sacred room of the house where, instead of the tender wife, waited the fatal letter with its shameful story of treachery, betrayal and desertion. As in a fearful trance, I heard the rustling of the unfolding paper in his hands, the quick, heavy thud of his startled heart, as his lightning glance took in the wounding words, the groan of anguish that broke from his white, set mouth, and the muttering of a half-smothered curse against the invader of his peace.

Fighting for breath, I started up, wild with desire to reach him then and there, to throw myself at his feet and implore forgiveness of my sin.

"My darling," whispered the almost-forgotten man at my side, with deep solicitude, forcing me gently back into my seat.

"Let me go!" I panted, struggling to escape his restraining arm, careless, in my excitement, of possible observers, until his cautioning glance suggested the propriety of more quiet deportment.

Yet I must speak. All the world could not have held me silent and impassive under the fate I had voluntarily chosen a little while before.

"Charley Clarke," I said, with solemn earnestness, under the roar and bustle of the hurrying train, "I repent already, in sorrow and bitterness of heart, the unwise step I have taken, and I tell you frankly it is out of my power to redeem the wicked promise that I rashly gave you. At the first station we must stop, and with as little delay as possible, I shall return to my injured and justly-indignant husband, though he spurn me in anger and contempt from his house."

"But, Nellie, my dearest girl, I thought that you loved me," Charley murmured, reproachfully.

"I thought so, too," I answered, with inward humility. "But what does that signify? So I loved John Seymour; yet you see I was untrue to him. So, in like manner, I should be untrue to you. Why do you trust me? Once concede the right of this transfer of allegiance, and it might go on forever. There would be no rest or permanency anywhere, but change, regret and discontent to the end of time. I see it all now, and I tell you firmly I am not going to take another step in this dangerous, delusive way, but shall return at once to the faith and love I have so madly and recklessly forsworn."

Charley gazed at me in sorrow, but spoke not a word. My determination I know coincided too entirely with his own convictions of right in the case to admit of any controversy.

"At least," I added, with more gentleness, feeling the awkwardness of the position in which my folly had placed him, "at least I do not hold you responsible for the wrong of this action. I am equally blameworthy, if, indeed, I am not the greater sinner."

"No," he said, silencing me shortly, "you are not to reproach or burden yourself with any share of guilt in this affair. I alone will bear the weight and penalty of that. And for all the unhappiness that I have caused you, I humbly crave your forgiveness, and beg that you will permit me, as the only pleasure that remains to me, still to serve you as a friend whenever it is possible."

I gave him my hand in mute token of reconciliation and acknowledgment of the new compact, grateful for the generous spirit in which my change of purpose had been met without opposition or enmity.

And so we retraced our hasty journey almost in silence, with none of the guilty hopes or tender gallantries of the beginning, but, though Charley said so little, I knew that in his heart he respected me a thousand times more than if repentance had not overtaken me in my flight from duty and sworn allegiance.

At the door of home I paused to give him a last good-bye, unflavored with reproach or bitterness.

"Your friend always, remember," he urged again as he released my hand.

"Yes," I said. "But you cannot help me here. I must meet alone the curse of outraged love, or the blessing of free pardon, whichever may await me."

My heart beat to suffocation as I entered the house to which I knew I had forfeited my right as honored mistress, and crept like an interloper up the stairs to the sacred room that, like a sentient thing, I felt would resent my presence as an intrusion and a profanation. I did not expect to meet my injured husband there, it is probable—if I had any clearly-defined thought it was to get myself in readiness to face him—to pray, in what words I could not tell, for pity and forgiveness of my weakness and wrong.

I was startled, therefore, as I crossed the threshold to see him sitting in his favorite chair, his head bowed upon

his hand, and his whole attitude expressive of weariness or great mental depression.

Having no doubt as to the cause of his evident sadness and weight of spirit, I longed to rush to his side and cast myself, in sorrow and contrition, on his breast, beseeching that I might be allowed to atone for my transgression in whatever way his judgment, unsoftened by love, should appoint; but a sense of shame and fear restrained me, and I closed the door softly and cautiously as a thief, and stood waiting in trembling and dread his recognition of my presence.

In that breathless moment, my eyes wandering aimlessly about the room noted, half-unconsciously, the careful arrangement of every article as I had left it, even the letter I had laid conspicuously on the dressing-table seeming not to have been touched in my absence. Could it be possible that John had overlooked it? I drew nearer, stretched out my hand and seized it stealthily. The seal was unbroken. My sin was covered.

In the sudden revulsion of feeling that succeeded the discovery, I burst into a hysterical fit of weeping, and with one step forward sank, weak and overcome by the long strain of excitement, upon the floor at John's feet.

He started swiftly out of the deep reverie or the light slumber in which he had fallen and gazed at me an instant with simple astonishment, unable, evidently, to comprehend the meaning of such extraordinary conduct in his late dignified and undemonstrative wife.

"Why, what is this, Nellie—Nellie?" he questioned, anxiously lifting me up.

But I only sobbed more violently, finding in the storm of my emotions no breath nor thought for speech.

"Ah, I see," he said, with face alight, pleased with his own solution of the mystery. "You have been alarmed at my protracted absence, and this is the rebound from anxiety to joy at my safe return—my little wife," and he kissed me tenderly.

And then I recollected a fact that had quite escaped me—selfish creature, intent on my own naughty schemes—that John had gone away on a little business trip a few hours before I had stolen like a criminal from his house, thinking nothing of the dishonor that I was bringing upon it.

"I fully expected to be at home last night," he resumed, "but I found the work I had to do would detain me longer than I had supposed, and I should have telegraphed to you my change of purpose only, indeed—forgive me, dear—it did not seem that you would regard it as of the slightest consequence whether I came or stayed. And when I returned half an hour ago, and Jane told me you had been absent since yesterday on a visit to old friends, she believed, I smiled bitterly, in self-derision, at my foolish fear that you might be troubled on account of my unexplained delay, and—to speak frankly—I came up here quite weak and womanlike in my tired, dispirited, disappointed mood, to dream a little of the happiness that seemed forever gone, to sigh for the sweet, old days when you waited for my coming, and I had the acknowledged right—the lover's privilege to hold you to my heart like this, and to kiss you thus—and thus. After all, you do love me a little yet, do you not, sweetheart, and these tears are for me?"

"No—for myself—for my miserable, unworthy, sinful self," I cried, recoiling from his arms in utter humiliation and abasement of spirit.

In the first, swift, stunning surprise at the discovery of my unopened letter I had thought, half-insanely, he would

never know the worst, that a portion of my guilt might at least be concealed from him, and reconciliation would be easier so; but those precious old-time love words, and tender, clinging kisses, stung me like keen reproaches, and I felt there could be no peace for me while to conscious wrong I was adding the damning sin of hypocrisy and deceit, and every caress smote me like a blow.

Springing for the hateful letter which I had dropped upon the floor, I tore it open with quivering fingers, and thrust it rudely into his hands.

"Read that!" I cried, with choking breath; "then tell me if I have any claim to your love—any right to such welcome as you have given me."

His eye ran slowly over the unsteadily-written page, his mouth growing stern and white as the meaning forced itself more and more clearly on his slightly bewildered brain, while I, like a condemned criminal, stood trembling before him, recalling every word—each one a stab of pain—that I had flung in swift, breathless, thoughtless haste from my pen only twenty-four hours ago. I could see the whole blurred, blotted and broken story as clearly as if it had been branded in letters of fire on my soul; and though it might have sounded bravely and grandly enough in the heat and passion of telling, it was a poor, pitiable, inconsequent thing, reviewed now in the light of reason.

"You will remember me," I had said, "with as little bitterness as you may, John, but I cannot endure this divided life any longer; and, feeling as I do, I am sure that it is less a sin to go with the man I love than to stay with one to whom I am bound only by legal ties, and whom I have failed, and must ever fail, to make happy. I dare say when the shock and mortification attending my flight are well over, you will be only too thankful that I have relieved you of a burden that has borne you down already too long. Think of me as repenting the wrong I have done you, and believe that, in sundering our relations, I have had your happiness and welfare in view quite as much as my own."

And so this far-fetched argument for self-indulgence and unfaithfulness ran on, seeming even to me so false and hollow that I bowed by head in utter shame, waiting, speechlessly and in agony, for the sentence of banishment that I felt must come at the last.

My injured and long-suffering husband having followed the wretched plea through to its illogical close, let the paper fall unnoticed to the floor, and with a heavy groan buried his face in his hands.

What could I say? My tongue seemed palsied, my heart almost pulseless, and sick with dread, faint and trembling in every nerve, I sank at his feet, waiting in dumb despair to be spurned and driven out like a dog from his presence.

But presently he raised his head, and looked at me a moment in sad, grave silence, then—oh, angels in Heaven, how ineffably good he was!—reached down, and gathering me closely in his arms, rested my drooping head tenderly on his bosom.

"Poor child—poor tried heart!" he said, smoothing my hair softly. "I will think only that you have come back to me, and whatever wrong is in the past, we will leave it unremembered, striving always to make the present happy and blest. For I see, dear, that I have not done all that I might have done to brighten and glorify your young life, and I humbly take some portion of the blame in this matter upon myself, and learn therefrom a lesson for the future. Forget your wandering—put away your regrets, and let us begin life all anew, dear wife."

Gus, was there ever such magnanimity? Do you wonder after all this that I regard John as the noblest, grandest and most perfect man the sun ever shone upon? And do you wonder again that for women weak, erring and astray in judgment and act, I have this tender and abounding charity at which you so often smile in manly disdain?

A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

BY MRS. HATTIE F. BELL.

WOULD I marry for love, do you ask me,
For love and for love alone?
Would I start out in life, and brave all its strife,
With nothing but love for my own?

Do you see that tall, marble-front mansion
That stands just over the street,
With the shutters all closed to the sunlight,
And the breath of Heaven so sweet?
And to mar the stillness of halls or ground,
There's never a patter or never a sound
Of little children's feet.

And now look away over yonder,
Where the willow is kissing the brook—
Yes, down through those trees. Do you wonder
The reason I ask you to look?
Do you see that little white cottage?
Just there—it is very small
Half hid by the sweet June roses,
That are trying to cover it all.

If you could choose truly and fairly,
And be sure of your choice, to-day,
Which home would you have for the asking;
That mansion over the way,
Or the little white cottage down yonder?
Now tell me, and answer true—
Nay, wait, though, a single moment,
While I whisper a thought to you.

In that lofty and spacious mansion
There are glittering gems and gold;
But they shine over aching bosoms,
And hearts full of pain untold.
While down in the lowly cottage
May never a gem be seen,
Save a nest full of romping children—
A mother's best jewels, I ween.
And the sad, pale face in the mansion, I know,
Looks wishfully down on the cottage below,
And wishes that she could change places
With its rosy-cheeked, happy queen.

For the strong, brave heart that wooed her,
With its wealth of love untold,
She bartered for pride and fortune,
And wed an old man for his gold;
While the man she loved better than any,
She sees from her window each day.
But their lives are forever divided,
And she sighs and turns away,
While he whistles and sings in the cottage down there,
Where the sweet June blossoms and willows are,
For he lives in the light of the blue eyes bright,
That accepted what she threw away.

Do you need any further answer?
Well, listen—that millionaire
Had only a part of a wounded heart
To offer his lady fair.
For over the street, in that mansion,
I might have been caged to-day,
While the pale face there with its sunny hair,
In the cottage were holding away.
She threw away love when it came to the test,
I threw away wealth, because love seemed the best;
So I sing in the little white cottage,
While she sighs over the way.

WINDOW-CURTAINS.*

BY T. B. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XIV.

I COULD not repress my anxieties as the time drew nearer and nearer when the semi-annual balance-sheet was to be again made out and exhibited. I had gone on using the funds of the house in a reckless manner, until I had abstracted over five thousand dollars, and it was so invested and looked up in one way and another, that it was impossible to get any portion of it back into my hands even temporarily. One-third of this had gone into permanent investments, where it would remain until doomsday; and another third had been absorbed in extravagant expenses.

I had so managed that a discrepancy of only about three thousand dollars would appear between my balance and that on the ledger. I might, as before, get at the exact figures on the ledger, and make my balance agree therewith; but this would leave my cash short of the required amount over three thousand dollars, and I might not be able to hide the deficiency. It was of the utmost importance that I should get Barton to collude with me. But how was this to be done? I dared not approach him with a dishonorable proposition. I knew that if I did so, he would shrink from me in fear and horror.

I had paid the furniture bill, receiving from him only sixty dollars of the amount, and so leaving him a hundred and forty dollars in my debt. I had, besides, been pretending to carry two hundred dollars for him in some unknown transaction, from which he had already received over forty dollars of pretended earnings.

I thought and thought over the matter, and finally settled my plan. A day or two before the balance-sheet was to be ready, I said to Barton, as we walked home together, speaking in a depressed and troubled voice, that was part real and part assumed: "I've got myself a little tangled up, and feel worried about it."

"Oh, I'm sorry!" he replied, with real concern. "What is it? Can I help you any?"

His first impulse, springing from gratitude, was to stand by me in trouble, and aid me if possible.

"I don't know that you can?" I replied, affecting much dependency.

"Tell me all about it. We are friends; and I will do anything for a friend that lies in my power."

"It's something I hardly care to speak of even to you." I emphasized the last word.

"Don't hesitate," urged Barton. "You will have my sympathy, if nothing else; and maybe I can suggest something."

"I'm afraid not," said I, gloomily. "The fact is, Barton, I've been doing an imprudent thing. But Heaven knows I meant no wrong."

He drew his arm in mine, as if to show his faith in me. "And then I was so anxious to help you. I never saw a fairer promise."

"Help me!" Barton stood still, and turning, looked me earnestly in the face. "I don't understand."

"I didn't tell you about it," said I, "because I was afraid you might feel nervous; you are so timid, you know. But last week my friend showed me the best thing that's come in my way for six months. He invested five thousand dollars, and I went in a thousand for myself and

five hundred for you. I expected to realize to-day, and put a hundred or more dollars into your hands as a little surprise. But I am sadly disappointed. The thing won't be ripe for a week or ten days to come; but it will be rich and juicy when it does ripen."

"I am sorry you took so large a risk on my account," said Barton, manifesting a good deal of concern. We were walking forward again.

"Oh, there's no risk—not a particle," I returned, quickly. "It's only the delay that is troubling me. If it had been at any other time, I wouldn't have cared."

He did not reply.

"The fact is, Barton," I resumed, "I have been doing, as I said just now, an imprudent thing. Nothing actually wrong, for that lies in one's intention, you know. Every dollar of my own was out in good investments, making high interest, when this thing that I have spoken of came along. Such a chance rarely occurs, and my friend, who is one of the shrewdest and safest men in town, urged me to go in. It seemed wrong to let so great an opportunity go by. And so—it was not a prudent thing, I admit—I borrowed fifteen hundred dollars from the cash; a thousand for myself and five hundred for you. I was sure of getting it out before this. But I learn to-day that it can't be done before next week; and I am frightened about it. When will your balance-sheet be ready?"

"To-morrow," replied Barton.

"And then the whole thing will come out, and I shall be disgraced and ruined," said I, in great apparent distress.

"Oh, no! no! That must not be," he exclaimed. "Something must be done. I'm so sorry!" His distress was more real than mine.

"I see no way of escape," I returned. "The thing has come on me so suddenly and unexpectedly that I'm all broken down about it; and don't see which way to go nor what to do. It's an awful thing to stand in such peril as this, Barton, and see no way of escape. To have your good name blasted! Poor Marion!"

I caught my breath with a sob.

"My dear friend, don't give up in this way. You are innocent of any purpose to do wrong. To-morrow isn't here yet, and before it comes, something may be thought of. If there's anything that I can do, I shall do it most gladly."

"Thank you! Thank you, Barton!" I replied, speaking in an agitated voice, yet with a shade of relief in my manner. "It's never good to give up in despair, I know. Where there's life there is hope. Until the drop falls there is a chance of reprieve."

We had come to where our ways parted, and stood still looking at each other.

"What's to be done about it?" asked Barton.

"Desperate diseases require desperate remedies. Is it possible for you to keep your balance-sheet back for a week?"

"No," he replied. "I told Mr. Link that it would be ready to-morrow. He spoke a little sharply about its being delayed so long. If I'd only known of this before. How much will your cash be short?"

"About two thousand dollars."

"So much as that!"

"Yes. There are the fifteen hundred I've just told you about, and the hundred and sixty I paid on your furniture, besides two hundred I've been carrying on your account."

Barton's face grew pale, and a groan passed his lips.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by T. B. ARTHUR, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

"Good-bye."

I turned from him; but he caught my arm, saying, anxiously: "What are you going to do?"

"Let the worst come to the worst," I replied, sadly. "But it's hard!"

"No! no! no! It mustn't come to that! Think, Melchor! Some device—some expedient—must be hit upon. It was imprudent, but you did not meditate wrong; and imprudence must not be punished as a crime. Can't I do anything?"

"There is one way in which you could save me," I said, after a little silence; "but I cannot ask you to do that."

"I will do anything that is not wrong," he replied.

"Anything that is not dishonest or dishonorable."

"As I am not capable of doing a dishonest or dishonorable thing myself, so am I not capable of leading another, and be my friend, into dishonor. No, Barton! I will go down into disgrace and ruin first. I will keep my conscience clear, let what will come. You shall not be involved in risk or danger. Good-bye."

But he would not leave me.

"Say what is in your mind," he urged. "Tell me how I can save you in this unhappy extremity. Don't fear but what I will do anything, so that it is not essentially wrong; and this you would not have me do."

"No, not even to save me from ruin," I replied, with emphasis. "But in extreme cases like this, only extreme remedies, such as no one would dare to use in ordinary cases, are of any avail. The good end—the life to be saved—alone warrants their use. What you can do, may be done innocently—innocently, because it will hurt no one, and yet save me."

"Say what it is," Barton tried to speak with decision; but his voice was a little husky, and trembled.

"The alteration of a few figures in your balance-sheet will make the cash appear two thousand dollars less than it really is. I can make my balance agree with yours. In a week, I will be able to get all right again. You can then write off a new balance-sheet—at home, if you choose—giving the correct figures, and substitute it for the first one. No wrong will be done, or intended."

Barton did not reply for a good while. I watched his face in the deepening twilight, and saw it grow paler and more troubled.

"Think about it," said I, in a low, depressed voice. "But hold yourself entirely free. Don't do it if it hurts your fine sense of honor; or appears to involve any risk. I would not, to save myself, hurt a hair of your head. Good-bye."

Turning quickly away, I left him standing in the street, and walked homeward with a sense of relief at my heart. I knew how it would be. He could not rest until he had seen me again that evening. After tea he called around. His face almost shocked me, it was so changed. He had made up his mind to do for me what I had suggested; but it had cost him the most painful conflict of his life. I pretended to reconsider and reject the whole scheme, saying: "You shall not do this, my friend! It is asking too much."

"If there is any other way, well. If not, it will have to be done," he answered, firmly.

"It hurts you too much."

"Never mind about that. I can bear it. I came round to set your mind at rest."

He tried to put on a cheerful manner; but was unable to call even the faintest smile to his face. He did not stay long. I felt sorry for him; but there was no help for

it. My own safety was my chief consideration, and I must secure that no matter what the cost might be to another.

The suffering through which Barton had passed during the night that followed, showed itself in his face next morning. He was pale and haggard; and his eyes had a shy, almost guilty look.

"Don't take it to heart in this way," I got an opportunity to say to him. "It's nothing at all. Only the alteration of a figure or two, to be made all right in a week. No one is to be hurt or wronged in the slightest manner. And think of the safety to me."

"It will not be longer than a week, you think?" he asked, like one suffering intense pain under the surgeon's knife, and looking forward to the moment when agony should cease.

"Not longer than two or three days," I answered confidently. "And that will be the last of it."

"I hope so," was his but half-assured reply.

The balance-sheet was completed that day, and submitted to the firm. The only thing in which I was concerned was the cash balance, and that had been manipulated sufficiently to make it safe for me. Poor Barton was pale and nervous, and went home with a sick headache. One thing troubled me not a little. Something in the balance-sheet did not seem to give two or three members of the firm complete satisfaction. They discussed it among themselves; figured over it a good deal; and looked unusually grave. At the end of their conference, Mr. Link, instead of returning it to the bookkeeper, locked it up in his desk. Mr. Royal compared the cash balance with mine, and saw that there was an agreement in the figures. He was unusually grave, and did not make any remark. I felt uneasy.

This was on Saturday. I went to the mission school next day, and affected more than usual interest in the work. Barton did not come, but sent a message by his wife, asking one of the teachers to take charge of the school in his place. He was not well enough to undertake the work, Mrs. Barton said.

"What is the matter with him?" I asked.

"Indeed I don't know, Mr. Melchor," she replied, looking very much troubled. "Something seemed to come over him all at once. Did anything happen at the store?"

She fixed her eyes steadily on me as she asked the question.

I answered without hesitation: "Nothing out of the common order." Adding: "I noticed, yesterday morning, that he did not look well. I'm afraid he's been working too hard."

"No, it isn't that. There's something on his mind. I wish you'd call in this evening and see him."

I promised to do so; but did not keep my word, thinking it best, all things considered, not to see him just then in the presence of his wife.

He made his appearance as usual on Monday morning, but was not himself. The peaceful look, once so marked in the expression of his face, was gone, and in its stead I saw anxiety and fear. He bent lower over his work, and seemed more intent on it than usual; and if spoken to by any one, almost started as he looked up. During the morning, Mr. Link brought him the balance-sheet, and laid it beside him on the desk without speaking. I happened to be looking that way and saw it. Barton could not trust himself to ask if all had been found satisfactory. He took up the folded paper, and put it into its proper pigeon hole; then went on with his work. Mr. Link

stood for a few moments, as though he had something on his mind to say; but, as if concluding not to say it, left Barton's desk and went to his own.

I felt a sense of uneasiness. Was it possible that the bookkeeper's false figures had been discovered? Mr. Link sat for a little while at his own desk, and then went over to Mr. Royal. The two men talked together very earnestly, and looked toward Barton, and I thought toward me, a number of times.

In the evening Barton called to see me. I told Marion I had some business with him, and so we were left alone. The change in him was something I could hardly comprehend. He was nervous, depressed, anxious and weak almost to childishness.

"This will never do," said I, in an effort to rally him. "You will betray our secret, if you don't take care."

"It will kill me if I have to carry it much longer," he replied.

"Pha! Be a man, Barton," I returned, speaking with slight impatience. "All men come to difficult places sometime in their lives, and then safety depends on coolness and self-possession. My risk is equal to yours; but you don't see any change in me."

"We are different. Some men grow strong in danger; but I am not one of them."

"Well! well! It will soon be over," said I.

"How soon?" he asked, voice and eyes full of a weak entreaty.

"In a few days."

"This week?"

"I hope so." Purposely I let the slightest possible shade of doubt fall into my voice. He perceived it instantly.

"Oh! Are you not sure of it?" he exclaimed, bending eagerly toward me.

"As sure as one can be of anything not absolutely certain," I replied, letting a little more doubt into my voice.

I saw him shrink down, as if more strength had gone out of him, or as if a heavy weight had been laid upon his shoulders.

"We are safe enough," said I. "There is no cause for apprehension. Nothing but a chance as remote as one in a thousand can reveal our secret. Link and Royal, and all the rest, may go over and over that balance-sheet, and find no defect in it. It cannot possibly appear, unless the balances are compared with the ledger; and that, you know, is never done. If the sheet balances, the accounts are regarded as right in themselves."

"Yes, I know that," Barton replied, a perceptible tone of relief in his voice. "Still, wrong cannot exist without danger; and the danger in this case is so dreadful to think of, that it takes all the life out of me. If it were to be discovered, I could never hold up my head again. It would kill me!"

"Don't give yourself the slightest apprehension. It will not be discovered. We're over the breakers, and out upon a clear sea."

But all I could say had no power of assurance. When I took his hand at parting, it was cold as ice; and his good-night had so strange a sound that I hardly recognized his voice.

The part I had now to play was a difficult one. The balance-sheet must stand, for I had lied to Barton. He was over on my side, committed to an act he could not betray without such peril to himself as I felt sure he would not dare to encounter. For him to stand just there

was not in my thought. I had use for him far beyond this initial service. But to so corrupt him as to make him a full accomplice was, I felt, a matter of great doubt. My only chance was to involve him deeper and deeper, and bind him to my will through his fears.

At the end of a week, I told him that I had found it impossible to get back the fifteen hundred dollars; that it would have to lie for at least a couple of weeks longer. He received the information with a catching of the breath, and a quiver of painful disappointment about his mouth. I scolded him just a little for his impatience, as I called it.

"There is not a shadow of danger now. The balance-sheet is in your own possession, and has already been forgotten. We shall have a good thing out of our investment if we don't spoil it all by haste. We've had trouble enough with it, Heaven knows!"

"I don't want a dollar out of any gain that may come. All I ask is to get my accounts right," answered Barton.

I was provoked at him, but repressed by feelings.

"Don't be too nice," said I. "Whatever the money earns is ours; and, as far as I am concerned, it will be right welcome."

I let nearly two weeks pass before making a pretence of getting back the money, and then told Barton that I had realized on his five hundred dollars, and made for him the pretty little sum of a hundred dollars, which I paid into his hands, saying at the same time that I had returned the five hundred to my cash. He looked pleased, and manifested considerable relief of mind, but refused to take the hundred dollars, saying that he had no right to it.

"Very well; as you please," said I. "Only you will owe me a hundred dollars less. It's as broad as it is long, you see."

I watched him narrowly, to see what changes took place in his state of mind, and was gratified to observe the anxious look gradually fading out of his face, and the dreariness going out of his eyes.

After a week or two more, he asked me about the thousand dollars I had pretended to invest on my own account, and how soon it would come back. I had my answer ready. It satisfied him only in part. At his next inquiry, I told him that I had realized on my investment a handsome sum; but had yielded to my friend's advice, and made another safe venture, putting in his five hundred also.

"There was no use in letting it lie idle," said I. "Your five hundred might as well be earning something as my one thousand."

"Don't say my five hundred," Barton returned. "It isn't my money, and I don't want to have anything to do with it. It belongs to the firm."

"Oh! Don't draw things so fine," I retorted, with a laugh. "We'll call it yours for distinction. If it earns you a cool fifty or a hundred, you won't quarrel about it. The firm doesn't want it particularly just now. We're carrying a handsome balance."

He could not help himself. I had got him into my boat, and the oars were in my own hands. He was weak, and I trusted in his weakness. As often as every fortnight, for awhile, I gave him returns from the two investments of five hundred, and two hundred dollars, which I had pretended to make on his account. Then I let the intervals become longer. He took the money always under protest; but his desire to get even with me, and to keep out of debt, made him accept and use it at first; and then under my tempting suggestions, he took it and laid

it by in the hope that it would reach a sum large enough to pay back the principal sums on which I assumed to be operating for his benefit.

Gradually a half-consenting acquiescence in what I was doing, dulled his fine sense of honor, stilled the louder warnings of conscience and brought his mind into obscurity. He became more and more passive in my hands, as though conscious of being in the power of one stronger than himself, and against whom resistance was vain. But the old, calm, peaceful spirit never came back to him. The waters of his soul were troubled and never ran clear again. He lived in perpetual self-condemnation and perpetual dread. His laugh, if you heard it now and then, under some unusual provocation, had nothing of the old heartiness about it.

After a few months, I saw, with concern, that his health was breaking. There was a largeness and lustre in his eyes that seemed to have come all at once. His flesh shrank and the color went off of his face. He began coughing; a little at first, but in a short time it grew to troublesome paroxysms.

As the end of another six months drew near, Barton became urgent for the replacement of the two thousand dollars, so that his next balance-sheet might give the exact truth. He had, he informed me, drawn off another and correct balance-sheet, which he was waiting to substitute for the old one. I had a difficult task before me. My accounts were in a far worse condition than at the last semi-annual settlement. Instead of being five thousand dollars short, the sum was nearer ten thousand; though not over five thousand would appear on the ledger. My fate was again in the bookkeeper's hands. He must stand my friend, or all would be over with me. But I dared not trust to friendship alone. His own peril must be as great as my own. I had watched, with keen alertness, his mental states, ever ready to obscure his judgment, to bewilder his perceptions and confuse his estimates of right and wrong. I tempted him into new extravagances at home, and so made a larger income than he received as bookkeeper necessary in order that he might not fall into debt. As a natural consequence of this, he was more ready to accept the extra sums that, from time to time, came into his hands as the proceeds of what I said I was investing for him, and to feel them as a necessary part of his income.

My first work, in the actual corruption of Barton, was to get his consent to let the old balance-sheet stand; not so much on my account as his own. If the money on which I was now earning for him at least twenty dollars, on an average, every week were to be replaced, this source of income would be gone. What then? I led him to look this squarely in the face, and saw that it produced doubt and anxiety of mind. He was now fairly in a current against the drift of which he was nearly, if not altogether, powerless.

CHAPTER XV.

I AM holding the reader too long, I fear, amid these devious paths, winding farther and farther off from the ways of honor and safety. Alas! that so many take these paths, not knowing, it may be, or what is worse, not caring whither they lead. Always they lead to sorrow, or shame, or utter ruin. There is nothing good, nothing desirable, nothing satisfying at the end; and he who sets his feet therein, will surely, if he turn not back, make life a failure, and put his soul in peril of eternal

loss. He can be saved "only as by fire"—only through sorrows, and disasters, and sufferings full of bitterness and agony.

I shall never forget the scene that occurred when I informed Barton that he would have to falsify another balance-sheet. He had come to my house, in the evening, at my request, and we were alone, Marion having gone to a neighbor's. I had prepared him for some unpleasant communication, and he had risen from his chair, and was walking the floor uneasily. After a little beating about the bush, I said: "The fact is, Guy, and it's folly to conceal it any longer, I'm in a worse fix than before. I've been trying my best to get out; but I'm in twice as deep as I was six months ago."

Barton stood still, an ashen pallor striking into his face. He tried to say something, but his jaw fell and his lips moved without articulate sound.

"There is no greater danger, however, than we have already encountered," I continued, trying to make as light of the matter as possible; "and if we hold together and act in concert, there is little to fear."

I was particular in saying "we," for I wanted to prepare him for a comprehension of the case as involving himself as entirely as it involved me; so making our peril and chances of escape seem equal. He looked at me for a few moments—oh, so sadly and so sorrowfully! then sat down, uttering a deep groan, and burying his face in his hands. A fit of coughing seized him, the paroxysm lasting for a considerable time. At its close, I saw him put his handkerchief, with a nervous movement, to his lips, and then remove it quickly. It was streaked with blood!

I saw a frightened look in his face, which became over-spread with a deeper pallor.

"Good Heavens, Guy!" I exclaimed, in much alarm.

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"A little salt and water, if you please," he answered, in a repressed voice, that trembled considerably.

I brought him salt and water in a tumbler, and he swallowed a mouthful or two. But the cough returned, and after another short paroxysm, a freer expectoration of blood followed.

"I must go home," he said, rising.

"Not yet, lie down for awhile on the sofa and keep as still as possible," I urged. But he would not be hindered.

"I must go home at once," he returned, with decision. He was agitated and much alarmed. Seeing that he would not be persuaded, I went home with him, the cough returning at short intervals and attended with spitting of blood. The doctor was called immediately. The hemorrhage had increased by the time of his arrival, and poor Barton was bleeding largely from the lungs. A servant was sent for Marion, who came immediately, and we remained all night. A great deal of blood was lost before its flow could be stopped; and by morning Barton was lying white, exhausted and in peril of his life.

A new danger threatened me. The bridge over which I had expected to walk in safety, had suddenly become impassable. As I sat all night by the bedside of the friend to whom I had been so false, my mind was less concerned for him than for myself; less anxious for his life than my own safety. What was to be done now? What new expedient could I devise? I thought, and schemed, and pondered. Only one way of escape presented itself. It did not look as if Barton would be able to take his place at the desk for weeks; he might never

come back to the store. His work would have to go, for the present at least, into other hands. If I could get it into my hands until the books of the firm were balanced, and the balance-sheet drawn off, I might be able to hide my dishonesty. Barton was too weak to be questioned much. But I got a few facts from him in the morning as to the progress he had made in settling the books, and then, on going to the store, I reported him as having had a slight hemorrhage, which the doctor thought serious enough to require a week's entire rest. Following this communication, I made a prompt offer to take up the work on which he was engaged, and complete it, giving to it my evenings. We happened to be very busy at the time, every clerk having his hands full. So my offer was accepted, and I breathed more freely. I had offers of help, but I declined them, saying that I could work better alone.

Of course I "doctored" the balance-sheet to suit myself. Its cash account agreed with my own in every particular that I desired, and much more to my satisfaction than I could have asked Barton to make it. I saw him every evening, and in moments when we happened to be alone together, assured him that everything was going on right at the store, and that he had no cause to give himself the slightest concern. But these assurances did not, I saw, afford him any comfort. He said but little, and questioned but little; but I saw in his great, glistening eyes a look that haunted me night and day. What it really meant, I did not know. We were drawing away from each other; I felt that at every repeated visit; and the distance between us grew wider and wider every day.

One evening I found Martindale in his room. I felt uneasy at this. What influence might not this upright, clear-seeing, God-trusting man have upon the weak, conscience-burdened bookkeeper, was a question that troubled me on the instant. Barton had failed to rally after the hemorrhage was over. It had left him greatly exhausted, with a quick, irregular pulse, and daily returns of a symptomatic fever. I saw, with some anxiety and alarm, that he was losing instead of gaining ground. If he should die! What then?

I looked this possibility squarely in the face, and considered the consequences. It behooved me to be always on the forecast, and to weigh all contingencies. It would not do to be taken unawares. I considered matters safe as they stood; that is, so far as the accounts of the firm stood. I did not believe that my falsification of a few figures would be discovered. But, if Barton died, I would be hedged in with future difficulties which I might not find it easy to overcome. The new bookkeeper might not be so weak and pliant.

I was pondering these things, with a sense of present safety, when I encountered Martindale in Barton's sick-room. He met me with his usual kind and easy manner. I noticed, as I came in, that he was holding Barton's hand, and leaning down to him, while the sick man looked up in his face with a kind of pained, hopeful eagerness, like one rising out of despair into consolation.

My entrance was not timely. I had interrupted something that held the minds of both with a deep interest—something that, in my presence, neither of them cared to resume. Martindale went away soon after I came in, saying that he had an engagement, and must go.

"Come right soon again, won't you?" asked the sick man, as he held Martindale's hand and looked wistfully into his face. "Come to-morrow evening."

"If you would like to see me, I will come, certainly."

"Oh, yes, do! I want to talk to you so much."

"Very well, I'll come round to-morrow evening," replied Martindale.

"It's very kind in you," Barton replied, in a voice so full of satisfied anticipation that it troubled me. A sense of guilty danger makes one ever suspicious, and quick to take alarm. A look, a word, a tone of voice, a movement not clearly understood, puts you on guard. A shadow is watched, until imagination causes it to assume a hideous shape. Fear dogs your footsteps, and you make your bed with doubt and anxiety.

After Martindale went away, I drew my chair close to the bed; but did not get as near to Barton as of old. A high and impassable wall had risen between us; how builded, and with what significance, I did not know. But to gain this knowledge was my chief concern. I would have given much to learn what had passed between him and Martindale.

His hand, as I took it, felt dry and hot. He did not return the pressing I gave; and I soon perceived that the hand was shrinking from my clasp, and slowly withdrawing itself. I gave it another and a warmer pressure, but it made no response, lying limp in mine. The moment I released it he drew it back under the bedclothes.

"You are feeling better, I hope," said I.

"I don't know. I'm afraid not," he replied, gloomily.

I was shocked by the change I now saw in his face—a change that had come in twenty-four hours. Before I could say anything farther, his wife came in, and I moved a little back from the bed. Barton turned his eyes upon her with a look of tenderness and sorrow that touched me deeply. She sat down on the side of the bed, and raised the hand he had just withdrawn from mine, and held it against her bosom in both of hers. A faint sigh parted his lips, and he shut his eyes restfully, like a sick child drifting out of pain into ease and comfort.

"He is too weak to talk any more to-night," said Mrs. Barton, after sitting silent for a few moments.

She did not look at me as she spoke. Her manner set me to a great distance; caused a chill to pass over me, and a blind fear to creep down into my heart. I rose involuntarily. She did not ask me to stay; and put no question.

"Is there nothing I can do for you?" I inquired, as I stood in uneasy hesitation.

"Nothing, thank you," she returned, her manner growing colder and more distant.

"If there should be, don't hesitate to send for me," I said.

"Thank you, Mr. Barton."

"Good-evening."

"Good-evening."

I left the house, almost staggering under a new weight of fear laid suddenly upon me, and passed a sleepless night.

On the following evening I called again. After waiting for some time in the parlor, the servant came down with word that Mr. Barton could not be seen. To my questions in regard to him, she answered that he was not so well.

"Is any one with him?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," she replied. "Mr. Martindale."

I expected this; but wanted the assurance. My fear and anxiety increased. I spent another sleepless night, and was so pale and out of sorts in the morning as to

attract Marion's attention, and cause her to press me with questions.

"Something is troubling you, Hiram. What is it? You're not as you were? I'm afraid everything isn't right."

We were standing in the hall, at the front parlor door. I had my hat in my hand, ready to go out. As I turned from Marion without replying, my eyes rested on the rich damask and lace curtains that hung at the windows. Something seemed to smite me. Then I saw, as palpable to an inner sense as were the curtains to my natural eyes, a demoniac face, looking out from them with a leer of triumph. It did not fade out, but held itself clearly defined so long as I kept my eyes upon the curtains; and I lost sight of it only when, with a kind of desperate effort, I forced myself to turn away. I did not look in that direction again. I was afraid.

"I've been overtaken; that is all," I replied. "You know Barton's sickness threw his work on me, and I've been at the store for several evenings. But I'm through with the drag, and will come all right again. Poor Guy! I'm afraid he's going to have a hard struggle. I wish you'd go round this morning and learn what kind of a night he passed. He was too weak to be seen last evening."

I was standing at my desk about eleven o'clock, when, happening to look across the store, I saw Martindale in close conversation with Mr. Royal. My heart gave a strong throb—the sweat pricked through every pore—my knees grew weak. They remained talking together for a considerable time, Martindale speaking, now and then, with great earnestness of manner. I did not for a moment doubt the subject that occupied them. Martindale's visit to Barton on the previous evening, and his call upon Mr. Royal this morning had, I was sure, a close connection.

After Martindale went away, I saw Mr. Royal stand in an absorbed attitude for some time; he then joined Mr. Link, and the two men talked together for awhile with considerable earnestness of manner.

It is difficult, in the use of any words at my command, to convey an idea of what I then felt. A great weight and constriction came upon my breast; a darkness fell upon my soul. I seemed to be in a pit, and escape hopeless. I know of nothing in the world that I would accept as compensation for what I suffered that morning. The agony of ages seemed condensed into minutes.

When, after the lapse of a quarter of an hour, I saw Mr. Royal coming over to my desk, I felt that I would rather die than meet him. He stood by me silent for nearly half a minute. I do not think I took a single breath until he spoke.

"Mr. Martindale tells me that Mr. Barton is extremely ill."

"Yes," I replied. I was scared at the sound of my voice; it was so hoarse, and in my own ears so guilty.

"He seems apprehensive about the result."

Mr. Royal stood directly in front of me, and his eyes were fixed upon my face. I could not bear his gaze, but dropped my eyes helplessly away from his.

"He is troubled about something."

I shivered. A pause followed.

"You have been on good terms with him, I believe?"

"Yes. I've always liked him. He's an excellent young man."

Mr. Royal shut his lips, and mused for a little while.

"You found all his accounts right?"

"As far as I could look into them," I replied. "The

balance came out to a dot. There is no way in which his accounts could be wrong that I see. Even if there should be an error in some of his figures, it would be, so far as he was concerned, only a mistake."

I was gradually getting possession of myself.

"In what way is he troubled?" I inquired, perceiving that Mr. Royal did not seem inclined to go any further.

He did not reply to my question; asking, instead, about the day's finances, upon the consideration of which we entered. He manifested more than his ordinary carefulness in examining the memoranda and statements I laid before him; consulted my cash-book and the check-book with a seriousness of manner that was unusual; and was altogether changed in his demeanor toward me—at least I felt that it was so.

Nothing further transpired during the day. Mr. Royal brought me the funds obtained from the discount of two notes through a bill-broker, and a check that he had borrowed; made such endorsements as were required on checks and drafts, and signed the checks needed for the day's payments. He then went away, leaving me, as usual, to finish the business.

Almost my first question, on meeting my wife, was about her call on Mrs. Barton. I saw in an instant that something had gone wrong.

"Is he worse?" I asked, not concealing the anxiety I felt.

"Yes; I'm afraid he is," she replied.

"Did you see him?"

"No."

"What did Mrs. Barton say?"

"I don't remember much of anything she said. I only know that she acted strangely."

"How strangely?"

"She was cold, reserved and distant in her manner. I asked her if I had offended her in any way; but she answered, quickly: 'Oh, no, no!' and then closed her lips. She acted just as if she had heard some dreadful thing about me, and believed it, and didn't want to have anything more to do with me."

"Singular! very singular!" I returned.

"I can't understand it," Marion continued. "When I saw her day before yesterday, she was just as of old. Has anything gone wrong between you and her husband?"

"Nothing," I replied. "He's under obligation to me in more ways than one; and you know I've been at work for him, night after night, getting his books balanced."

Things were assuming a threatening aspect. It looked as if Barton had been explaining to both his wife and Martindale how I had got him involved. If this were really so, I felt that escape was impossible. Martindale was too honest to counsel anything but a straightforward course of action on the part of the bookkeeper; and in his hands I felt sure that Barton would be passive. The first and natural effect of such a communication would be just what had taken place; a pushing of me to a distance, so that I could have no more influence over the sick, and, I feared, dying man.

I did not venture to say a great deal to Marion; and the few suggestions I offered as to the cause of this change in Mrs. Barton were remote from the guesses that were in my own mind. We sat through the evening unusually silent. I seemed to be in the centre of a closing sphere, the area of which grew less and less every moment; and I saw no way of escape.

On the next morning, I called at Barton's, on my way

to the store, resolved, if possible, to get an interview with the bookkeeper. I found the doctor's carriage at the door. On asking for Mr. Barton, the servant who had come to the door, and who looked much excited, replied: "Oh, sir! he's very bad! He broke another blood vessel this morning; and the doctor's just got here."

A sudden sense of relief fell on my oppressed heart. Here might be a way of escape. If he should die! I felt a throb of pleasure at the thought. Death might cover all!

I went in and sat down in the little parlor I had tempted Mr. and Mrs. Barton to furnish at a cost beyond their means—tempted them even to window drapery, that, like my own, put sofa, chairs and carpet out of countenance, making all inharmonious and unsatisfactory. As I glanced at them, a pair of evil eyes looked down upon me; then a leering face, full of demoniac pleasure, half revealed itself from one of their darker folds. I shivered and turned my eyes away, not looking again in that direction, yet sitting so intensely conscious of being under the eyes of a grinning fiend, rejoicing over my fear and dismay, that I could not push away the illusion.

I had sent my name to Mrs. Barton; but no word came back to me. I could hear the occasional sound of feet overhead, sometimes moving hastily; but for most of the time everything was still. I had waited for over twenty minutes, when I heard the steps of a man coming downstairs. I arose from my seat, expecting to see the doctor. The door opened, and Martindale was before me. He must have known that I was there, for he manifested no surprise.

"How is our friend?" I asked, with all the concern I could throw into my voice, reaching out my hand as I spoke.

He shook his head sorrowfully, as he answered: "Not much hope of him, I fear." But he did not take my offered hand.

"Oh, no! It can't be so bad as that!" I returned, affecting to be greatly shocked.

"Little less than a miracle can save him," Martindale spoke in a sad voice. "He is still losing much blood, and it looks as if the doctor would not be able to check the hemorrhage."

"Is there nothing I can do?"

"Nothing," he replied. His manner was much constrained toward me.

"How is Mrs. Barton?" I asked.

"Very calm; but if her heart is not breaking, my eyes have deceived me."

"They are deeply attached to each other," I remarked. He did not reply. I felt strangely embarrassed in his presence. He stood with his eyes upon the floor.

"Are you going?" I asked.

"Oh, no!" he returned. "I shall not leave him."

I felt a sphere of repulsion between Martindale and myself growing stronger and stronger every instant. It was as if his hands were upon me, pushing me violently off. "Go," his manner said. I obeyed and went, feeling afraid of him.

The sense of relief I had felt at thought of the bookkeeper's death, was gone now. I was sure that Barton had told Martindale all, and that my day of reckoning was close at hand.

On entering the store that morning, I observed Mr. Royal and Mr. Baldwin in close conversation. Baldwin stood with his face to the door, and saw me come in. I noticed a change in its expression, and a pause in their

conversation, and a telegraphic sign that I read plainly enough: "There he is now."

They had been talking of me! I went to my desk, and was arranging some papers, when Baldwin came over and asked if I had heard from Barton this morning. I did not like his manner, nor the tone of voice in which he put the question.

"He is much worse," I replied. "Had another severe hemorrhage; and the doctor considers his case extremely doubtful."

"I'm very sorry to hear that," Baldwin spoke with real concern. "I was in hopes he would be out in a few weeks."

He seemed to have something on his mind, and to be in a state of irresolution about speaking.

"Who told you about it?" he asked, after waiting for some moments.

"I called at his house on my way to the store, and found the doctor there."

"Did you see him?"

"No; I did not go up. He was still bleeding freely, and the doctor would admit no one."

Baldwin looked at me steadily for a moment or two, and then went away, saying as he did so: "I'm very sorry about it."

There was an evident change in Mr. Royal's manner. I tried to think it only imagination; but every time I came in contact with him that day, I could perceive something in his attitude toward me that abridged the usual freedom of our intercourse. I thought him a little more careful about looking over my cash entries in any transactions that passed between us; and some matters which had, heretofore, been left almost entirely in my hands, he attended to himself.

Under the circumstances, I was, of course, on the alert. While seeming to be deeply engaged in the duties of my special department, I was observant of all that passed, and watched the members of the firm whenever they happened to be talking together, with a covert scrutiny that let nothing escape me. I was beginning to feel a kind of reaction; and was endeavoring to account for what troubled me in the changed manner of Mr. Royal and others, on a new theory, not in any way prejudicial to myself, when, on turning over my cash book, I made a discovery that revived all my fears, and made them more intense. I was running my eyes down one of the pages, a few dates back, when I discovered a pencilled tick mark opposite one of the entries. Now, even in so small a thing as this little tick mark, there is an individuality. You will know your own tick from that of any one else at a glance. This was not mine! Whose, then, was it? And why was it there? When and how had it been made? I always saw that my books were in the fire-proof at night, and took them out with my own hands in the morning. And through the day, no one had anything to do with them.

After the first interval of surprise and confusion, I looked quickly over page after page of my cash-book, embracing the entries of over two months. To my greater surprise and consternation, I found this strange tick mark in over a dozen places. It was very faint in some instances, and here and there the mark of India rubber was plain, as though there had been an attempt at removal. Somebody had been covertly examining my cash-book!

My next concern was in regard to the entries which had been "ticked." On examination, I found them all right. In not a single one of them lay the smallest clue to my dishonest transaction, and I breathed more freely again.

(To be continued.)

Religious Reading.

IN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

A RECENT number of *Good Words* contains the following interesting account of a home in London for the neglected and abandoned children of outcast women. It gives another striking instance of how practically near God comes to those who give themselves, in the simple love of it, to the divine work of saving souls, and who, in their conscious human weakness, trust everything to Him. Cases like this always affect us with surprise. They are so strange and exceptional that we half doubt the evidence, and feel inclined to question the facts, though certified by those in whom the highest confidence may be placed.

For all our expressed faith in God's care over us, we set Him afar off in our actual thoughts, and do not really believe that His hand is present in our affairs, directing, controlling and hindering in the smallest as well as in the most important of our concerns. And may it not be, that it is because we so regard Him as afar off, that we rarely, if ever, get any such evidences of His loving care in our common natural life as we see in the case of Miss Mittendorff, Müller and others? And then, we are so utterly selfish in all our life-purposes, and in the heart-desire of our prayers that God cannot answer without harm to our souls; and so the heavens seem nearly always like brass to our petitions. We ask and receive not because we ask amiss.

But to the case of Miss Mittendorff and the lesson it teaches:

More than fifteen years ago there came to England a poor German governess, whose object was to earn her livelihood by giving lessons in her own language. Shortly after her arrival in London she met with an accident, which, inflicting severe internal injuries, wholly incapacitated her for work, and obliged her to have recourse to the first medical aid she could obtain. The physician to whom she was recommended—Dr. Prothero Smith—happened to be as noted for his Christian benevolence as for his professional ability. When his new patient made her appearance in his consulting-room, he looked at her earnestly, and then read aloud the name on the card she had sent in—

"Miss Mittendorff, I believe?"

"Yes," she replied, anxious that he should understand her real position at once, "Miss Mittendorff. Poor—a stranger—and very ill."

"Then," said the doctor (to her unbounded surprise), "you are most welcome, for the Lord has sent you to me."

And from that hour this good man became the firm friend as well as the medical adviser of the poor, sick and otherwise nearly friendless German governess.

How far his great kindness, his deep sympathy and his Christian influence generally, went toward preparing Miss Mittendorff for the work she was eventually to take up, it might be difficult to say; but undoubtedly it was the sowing of the first seed in the tender, womanly heart which, in due time, and watered by divine grace, was to bring forth so rich a harvest of love to her more helpless fellow-creatures.

We must give her own simple account of the actual origin of her "Kindergarten," the name she gives to her home, not to designate it as a school formed after a pecu-

liar system, but to express her idea of an earthly, human garden in which flowers were raised for the heavenly garden.

"After my long and painful illness of nine years I found myself, as it were, suddenly restored to health. While sitting in the waiting-room of the doctor, who had been, during those nine years, my kindest friend and benefactor, while he and another physician consulted on my case, I looked over a religious paper lying on the table and read an appeal it contained for some one who would come forward and take up 'the very little ones' of outcasts, before they were able to understand the wickedness by which they were surrounded.

"At once I lifted up my heart in prayer to the Lord that He would graciously let me hear through the mouth of his dear servants, the doctors, if I were capable of undertaking this work. Scarcely was my prayer finished when I was summoned to the doctor's room, and my own medical attendant stepping forward said, 'Let us give thanks to the Lord for restoring you to health in his own good time. We both think you fit for any work you may wish to undertake.' And now the desire of my heart was that I might use my renewed strength in the service of my Lord and Master, who had so graciously and wonderfully cared for me, and watched over me so tenderly during my long years of suffering. I looked round me, crying to the Lord, 'What wilt Thou have me to do?' waiting for Him to direct me, and soon I seemed to hear His call to take up those poor little outcast infants who were often badly treated and shamefully neglected, even by their own parents."

Being naturally fond of children, Miss Mittendorff still feared she might have mistaken her work, and before advancing a single step in the matter, she entreated God to grant her a sign that it was indeed His will that she should begin it. "I asked the Lord," she says, in her earliest report, "to send me some money if I was to go on, and if I received nothing I would take it as a token that He had other service for me to perform." The next morning she received a letter containing five shillings in stamps, and another the same afternoon with these words, "To be used in the Lord's service." Late at night came a third letter from a lady whom she had not seen for years, and who wrote, "Last night I lay awake and thought about you. I felt constrained to get up and write to you, and I now inclose this pound, which I am sure the Lord wished me to send you."

With no further doubts in her mind, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude, Miss Mittendorff at once began to look for a house, destitute, be it understood, of all means but the trifling sums just referred to, and with no expectations but from the faithfulness of that loving God who had called her to feed His lambs, and who, she well knew, had bread enough and to spare both for herself and all His needy little ones.

At first she met with many difficulties, and some of her best friends raised objections and hindrances, not quite believing, perhaps, that faith can remove mountains, or doubting the quality of the faith possessed by this one weak and still often physically ailing woman.

But God Himself was on her side, and all the opposition that could be brought to bear against a human plan

could no more hinder *this* plan than a breath of summer air could uproot the giant oak of the forest. Very speedily a house suited for Miss Mittendorff's purpose was found, and sufficient means came in to furnish it, while so many applications on behalf of destitute children were made to her, that she felt painfully how limited as yet were her capabilities of accommodating them.

Before the Home had been established three years, the number of the inmates had so greatly increased that it was necessary to remove into a larger house, and Miss Mittendorff, always seeking the Lord's guidance in everything, was finally led to the one she now occupies in Kilburn Square, where very soon more applications poured in, and children of nearly all ages, beginning at *ten hours*, were added to her Kindergarten.

At the end of little more than three years, there were thirty-six children in the Home, and clothes and beds had been provided for them all. Nor was the daily food ever wanting, though often God saw fit to try the faith of His servant and her devoted helpers by leaving them without supplies almost till the last minute. Here is one touching instance, out of multitudes of a similar kind, recorded by herself, and reminding the wondering reader of the experiences of George Müller of Bristol, whose life of faith has been pronounced, even by men of the world, the greatest miracle of modern times:

"One morning, just after breakfast, when the last of everything had been finished, I called the children in to the usual morning prayers, quite intending to ask our Heavenly Father to send in the much-needed supplies; but, looking at their happy faces, and rejoicing over the converted ones, I forgot it, and had nothing but praise and thanks to offer to Him. Yet soon my helper reminded me of it. I sent for my little praying band, telling them that if they wished for dinner they must ask their Father for it; and I then inquired, would they be satisfied if nothing was sent? when all answered me they would wait and trust. Well, they went to their bed-rooms, and told the Lord all about it. Soon afterward they came back to me, and the eldest said: 'We are so happy, and won't mind if we have to wait till evening; we are sure the Lord will remember us.' I confess that their child-like faith and gratitude greatly helped and strengthened me. About twelve o'clock a letter was put in the box containing five shillings in stamps from 'A. B., the Lord's portion for the orphans.' I called my children to me; and how can I describe their joy when they found their prayer had been so soon answered? I let them have the pleasure of changing the stamps at the post-office, and of getting bread and potatoes, and before one o'clock we had the potatoes in their skins, with dripping, on the table."

In another place Miss Mittendorff says: "At the spring-time, when the summer clothes were wanted, I received,

before I had even asked, in one day sufficient means to buy all that was needed. Is it not just like the Lord? 'Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear.'"

It is now five years since the Home was commenced with two babies and one small house. There are at present two houses, adjoining each other, at Kilburn, and a cottage at Bushey, with sixty children and numerous helpers and teachers. These last accept their situations on the understanding that they will be paid their salaries when the Lord sends the money, and if this is delayed, they are *always* content to wait.

The children are all taught reading, writing and a little arithmetic; those who are quick and intelligent learn, in addition, something of geography and English history. They are likewise trained in every kind of useful household work, and at about sixteen are sent out as superior domestic servants.

More than a year ago, Miss Mittendorff was very severely tried by a long visitation of sickness amongst her little flock. Her own labors and night-watching at this time were so incessant, that it ended in her being stricken with paralysis, and obliged to leave her Home to the care of a friend, providentially raised up, and to go herself to the hospital for the paralyzed in Queen Square. Here the many mercies she received are beautifully and touchingly recorded in the reports to which I have already alluded, and which my readers will do well to obtain at the Home for themselves.

In the autumn of the year, Miss Mittendorff, after a short sojourn at the sea-side—for which means had, as usual, been unexpectedly sent her—was once more amongst her dear children, and happy beyond all words to be able to take up her active duties again. Since then she has had many trials, many anxious days and nights, much sickness, and some deaths; but her constant testimony is that the Lord is faithful even above what He has promised; and at the last public meeting in connection with her Home, held in Great Portland Street, though the balance of cash in hand was only five shillings and tenpence, and the past year's expenses had amounted to more than nine hundred and fourteen pounds, she asked the Christian friends and ministers who presided at the meeting to let praise and thanksgiving be its leading features.

It must be especially borne in mind that Miss Mittendorff's principle is never to go in debt for a single article. Here are her own words on the subject:

"I do not buy anything if I have not the money in hand, even if the tradesmen are begging me to take what I want, as they will trust me. I find not a text in all Scripture in which it is allowed to go into debt; and therefore, however tempted, I rather wait and suffer want."

Mothers' Department.

TALKS TO MOTHERS.

BY EDITH W. KENT.

No. 6.

"IT is the little foxes that spoil the tender vines."

Don't ever forget or lose sight of this fact; and if you would have your children grow up truthful, upright and worthy, guard well against the invasion of the "little foxes"—the little temptations and sins—which

"spoil the tender vines" of truth and honor. Remember that it is the *little* influences of everyday life that are imperceptibly but surely at work upon your child's character, building it up, little by little, slowly but surely, substantially or unsubstantially, wisely or unwisely, for good or for ill; for it is these same influences that are, to a very great extent, to determine what that character shall be in its future.

It has been averred by one whose sound, unerring judgment, and true, right ideas of life and its responsibilities may be depended on, that "the ruin of a soul begins at home."

Have you ever thought much about this? I confess to being somewhat startled at first by the assertion; but as almost any one, after looking about them and giving the matter a little thought, will see it is a truth not to be gainsaid; but it is such a sad thing to think that home, which should be the one safe place where no evil can enter to harm, should be made the starting-point upon the road to ruin—the thought is so sad, and so repugnant to the mind, that we would fain repel the idea were it not that the fact is so plain and so unanswerable that we must acknowledge its truth.

If parents only realized how susceptible the mind of a child is, and that their every word and act makes its impression, in a greater or less degree, upon the minds of their children, I am sure that many who are thoughtlessly laying the foundation for their ruin would arouse themselves to the sense of their danger, and put forth their utmost endeavors to guide them aright, both by example and precept, and to surround them with no influences but those that are good and pure.

O mothers! let your daily example to your children be free from all reproach. "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" No more can a mother, if insincerity, dishonesty and untruthfulness be shown by herself in the little things of everyday life, expect her children to grow up strictly honest and truthful; that would be next to an impossibility. Can it be, think you, that an influence in itself evil will exert an influence for good over a child—teach it to be just, and to follow the right?

We do not pluck our "grapes" from "thorns,"

Nor "figs" of "thistles" gather;

The evil tree bears evil fruit;

The evil deed brings ill repute;

Good trees bring good fruit, ever.

So evil teaching—word or deed—

Doth evil "fruit" engender;

And e'er example, good or ill,

Must blight or bless—its end fulfill;

Good follows good, forever.

Then see to it that every example that you set before your children be blameless. Would you bequeath them an inheritance more precious than jewels, better than silver or gold?—an inheritance that shall shed blessings rich and full over all their life? Then give them that high sense of honor, without which there can be no safety—no guarantee against the invasion of sin and crime.

But, in order to do this—if you would instil into their minds this high sense of honor, which is one of the noblest of attributes, if you would have it to be to them an abiding presence, a firmly fixed principle—you yourself must possess the same in all its completeness, it is not enough that you have a dim perception that such and such things are "not exactly right;" your innate sense of honor must be such that the least approach to dishonesty or untruthfulness flashes an alarm "along the lines" to your conscience—a sort of telegraphy, so to speak, notifying you upon the first approach to wrong; you must have a clear perception of right and wrong, something which is resolved into a fixed principle of the mind—a principle to be lived and acted upon. Pretty theories don't amount to much unless they are carried out in practice. The man whose theories are never put into practice, makes no

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further progress in the accomplishment of good than the man of no theories—only so much the more does he condemn himself, in that he "knows to do good and doeth it not."

But only cultivate right theories—ideas that are just and true—and practice them, continually, in your daily life, letting your example at all times agree with your precepts, and your children will be influenced to good thereby.

"Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."

There are almost innumerable little things of which you, perhaps, think nothing, but which they absorb very readily; so that you have need to continually "Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile;" to "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."

You must remember that "little pitchers have big ears;" that but very little transpires around the children that they do not "take in."

I imagine that many thoughtless parents would be nearly dumb with consternation if their eyes could be opened to see the lessons in hypocrisy, lying and stealing which they are giving their children. This may sound harsh to some of you, but it is truth—the plain, unvarnished truth. It is not worth while to disguise the truth in these matters; better look the facts fairly in the face, even if it does strike home to the heart.

Many hold up their hands in horror at the poor, despised thief who goes to swell the number within our prison doors, and then turn away from him in loathing, and directly forget him and his sorrows (or, if remembered, remembered only to execrate); but who considers of what may have gone before—of the influences that pervaded the years ago, giving shape and coloring to the character, building it up a weak, pervious structure, incapable of withstanding or warding off the thrusts of the tempter?

It would be well to stop and consider these things, and, for the sake of the souls intrusted to your own keeping, inquire into the causes of ruin.

Not one of the most hardened of criminals was made what he is in a moment, or by only a single prodigious step in the wrong direction. The "seed-time," the green plant, the bud, and then the blossom, must come before the harvest-time.

It makes my heart ache so to think of the pernicious influences that are many times thrown around children at home. Many a child receives its first lesson in stealing from hearing a parent complacently dilate upon some instance of another's oversight—some mistake in calculation—by which they have received more than was their just dues—by which another has, as they term it, "cheated himself." It is painfully surprising to see how many there are who consider themselves highly respectable, moral, and—shall I say it?—Christian people (mind, I say, who consider themselves so), who may frequently be heard chuckling over something of the kind.

"I made a good thing of it when I bought those articles in the city for my wife," said Mr. Sharp, complacently stroking his luxuriant beard, and smiling in a satisfied sort of way as he spoke. "I handed the merchant a bank-bill, and being crowded with customers, and therefore very much hurried, he, in giving back the change, made a mistake, handing me more money than I had given him."

"Did you notice it at the time?" I asked.

"To be sure I did," he replied, with a self-satisfied

little nod, as much as to say, "Sharp by name and sharp by natur, ma'am."

"And didn't you return it to him?" I questioned, with eyes wide with wonder.

"Not I," said he, loftily, and swelling up, like a big toad, with a sense of his own importance.

"That wasn't right," said I, looking him seriously in the face.

"If he was a mind to cheat himself, 'twan't nothin' to me," said he, getting red in the face and twisting about a little uneasily in his chair. "If a man's fool enough to cheat himself like that, I ain't a-goin' to tell him of it. I don't *thank* any man to tell me if I make a mistake in reckonin' and cheat *myself*."

Now Mr. Sharp would be among the foremost in bitterly denouncing and execrating the thief who should steal an overcoat, a dollar in money, a bushel of grain or a pound of butter; he does not seem to realize that the one would, in reality, be no worse than the other—that his own act is just as criminal in intent—and that to his little boy, who stands by taking in all he says, he is giving a lesson in dishonesty that may result in ruin to the child.

I really wish Mr. Sharp could see how contemptible such things make a man.

"Fifty cents is all the money I have in the world; if you'll sell me the tidy for that, I will take it," said Mrs. Fleecum, to a peddler who had called at her house, and with whom she had been bantering for some time concerning the price of a chair-tidy, wishing to obtain it at the lowest price possible.

"And have you no more moneys but the feefty cents, mem?"

"That's all I have," she repeated, trying to look as innocent as if she wasn't telling a deliberate falsehood.

"Vell, den you shall have the tidy for the feefty cents, mem; but I never sell one tidy so sheep before."

So, going across the room and standing with her back toward the peddler the while, she took the pocket-book from its place, opened it, and took out a roll of bills and currency. After taking fifty cents therefrom, she replaced the rest and returned the pocket-book to its place; and then recrossing the room, she gave him the money in exchange for the coveted tidy, and he soon went on his way.

After he had gone she congratulated herself on having made such a "good bargain," seeming highly pleased with herself for her "sharpness;" and, with a satisfied glance at her purchase, she remarked that she "*did* have more money, but wasn't going to tell him of it," and that "a person *had* to beat these Dutch peddlers down or else get *awfully* cheated."

I might relate other instances of this kind, but these will suffice to show how children are sometimes taught lessons of dishonesty and untruthfulness by the example of one they trust and look up to as right in all things.

In these days of official corruption—of dishonesty in high places—it is the query of many minds as to *how* we are to secure upright men to fill positions of high trust in place of those by whom the confidence of the nation has been so shamefully abused.

Leaving that question to be decided for the present by others, let the mothers look to the *future* welfare of our nation by giving proper care to their children: for the prime remedy lies in the *home-training*. If children are nurtured within a home-influence that dwarfs and perverts whatever of honesty they might possess, if they receive

almost daily lessons in falsehood, deception and cheating, what more can be expected than that they should grow up with a "low moral sense," regardless of the rights of others, mindful of nothing so much as of gain for self—with wrong tendencies, needing only the favorable opportunity to develop those tendencies into dishonesty and crime. A mind—a character—thus weakened falls an easy prey to the temptations of office.

See to it, then, that nothing is left undone that can be done to mould their characters aright; avoid not only faults of this kind, but *all* unwise training. Be not over-indulgent, nor yet too rigid in authority over them; don't make life so hard and barren—so devoid of warmth and brightness—that it will seem all clouds and no sunshine; and any other place be preferred to "home."

Always speak the truth to your children. Do not attempt to win obedience or good behavior from them by telling them falsehoods. That always seems to me such a wrong thing to do, and so foolish, too. I once heard a mother say to her little boy: "There's a black man down there in the woods, and if you don't stop I'll tell him to come and get you."

Now I call that a very *thin* lie. Children soon learn to see through such things, and they learn something else, too; they learn how to lie.

That last word doesn't sound good, does it? But it is the best word to use in this connection, because it is the word that will open eyes the widest. Don't you see?

If you would have your children grow up to be upright, honorable members of society, you must be careful in the little things that are shaping their characters. Teach them to shun all deception and dishonesty in even the smallest matters. Teach them that it is wrong—that it is stealing—to take even the merest trifle that belongs to another.

When I know of a child slyly into the pantry and getting a handful of sugar, thinking no one knows it, then I think there has been something radically wrong in the training of that child. I heard a little fellow do this one day (and, in fact, a good many times,) when he fancied no one was in hearing. He ran in on tip-toe, and first thing I heard was something that sounded suspiciously like the sugar-tub lid coming off ('twas maple sugar); and then the sound of some one scraping up sugar in a hurried way. I wanted to catch him at it because I had something to say to him; so I stepped from my room and hurried across toward the pantry. He heard me coming, and my! how quickly that lid did go on! so quickly that he was just turning from the tub with such a shame-faced, scared look, as I reached the pantry-door.

"Oh, you must not do *that*, ever," said I; "if you want sugar, you must *ask* for it, and not take it when folks don't know. That is very wrong. Always ask if you want anything. Will you remember, dear?"

He said he would remember; and I did not once know him to do such a sneaking thing afterward.

Children must be told about these things or they will not know; for it does sometimes seem as if they take quite naturally to such transgressions. And if not "nipped in the bud," these little faults may lead to greater.

Thanks to a wise, loving and sensible mother, I was from my earliest remembrance rightly taught in these matters; and I never thought of taking a thing without her knowledge. She never scolded me for any little accident; and if I broke a dish or had any other little mis-

hap, the first thing was to "go and tell mother." Bless her dear, kind heart!

Sister Marcia is also very particular to teach her children the sinfulness of taking the least thing not their own, and I am sure she will be richly rewarded. I know that some of the seed thus sown already begins to bear precious fruit; for I once saw little Maude (the one I told you of last month,) nobly resist what must have been to her a great temptation. She had come down for "a good, long visit;" and one day, when I was all alone in the sitting-room, I chanced to glance toward the kitchen, and, as the door happened to be slightly ajar, what do you suppose I saw? A large pan heaping full of dried blackberries standing upon the kitchen-table; and standing there, close by the table, was a little girl with eager eyes and such an unutterable longing in her face, gazing upon those berries. Her whole face was alive with expression, and by it I knew that a powerful struggle was going on in her mind. She was unconscious of an observer, and I waited almost breathlessly for the result, trembling lest the temptation should prove too strong for her. The little face underwent many and sudden changes, and once the little hand was partly reached out toward them, then drawn quickly back again; another look, a long-drawn breath, and the better angels had prevailed, and she turned away.

How thankful I was! And you may be sure it was not long before I made an *grand* out to that kitchen.

"How nice these berries are! Wouldn't you like some, dear?" said I, after a minute or so, and looking at her with a loving smile.

"I *could* like some," she replied, sweetly, glancing up at me with such glad, innocent eyes.

And you may be sure I wasn't a bit "atingy" with those berries.

"You're a good girl because you don't take things you want, unknown to us," said I, at the same time giving her a kiss.

Children should be taught to look to God for help to enable them to resist temptation—and that all sin and deceit is displeasing to Him, and in itself hateful.

Now one of the surest ways of teaching deception to a child is to scold or punish when any little accident occurs, such as a broken dish, a torn dress or jacket, etc.; it leads them to conceal a fault whenever it is possible to do so, as the fear of reproof is a strong incentive to deception.

It sometimes happens that a father is too apt to chide or unreasonably censure the children for any little accident; and in such instances a mother is sometimes tempted to teach them to conceal little mishaps from him in order to avoid the dreaded reproof; but I believe this an unwise thing for a mother to do, as it teaches them to practice deceit—and a lesson thus learned will bear fruit in other ways.

And so, to the fathers (if I were talking to them!) I would say, don't be so short-sighted, so ungenerous, so unmanly and so decidedly foolish as to fly into a rage and scold and punish for every little accident, making your children fear you worse than seven old bears. You want their love and confidence—that beautiful childlike trust—instead, so don't go and make them afraid of you; and to the mothers, don't "do evil that good may come," for more "evil" than "good" will come of such a course; and to *both*, I say, always carefully guard against hastily or harshly censuring or punishing your children for an accident, or mistake, of any kind!

OUR BABY DARLING.

BY E. D. B.

A DAINTY bud, too pure and bright
To bloom in this cold world of ours;
God took her to a home of light,
To live in Eden's fadeless bowers.

Beautiful head, with its crown of gold,
Beautiful eyes, with hue untold;
Beautiful brow, so pearly fair,
Beautiful cheeks, like lilies rare;
Beautiful lips, as rose-buds red,
Kissed by the angels, my beautiful Dead.

Beautiful hands, so small and white,
Now gone, alas! from my loving sight;
I never can feel the tender clasp
Of the wee, sweet fingers in my grasp;
Folded so softly—asleep in her bed,
Guarded by angels, my beautiful Dead.

Beautiful arms, so dimpled and sweet,
Can never reach upward my kisses to meet;
They will grow in beauty and grace above,
Beyond the might of a mother's love;
But never by me, alas! be led,
The angels have taken my beautiful Dead.

Beautiful feet, that so early trod,
The beautiful road that leads to God;
The pattering footsteps, always dear
To a parent's heart, we ne'er can hear;
Vainly I'll listen, no baby tread,
The angels will lead my beautiful Dead.

Beautiful form, so daintily fair,
Perfect and sweet as a flow'ret rare;
Can I never hold it to my breast,
In a baby's soft and slumb'rous rest?
Never, oh, never! the spirit has fled,
Cradled by angels, my beautiful Dead.

Beautiful Dove, so early flown
To the beautiful home of the great Unknown;
No tuneful music was ever heard,
On earth, from the lips of my little bird;
"Come unto Me," the dear Lord said,
And angels bore upward my beautiful Dead.

Beautiful child! thou wert only given,
E'en as a fleeting glimpse of Heaven;
Too sweet a flower for this dull earth,
God took my Lily, at her birth,
To a beautiful home of glory instead,
Where angels will love my beautiful Dead.

Beautiful soul! as a radiant star,
Eternal it lives above us so far;
Never a shadow of earthly stain,
Nor even one moment of grief or pain
Clouded my Birdie's bonny head,
Ere angels claimed my beautiful Dead.

Beautiful saint! so early blest,
Thou art safe in mansions of Heavenly rest;
The beautiful gates of dazzling pearl
Have closed on my precious little girl,
The sunlight of Heaven upon her is shed,
For she's gone with the angels, my beautiful Dead.

Even now, by the beautiful Jasper sea,
My beautiful Darling is waiting for me;
After crossing the bounds of death and pain,
I shall see my beautiful Dove again,
On mamma's bosom will pillow her head,
For my beautiful Darling is not dead.

Ah! why do I think in pain alway,
Of the little grave so far away;
My baby is one of the blessed fold,
That brightens the beautiful streets of gold.
"Only asleep," our Father hath said,
My beautiful angel is not dead.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

BY J. E. M'C.

"YOU girls ought to be a great deal better than you are," said Fred, as he tossed on the table a magazine which he had been reading for an hour, "with all these people writing at you all the time. I should like to know how many cords of advice you get, from one source and another, in the course of the year. There's Pipey always giving you a hint of some sort, while she almost ignores the existence of us boys. I wouldn't mind your making some of the nice dishes she writes about. We might in that way profit indirectly by her advice. But why should all these writers never think to drop a line for us? Do they think we are such hard cases that all effort would be thrown away upon us?"

"Why, Fred, you should take it as a compliment," said Cousin Alice. "They must think there is a much greater margin for improvement with us girls. They think we need all the advice we get."

"Very likely some of them have had brothers of their own," said Sister Lucy, "and have tried to break them of putting their feet on the window-sills, and bounding upstairs three steps at a time; of leaping through windows instead of going out of doors in an orderly way; and so they imagine it would be a waste of ammunition to write a great deal for them."

Lucy went down-stairs just then to put in practice some household lesson she had just picked up from her favorite author, and Fred moved up to the window to hold a skein of Shetland wool Alice wished to wind.

"Alice," he said, in a more serious mood, "I feel blue to-day. You know I felt confident of getting that place at Mr. Greenleif's, but when I went down to see about it this morning, behold he had given it to Jack Osborn. I was so provoked! You know I had made all my preparations for the business; had laid out five dollars on the strength of it—and that is as good as wasted."

"I hope you said nothing of all this to others, Fred?" remarked Alice, quietly.

"I did, Alice. I was so mad. I talked it over with several of the boys as I was coming home."

"What did they say?"

"Oh, they said it was mean, and all that; but they laughed over it, and that made me feel still more provoked."

"Fred, you were just wanting good advice; and now I will give you a little. I read it long ago in one of Carlyle's essays. The whole sentence was, as I remember it, 'Stand to your post. Stand in it like a true hero. Silently devour the many chagrins of it—all situations have many—and see that you aim never to quit it without having discharged your whole duty.' The point I wish to impress on you is to bury your private chagrin deep in your own bosom. It is a true thing that all situations have many; but the more silently they are devoured, as Mr. Carlyle calls it, the better. Average human nature is not charitable toward failures. Some one has said, 'There is something in the misfortunes of our friends not wholly displeasing to us.' You are stronger if you conquer your temptation to talk over your failures, and instead bravely cast about for some new method of bettering your condi-

tion. You need the spirit of that great book publisher, who sat down, while his grand establishment was smoking in ruins, to draw the plan of a new building. It was a rule of Mr. Vanderbilt not to talk about what he was going to do until he had done it; and to this he ascribed much of his business success."

Fred has remembered that morning's conversation ever since, and acted upon it, much to his advantage and ultimate satisfaction. He only wondered he had never thought of it all before, it seemed so clear and plain to him now. There are many others, both old and young, who might with great appropriateness take to themselves the same advice.

BOYS, READ THIS.

A GENTLEMAN advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves before him. Out of the whole number he selected one, and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation?"

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman, "he has a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful; gave up his seat to that lame old man, showing that he was kind and thoughtful; he took off his cap when he came in, answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing that he was polite and gentlemanly; he picked up a book, which I had purposely laid upon the floor, and replaced it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it or shoved it one side; and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honest and orderly. When I talked with him, I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk; and when he wrote his name, I noticed that his finger-nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet like that handsome little fellow in the blue jacket. Don't you call these things letters of recommendation? I do; and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes, than all the letters of recommendation that he can bring me."

MY CARROTY CAT.

CARROTY kittens are quite a mistake!

Might I not die it for charity's sake?

Tabby and tortoiseshell, ebony and white,

All are so pretty, while this is a fright!

How shall I play with it, praise it or pat?

What can I do with a carroty cat?

Golden and auburn, and chestnut and fair,
Brown, black and white are the colors for hair;

All have admirers, but nothing is said,

Since hair was hair, for a carroty head!

Kittens are judged by the same rule as that—

I'd be ashamed of a carroty cat!

Why, it is chasing its tail, I declare!
 Leaping with delicate joy in the air!
 Purring and frisking with light-hearted mew,
 Just like a cat of respectable hue!
 Making a bright little heap on the mat—
Must it grow into a carrotty cat!

Look at its snug little kitteny face!
 Every movement a movement of grace;
 See it embracing my hands and my feet,
 Playfully tender, engagingly sweet;
 Round little feather-ball, fluffy and fat—
Am I admiring a carrotty cat?



If it is innocent, happy and kind,
 Ought we its carrotty color to mind?
I should be quite in a mess, I suppose,
 If people sneered at a freckly nose!
 Let me remember the rule, tit for tat,
 Ere I condemn a poor carrotty cat!

Yes, let me honestly own how it is—
 Never a kitten was nicer than this!
 Safe from the least interference from me,
 True to its colors the darling shall be—
 White as a snowdrift or black as a hat,
 None can compare with my carrotty cat!

Evenings with the Poets.

VIRGINIA DARE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

[The first child born on American soil, in the Island of Roanoke, about 1585, was called Virginia Dare, from the place of its birth. Her grandfather, the Governor of the Colony, returned to England for supplies, but the defeat of the Spanish Armada at that time absorbed the interests of the people. In 1589 the governor sailed once more for America, in quest of the colony and his daughter. He found the Island of Roanoke a desert. The English had entirely disappeared, and their fate to this day remains a mystery.]

A MID the hum of summer bees,
And wind's soft laughter in the trees,
And distant murmur of the seas,

Oh, English child, thy blue eyes woke
In that lone Isle of Roanoke,
Round which white blooms of surges broke.

And birds sang through the golden air,
Green vines hung out their banners fair,
To welcome thee, Virginia Dare.

Oh, sweet babe on thy mother's knees,
While round thee flashed the birds and bees,
Why looked her sad eyes to the seas?

Ah, never on that far blue line,
Her hungry gaze would catch the sign—
Would see the sails like white mists shine.

But when she marked the glimmering spray,
Its fringes round the green coast lay,
She thought of hawthorn blooms in May.

And round that coast the birds' song flowed,
The orisflames of sunset glowed,
Yet there no fleet at anchor rode.

It came at last—the English tongue
Through Roanoke's green arches rung,
And birds and bees for answer sung.

No human passion, love or prayer,
Have ever laid thy secret bare;
God only knows Virginia Dare!

UNFINISHED STILL.

A BABY'S boot, and a skein of wool,
Faded, and soiled, and soft;
Odd things, you say, and no doubt you're right,
Round a seaman's neck this stormy night,
Up in the yards aloft.

Most like it's folly, but, mate, look here:
When first I went to sea,
A woman stood on the far-off strand,
With a wedding-ring on the small, soft hand
Which clung so close to me.

My wife, God bless her! The day before
She sat beside my foot;
And the sunlight kissed her yellow hair,
And the dainty fingers, delf and fair,
Knitted a baby's boot.

The voyage was over; I came ashore:
What, think you, found I there?
A grave the daisies had sprinkled white;
A cottage empty, and dark as night,
And this beside the chair.

The little boot, 'twas unfinished still;
The tangled skein lay near;
But the knitter had gone away to rest,
With the babe asleep on her quiet breast,
Down in the churchyard drear.

Cassell's Magazine.

UNDER THE LEAVES.

THICK green leaves from the soft brown earth,
Happy spring-time hath called them forth;
First faint promise of summer bloom
Breathes from the fragrant, sweet perfume,
Under the leaves.

Lift them! what marvellous beauty lies
Hidden beneath from our thoughtless eyes!
May flowers, rosy or purest white,
Lift their cups to the sudden light
Under the leaves.

Are there not lives whose holy deeds—
Seen by no eye save His who reads
Motive and action—in silence grow
Into rare beauty, and bud and blow
Under the leaves?

Fair white flowers of faith and trust,
Springing from spirits bruised and crushed:
Blossoms of love, rose-tinted and bright,
Touched and painted with Heaven's own light,
Under the leaves—

Full fresh clusters of duty, borne,
Fairest of all in that shadow grown:
Wondrous the fragrance that sweet and rare
Comes from the flower-cups hidden there,
Under the leaves.

Though unseen by our vision dim,
Bud and blossom are known to Him;
Wait we content for His Heavenly ray—
Wait till our Master Himself one day
Lifteth the leaves.

"NOT AS I WILL."

BLINDFOLDED and alone I stand
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope:
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid,
By some great law unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil,
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait;
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak and love is strong,
And years and days so long, so long;
Yet this one thing I learn to know,
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless law are ordered still,
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will:" the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat.
"Not as I will:" the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all His love fulfil,
"Not as we will."

Olive Leaf.

The Home Circle.

HINTS AND HELPS.

I HAD trouble with my little girl about practising her music lessons; she is only nine years of age, and although fond of music, and evincing some talent in learning the science, to practice regularly, is very irksome to her at times. Her lesson, for a day or two, had been difficult; she complained that it was "so hard that she couldn't play it." I am not a proficient, but can read and play a little—not as well as she can—but I asked her to show me the *hardest* exercise. With a little practice, I played it indifferently, much to her surprise, as she supposed her musical education far in advance of mine. The effect was most happy. Her pride was stimulated, and with a comparatively small amount of practice, she conquered the lesson.

I want, right here, to tell some mothers who are surrounded with little "meddlesome Matties," about my "writing-box." My husband invented it, and it is a "joy forever." It is about fifteen inches square, and four inches deep; the corners rounded slightly; a drawer, the whole size of the box, slips in with a partition, four inches from the side; in the wide part of the drawer, he put writing-paper of all kinds; in the narrow side, envelopes, upon which he placed stamps, a small bottle of ink, a box of pens, and upon the partition on one side, two wire hooks, to hold a pen and holder; and upon the other, two hooks, for a lead-pencil; and last, but not least, his business-card, containing an *almanac*. Upon the drawer is a lock; and the key pulls out the drawer; so I can slip off to warm my feet and take my writing-case upon my lap, and write a letter, and have it ready for the office, without rising, which a mother knows is a consideration.

A.

THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

BY MISS E. F. MOSBY.

IT was a bright day in spring when I went to see it, and every blossoming hedge-row seemed alive with the twitter of small birds, as they built their nests in the midst of the green boughs and flowers. I heard children's voices everywhere, shouting to one another in the sunshine, and laughing in the garden walks. And I felt there was a still deeper pathos, on such a day, in the thought of a suffering child. But this hospital had been endowed for the benefit of those afflicted with organic disease or hereditary tendencies to such diseases, as well as for more sudden and violent types of malady. So I was not surprised to find the hospital grounds, which were large and full of trees and green grass and budding flowers, looking brighter still for the presence of the children that were swinging in the fresh air, or toddling here and there in the broad walks. There were long playgrounds here, where those who were strong enough could daily exercise their muscles and expand their lungs in the healthy sunlight.

One of the young doctors, who has charge here, just then passed through the gate, and presently there was a shout among the tiny creatures, as they recognized his voice. The smallest one was soon in his arms, and two

or three were around his feet, dimpling and flushed with merriment. When he saw that a visitor had entered, he offered to escort me in, though he laughed as he looked down at the small beleaguering crowd about him. But I would not take him from them, they seemed so happy. As it happened, I knew one of the attendants here, a girl from our parish.

"Sarah Thorne will show me the rooms," I said, and entered the hall door.

I asked for Sarah, and she soon appeared, courtesying and smiling—a motherly young creature, with a low, pleasant voice. The rooms through which she conducted me, were well warmed and aired, and spotlessly clean. But soon I could think of nothing but the children themselves. There were some very serious cases of disease in this ward; and it was very hard to see the little limbs and features so wasted and distorted with suffering. Poor little things, so young to struggle with all the dark forces of hell and disease that had been gathering in their race for generations back; so weak to fight with death, who had laid low kings and conquerors and mighty men—poor little things!

There was one here, ten years old, and yet his limbs looked as small as a child's of seven, who had died that morning in his nurse's arms. The face was very sad. The darkness of an infant's martyrdom of pain was upon it still, yet with my tears, the thought arose of those sweet, old verses, whispering of some other heavenly playground:

*"Salvete, Flores Martyrum,
Aram ante ipsam simplices,
Palma et corona luditis."*

"Once the poor little fellow seemed frightened, madam," said Sarah, speaking very low. "He heard some one say he was going to die, but the doctor told him it was only going away into a beautiful country, where he would soon be well and strong again, and play with many little children. He laughed out at that, and raised his arms toward him, and in the laugh he drew one quick breath, and died, as easy as if one broke off a flower."

On the walls, here and there, hung paintings of our Lord—blessing the little ones—setting a child in the midst of His disciples—in all the beautiful phases of His own divine childhood and infancy. All that could make us think of the Child Jesus was there, all that could remind us of His most gracious pity for our weaknesses and pain. One little sufferer, dreadfully hurt by a late accident on the railway, was lying in his narrow cot, with a face as white as the white bandages upon him, but his great eyes were immovably fixed with a hungering light upon the face of the divine infant which hung over against him.

"Isn't it beautiful?" I asked, kneeling down beside him.

His look flitted to my face for one instant, and then went back to the picture, but I thought a faint smile quivered on his lips in sign of assent.

"He is too weak to speak, madam," said the woman in attendance, "but he looks at that all the time."

Something seemed to rise in my throat, and choke me, as I moved away.

In the next room, a baby of two years' old, was lying

asleep, but kept waking up, with convulsive cries of, "Mother! mother!"

"Would you think, madam—she left her herself?" whispered Sarah, indignantly, "The doctor brought her here, last night was a week ago, in his arms."

"She was very near dying then," said the other woman, "but she is doing nicely now, as you see."

Nicely!—with those bruises and scars!

A little boy, in one of these cots, with a merry, bright face, who was now convalescent, was sitting up, fretting for his tea.

"Nurse will bring it directly," said Sarah; "and you must not be naughty, Willie."

"Never mind," I said, "I will tell you a story," and I sat down in a low chair, and began the story of "Aladdin and his wonderful lamp."

"Tell again, tell again!" he said, when I stopped. "Willie is glad of you."

"But here is your tea, now, and you are hungry. I want you to eat first," I answered, giving him the cup.

"Don't you love this lady, Willie, who is so kind in coming to see you?" asked Sarah.

Willie looked at me earnestly, in spite of the attractions of his beef-teen, as if he had an idea that was *too big* for his words, and he did not know how to say it. Then suddenly he put his little hand close to my cheek, and said: "Anybody'd love you!"

Wasn't it sweet?"

"Some one is asking for you, madam," said a servant at the door, and my visit to the hospital was over. But I can never forget it.

SNOW-DROPS.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

(See Engraving.)

BEFORE her desk the lady stood,
Her thoughts on sacred things intent,
Above her book a vase of flowers
The air a subtle perfume lent.
While pausing in her reading there,
The dainty snow-drops met her eyes;
Distracted from the sacred page,
She viewed them with a glad surprise.

"Sweet flowers!" she cried, in raptured tone,
"You hold a magic art for me;
You make the present fade away—
Again my childhood's home I see—
The little cottage on the hill,
Nestling beneath the towering trees,
Which sheltered it with tender care
From scorching sun and chilling breeze.

"Its tiny garden spread in front,
And kept with neat and loving care;
Its graveled walks and bordering beds—
The snow-drops earliest blossomed there.
How well I mind the childish joy
The sight of their dear cups would bring!
Sweet flowers! your spotless purity
Belong to childhood and to spring!"

CHEERFULNESS bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body; it banishes all anxious care and discontent; it soothes and composes the passions, and keeps them in a perpetual calm.

PEACE ON EARTH.

"OH, if we could only know the influence we have with our companions," said a friend.

I replied: "We make or mar the destiny of many human beings in our walk through the short journey of life, through the very wantonness of our own folly, by searching out, and giving heed to the failings of our friends. We should remember they belong to human life. They are inevitable. Brooding over them only gives them strength. On the other hand, one has the power given him to shed beauty and pleasure upon the homeliest and lowliest of God's handiwork, if we use that power wisely.

"Let us identify them with our own life, beautify them with pleasant associations, and thus cover up innumerable evils. Thus, with clearer vision, we are enabled to practice a Christ-like charity, which magnifies the good and true, and pities and excuses the defects.

"Alas, how many of us walk through the devious ways of life, heedless of the flowers beneath our feet; trampling thoughtlessly the budding beauties of character in our daily intercourse with our 'homeward bound' fellow-travellers, helping to fill the burial sod, forgetting that without a Father's notice not even a sparrow falleth. How many wounds we might have healed by a kindly act or word, but when too late, we see the evil wrought by want of thought."

ANNA R.

Sunnyside, May, 1874.

DEAR LICHEN: I have been peeping through your "Window" in the home, and found within such a gentle, patient little woman, I want to tell her of one more way to make her in-door life bright and cheery.

Have you an "Æolian harp?" If you have not, double, twist and wax a strong silk thread; tie a knot in each end; then ask your little brother to make two small wedges of soft wood, with the little ends split up a quarter of an inch, and put one on each end of the thread, the knot keeping it from slipping through. Now stretch it as tightly as possible between the sashes of a window where the wind will play upon it; fasten firmly with the wedges; and your room will be filled with music so soft and sweet, so full of changeful harmony, you will almost fancy it the music of angel voices, and, listening to it, will beguile many an hour of pain and weariness. By making the string coarser or finer, heavier or finer sounds are produced, but all full of rest and sweetness.

I, too, have been for many years a "lichen," and my heart goes out in sympathy and tenderness to all who are kept from the glad freedom of out-door life, and I fain would do something to help all bear bravely and patiently the loving Father's will. He is a loving Father, and gives much sunshine and peace, much rest even to lichens, if they will but accept it. There is for all work to do and love to give, and, though shut from life's busiest scenes, we can still do much to make those around us happy and useful. Whatever our circumstances, whatever our place or position, we will find our work there; for God knows it all, and will put us in no place where we cannot do good. Let us, then, wait His time, and learn blessed lessons of love and trust. It will all be right in the morning.

May He keep you, little Lichen, and bless you for your sunny words of good cheer. I watch eagerly for them.

Your unknown friend,

EARVEST.

Floral Department.

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT GARDENING.

BY CHARITY L. MABBETT.

MY LAST GARDEN. CHAPTER VII.

I BEGAN these garden descriptions by introducing the first one in which I held proprietorship, and will end with a glimpse at the last. Intermediate ones may have been better, or otherwise, according to location; this claims alone to be unlike any I have described or seen, hence, an effort at originality. It occupied the ground in front of the dwelling, and as the descent was trifling toward the house, was, of course, in full view from its windows. The length of the lyre was forty-five feet, the width from outside the top curves forty feet; the distance of the bottom line from the piazza steps fifteen feet.

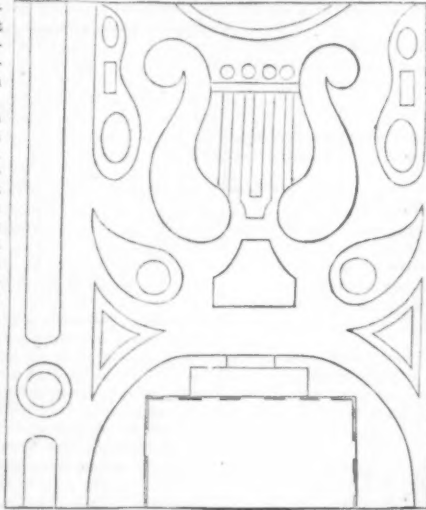
Fine turf was not to be obtained when and where this design was formed; neither did box succeed well there, so the difficulty of determining what should be used to define the figure, was by no means an easy one to overcome. At last, bricks were decided on, as the least objectionable. These defined the figure, it is true, but after being set, were persistently suggestive of the necessity of something to cover them "out of sight."

Many suggestions from friends and much research in greenhouses and nurseries, in catalogues and magazines, resulted in the conviction that nothing available had been found. So after going "through the swamp," "the crooked stick at last" made its appearance in the form of Burnet seed, and was accepted, and to-day it stands in medicinal greenness, a close, even evergreen and brownish purple border, rather pleasing in effect, by no means difficult to control, not exhaustive to the soil, or detrimental to plants growing near it, requiring to be cut but a few times in the season, compared to grass, and furnishing at all times a pretty "green" for bouquets, retaining freshness quite well if only the older stalks are used; when the young ones are selected they should be cut and allowed to stand in water a few hours before needed. Burnet is nearly evergreen, and as far south as Philadelphia, and perhaps New York, would furnish leaves for bouquets from the open ground all winter. The flowers are not without beauty, but when grown as a border plant, it should not be allowed to bloom. It throws up its flower-stalks quite early in the season, and is at that time rather unsightly, as it has to be closely cropped. Bees are remarkably fond of the flowers, and if there are many in the neighborhood, will take and hold possession at point of bayonet. I learned this fact from leaving mine, one year, to bloom, so that I could determine the effect it would have on the roots. We had quite a number of hives of bees, and during the season of the blooming of the Burnet the garden was unapproachable by persons fearing these indefatigable workers, from "early morn till dewy eve." Not being afraid of them myself, it did not prevent me from working in the beds thus bordered. Indeed, they seemed so absorbed, or infatuated with gathering their stores, as to have neither time nor inclination for aggressive employment. Beside this, their constant hum

was pleasing, their unremitting attention to their own business was stimulating, their numbers imparted a feeling of companionship, on the whole, they were a pleasant evidence of the fact that "*Utile Ducei*" is, in a measure attainable, even in flower gardens. It would not do, however, to have the whole of the edges of the lyre bordered alike, because there were too many plants, asking place in the arrangement, basing their claims on lifetime favoritism; so the bottom portion of it was bordered with aquilegias in variety, the bar at the top of the strings with sedum seiboldii, and the insides of the portion of the lyre next the strings was thickly set with antirrhinums in variety.

The strings, being narrow, were not bordered, but planted with different annuals, in running lines, varying with the years. The most effective was of portulaca, different colors intermixed, and planted thickly so as to form dense lines of parti-colored bloom whenever the sun shone, a little cutting back at the edges keeping the pattern distinct. Dianthus was also quite pretty, used for these strings. Gladiolus was tried, but the effect, as they were all of one variety, was suggestive of "grown for sale." Carnations and picotees

were used one year, but difference of habit, of blooming season and of size, were objections, and after four years' trial, the portulaca carried the palm, and hereafter the strings are to be portulaca, aiming at double and the choicer varieties. In the bar at the top of the strings was a row of narcissus, single and double, all, of course, white. Other bulbs, iris, Spanish and English, and the low-growing fritillarias, with daphne creorum and low early phloxes were placed in this bed. The bottom part, or standard of the lyre was devoted to perpetual roses. In each end of the circle at the extreme top of the lyre were large masses of tritoma uaria, surrounded by a circle of feathered hyacinths, which have their day in advance of the tritomas. Next these followed a row of herbaceous perennials, alternating with groups of lilies, each placed so as to have colors harmonize



and size correspond, beginning at top with the smaller, more delicate varieties. Chelone, fraxinella, anemone, aconitum, delphinium, lychnis, chalcidonia and haagenia, gypsophila, panicum, lupin, (per) pyrethrum, verbasum, liatus, digitalis, asclepias tuberosa, lythrum, etc., were the kinds thus used, all being hardy, herbaceous perennials.

The bulbs alternating with them were the different varieties of Japan lilies, the old, white, sweet-scented lily (always and everywhere a favorite), the martignous, in varieties, and the perennial poppy, as its foliage is soon gone like the lily. The above plants were disposed of in a row through the middle of the narrowest or top part of the side beds of the lyre. The largest and lower part contained circles of hardy spring flowering bulbs, set so as to leave a place in the centre for a bedding-out plant, and so arranged as to permit the formation of a prominent feature in the broadest portion of the bed, such as a group of cannas, a caladium, a mound of choice morning glories trained over low hoops, or whatever fancy or plants at disposal might suggest.

Phlox drummondii, petunias, China asters and sweet alyssum, grew very satisfactorily between the row of herbaceous plants and the Burnet. Indeed, it could be said that

the Burnet seemed not to interfere with the growth of these things at all, for although it was set thickly (two plants to each brick), sweet alyssum grew so readily and thrifflily between and amongst it, as to be almost a border of itself; its white flowers and light green foliage, forming a pretty contrast with the dark leaves of the Burnet.

The four round beds outside the lyre were set around the edge with crocus bulbs; inside these a row of tulips, in the centre, crown imperials. Seeds of ipomopsis were sown in the fall thickly, very close to the bricks, for a border through the summer, after the bulb leaves were decayed; then foliage plants, and low annuals were set or sown, for further interest during the season. If the ipomopsis lived over winter it was carefully cut off below the ground in the spring before the seeds or crocus started into growth, as its second year's development would be quite unsuited to small beds.

The bed next the street was bordered in front with Chinese peonies, in variety, then a row of chrysanthemums and perennial phlox alternating, then a narrow path, and next the fence a hedge of roses and hardy flowering shrubs.

It will be seen at once that the side beds were made in shape to conform to the place, more especially than to represent anything in particular; however, let us call those nearest the street *feathers*, as it has a pretty sound. These are of grass, with oval circles in the largest end, in which monthly roses, verbenas, and the like are grown, with a canna colocasia (caladium), or some other large plant for the centre. The small beds are planted in a similar manner.

The next bed may be called, with a show of propriety, a palm-leaf. This is of grass like the first, with an evergreen or two in the smaller part, and a circle in the large end, bordered with Chinese peonies in all colors and a tree peony in the centre.

The next bed is a triangle, bordered with grass and then set round thickly with perennial phlox, a rose (queen of the prairie) occupies the centre.

Having seen, at one time, when riding in the cars near Philadelphia, a rose of this variety, standing by itself, trained to a pole about ten feet high, then left to take care of itself, which it did by forming a head, or clump, perhaps six feet in diameter, with long ropes of flowers hanging down on all sides, it became my ambition to possess a similar one, and with this view the one in the triangle was planted; it has not reached the acme, but is going on, let it be hoped, unto perfection.

Dividing this flower-plot from the fruit-yard at the east is a flower-bed bordered with grass and extending the length of the yard. In this dahlias find room; in front of them geraniums, gladiolus, balsams, China asters and bedding-plants and annuals of every description, that may happen to have no other suitable place; the dahlias thickly set in a row (about two feet apart), and trained to slats placed fence-like, giving character to the bed, and making it a boundary line between the fruit and flowers.

At the end of this bed, between it and the house, is a cir-

cular bed, ten feet in diameter, bordered with petunia multiflora, of which the catalogue says, *truthfully*, "small red flowers with dark centre, constant from seed, and most abundant bloomer, fine for bedding." Bordering in this instance means the whole of the bed except the portion needed for cultivating the ground around a clump of pampas grass (gynesium), which occupies the centre.

This arrangement is quite satisfactory. In the spring, the whole bed can be dug thoroughly and well enriched around the grass, and as the earth is abundantly filled with the self-sown petunia seeds, they will soon make their appearance, in appalling numbers, were it not for the ease with which they are exterminated. As the gynesium, in most places, needs protection, in winter, the abundant haulm of the petunia is at hand for the purpose, and where this, with the addition of a barrel or cold frame, is not sufficient, the arrangement does not interfere with the removal of the plant, however large it may be, to the green-house or cellar.

Each side the piazza was a quadrangular-shaped bed in which were set, with reference to exposure, (one being north-east, the other north-west,) the following plants, shrubs, etc., with a fir tree in each corner next the house: Japan globe flower (kenia), pyrus japonica, rhododendrons, rose, gem of the prairie, lily of the valley, convallaria, giant Solomon's seal var, gentian, ranunculus, Virginia lungwort, dicentra, fennel-leaved peony, New England aster, and around the bed on the east the stereotypic peony border. The mania, with me, for peony borders or hedges had its origin partly on account of the difficulties attending the control of other plants, so far as uniformity of growth was concerned, and partly because I became interested and successful in raising new varieties from seed. They give little trouble, and a row of seedlings are a source of intense interest to me at the time of their blooming, well repaying all care, if I succeed in getting one or two passably good new varieties in a season.

The beds on the east, west and north of the house contained wisteria, honeysuckle in variety, bignonia, periploca, etc., for draping the piazza, the windows and the house in general. In the intermediate spaces were calycanthus, forsythia, duetria, weiglia, snow berry, tartarian, honeysuckle, flowering almond and a fringe tree, trained to the side of the house to protect, in a measure, its brittle branches.

This plan and method of planting is not given as an example of correct taste, or, indeed, any taste at all; but simply as showing how a goodly number of lifetime favorites may be disposed of in the least possible space, so as not to offend, on an average, the esthetic taste of more than one in a dozen. I would not recommend, however, to any lady to pattern after this plan—think if there is a "lawn" to begin with, that the "roocoo" even would be preferable; but, if what I have written, taken as a whole, should lead any one, inductively, to gratifying results, it will well repay the trouble of giving these descriptions.

Architecture.

THE ARCHITRAVE, FRIEZE AND CORNICE OF THE GRECIAN IONIC ORDER.

FIG. 1 is from Minerva Polias, at Athens; FIG. 2 is from Fortuna Verilis, at Rome; FIG. 3 is from the Theatre Marcellus, Rome. The figures A, B, C, are marked upon one side of this entablature. FIG. A is the abacus; B, B, B, C are the architraves; B the fillets; C the architrave band, consisting of Ogee moulding and fillet; D is the frieze; E is an egg and dart moulding; F dentals; G an inverted Ogee moulding; E, F, G form the top members of the frieze, and all the bed mouldings of the cornice, which is composed of three members, as shown; the cornice is also composed of three parts; the underside or horizontal

part is called the plancier; the verticle member H is the fascia of the cornice; the crown moulding, marked I, J, is also composed of three members; the bottom small Ogee with fillet; the large Ogee, marked I, with top fillet; this constitutes the arrangement, as in the example shown.

We have avoided letter names for these members of an entablature, and used the mechanical terms applied to them. Vitruvius states that the name of the order was given from Ionia, a part of Asia Minor; and as the novelty of the Doric order had abated, they invented another species in the erection of the Temple of Diana, imitating the proportion and dress of woman; and that they took a matron and measured her, and by a certain commensuration they regulated the proportion; and which law seems to have

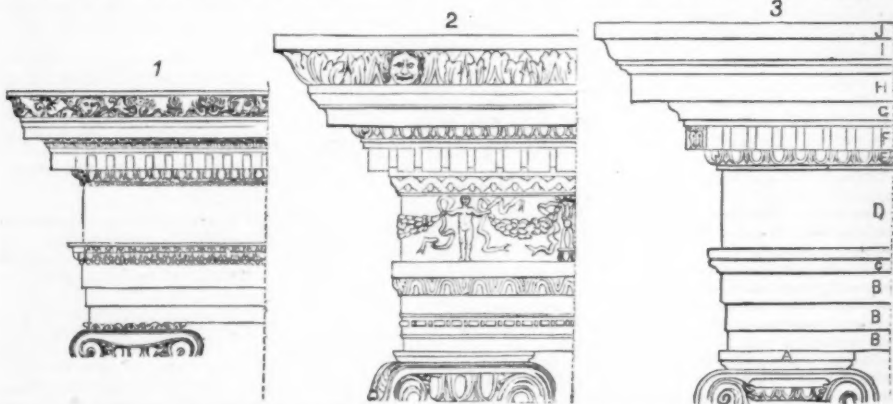
been lost to the Romans, as no clear description or mode of procedure has been given sufficient to comprehend.

These three are the finest examples, and it can be seen that their proportions are widely different one from the other. And this is equally true with all of the orders of architecture; and the Roman mode of dividing the diameter of a column immediately above its base into sixty parts, and calling them two modules of thirty minutes each, and proceeded to measure the works by this rule throughout all its members, which was a simple mode of copying, as a module and minute had reference only to the building, it was made to measure small for a small column, and large for a large one.

It must be perceived also that no scientific principle of proportion can be derived from such a system, and the memory must be taxed, to know by rote the size in minutes of every different part—a system so servile that genius prefers guess-work to its adherence. Thus the changes that have darkened the architectural reputation of every nation that have used these orders since the days of Greece—and

the mind to fully understand what proportion means, and have a knowledge of those general principles so beautifully illustrated by ancient Greece and Rome.

We here give the proportions of these three entablatures. In No. 1 we find the following proportions, taken from the diameter of the column at its neck, to be as follows: the first fillet, **B**, of the architrave is four-twentieths the neck; the second fillet, **B**, is four-twentieths, and the third fillet, **B**, is five-twentieths; the architrave moulding is five-twentieths, and the upper fillet and scotia two-twentieths; the ovals or echinus below is two-twentieths; the bead one-twentieth; this constitutes the architrave and band or moulding. The frieze, **D**, is seven-tenths the neck of the column to the bottom fillet of bed moulding. **E** is an egg and dart moulding seven-fortieths the neck; its bead is one-fortieth; the dentals above this moulding are seven-fortieths high, five-fortieths wide, and project from the frieze fifteen-fortieths; the moulding below projects two-twentieths the diameter of the neck from the frieze; the space between the dentals are three-fortieths; the bed moulding proper is



acknowledge her superior skill and abilities, and crown her the prince of the orders and master of the arts.

We will not attempt to trace all the discoveries of different nations, their additions or diminutions of the whole order, or spend or time in searching out where each moulding or enrichment had its berth, or what particular portion of the figure they were intended to represent; but their mythological ideas led them to symbolize those features they loved or feared. The symbolic idea incorporated in the designs have long faded from the general knowledge of man, and at this day few appreciate the sentiment they so beautifully expressed.

In these articles we shall give the laws of harmonies in lines and forms, and clearly prove to all inquiring persons the possibilities of giving language and feeling to stones, and make them speak the sentiment that will be felt and appreciated at this advanced age of poetry and art. In order to be fully understood, it will first be necessary for

seven-twentieths, passing up above the fascia of the cornice by being formed so that the water will drip from the lower edge of the fascia of the cornice, **H**. This bed moulding is composed of three parts, the lower member a bead, an egg and a dart moulding. The fascia, **H**, is three-twentieths; the upper fillet, **J**, is one-twentieth; the Ogee is five-twentieths; its bottom echinus or ovals is one-twentieth; its fillet one-fortieth the neck of the column. By this, we have for the whole height of the cornice twenty-one-fortieths the neck of the column. This constitutes the order of proportion of the order of the Temple of Minerva Polias, at Athens. The projection of these members may be found in the same way, also the proportions of the Roman examples given in Figs. 2 and 3, always comparing their sizes by the diameter of the column at its neck.

ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, Architects,
804 N. Eighth Street, formerly of 809 and 811 Chestnut Street,
Philadelphia.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that black and gray are the standard tints for out-of-doors costumes, and that for several seasons the positive colors have been in abeyance to the beautiful negatives or neutral tints produced by successful experiments in dye-stuffs, for predominating effect in the toilet, to the observing it must be also evident that, of late, there has been a growing taste for colors. Except for the morning promenade, or for church wear, every toilet—unless in some degree of mourning—is ren-

dered more or less gay by the use of ribbons, sashes and knots for the bosoms, sleeves, pockets and hair for some shade of the positive colors, being attractively used; while for all hours and styles of dress the parti-colored cravat or necktie is considered almost absolutely necessary for other than full evening costume. And never has there been known a more lavish appropriation of artificial flowers. Even in the ordinary every-day dress, the coquettish little breast-knot of flowers is not out of place.

The belted basque and long apron overskirt is a favorite

design for street costumes of all the spring and summer fabrics, from plainest alpaca to grenadine. At the furnishing stores this basque and overskirt are made of various wool materials, such as camelot, camels'-hair and cashmere, and are sold to be worn with various silk skirts, black, gray, brown, violet or other dark stylish colors. The entire costume, with a walking-skirt of the same material, is made in *de beige*, alpaca, plain silks, striped silks and grenadine. There can be no more stylish black costume than this basque and overskirt made of cashmere, embroidered with jet, edged with jet fringe and worn over a skirt of black taffeta silk.

The belted basque which is now found on the handsomest imported dresses is cut straight across the front, just below the waist, finished with fringe, and has a belt (made of four folds of silk) sewed in at the side seams, and fastened in front by a silk bow of short square loops and raveled fringed ends.

The latest fashion advices from Paris tell us that hats are no longer perched upon the top of the head. They are to be reduced to the proportions of a diadem, a *fanchon* or *wreath*. Coiffures are no longer to be raised in towering *coques*, but are to be disposed in drooping curls, and chignons falling on the neck.

Stockings are now frequently worn of blue, red, carmine, brown, drab, slate and other tints, either plain or striped. When more than two colors are introduced, the stripes are, invariably, around the leg; when the stripes are lengthwise, they are never more than two—white, pearl *de écaru*, and some lively color alternating. Very pretty contrasting stripes are of drab and blue, drab and crimson, pearl and rose, brown and drab.

For street wear and ordinary walking purposes, Polish boots buttoned up over the outside side of the foot, on the instep, are in special favor, though a desire for change and something new has encouraged the introduction of boots buttoned up in a straight line directly on the outside of the foot, over the ankle joint.

For the morning promenade the boots are of stout kid with double soles; for damp or rainy weather, to guard the feet against danger, even for the spring and summer, light cork soles are also added, and fine French morocco is used instead of kid.

There is no sensible decline in the use of ruffs. The most fashionable are widened to an obtuse point in the centre of the neck behind, and graduated much narrower in front.

New Publications.

Bric-a-Brac Series. Personal Reminiscences. By Chorley, Planché and Young. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Old china, old pieces of armor, antique cabinets, ancient medals, unique vases, mediæval tapestries, in fact, rare "odds and ends" of all kinds, the collection of which amounts with some to a passion, are known under the general name of *bric-a-brac*.

Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., of New York, are preparing, and have issued one volume, of a series, entitled the "Bric-a-Brac Series," being a collection of the personal reminiscences of persons famous in art, letters, science, music and the like, "who have done so much to make the century one of the most famous in the annals of English literature."

These volumes, under the editorship of R. H. Stoddard, will contain a vast amount of interesting matter, gleaned from every available source, selected with great care and discrimination, and will present to the reader each "in his habit, as he lived." The one before us—the first of the series—contains selections from the autobiography of H. F. Chorley, for so many years musical editor of the *London Athenæum*; from the recollections of J. R. Planché, the dramatist, known to Americans as the author of "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady," "Loan of a Lover," and many others that old play-goers will remember, and that still hold their own on the stage.

The latter part of the book is taken up by passages from the life of Charles Mayne Young, the tragedian, and from the diary of his son, Julian Charles Young.

From the preface to the first volume, we make the following extract, which will give to our readers some insight into the character of this series of most interesting books:

"The literature of personal reminiscence is more extensive than its casual readers might suppose, and is of a more entertaining character, it seems to me, than any other kind of literature. The historian, the novelist, the dramatist, depict men and women, but generally at the expense of some truth which escapes them, or which they conceal. They are like portrait painters, who place their sitters in the most striking attitudes, and under the most favorable light. They profess to paint likenesses—and the most skillful do, perhaps—but they paint something more, and something less. There is a restraint in art which is not in nature; the inner life that lurks in the curve of a lip, that flashes out suddenly from the eye, that is perceived in the carriage of the body—these elude the artist. Could he

come upon his sitter unawares, they might be caught and transferred to his canvas. This is the reason why so many portraits are disappointing, and the reason why so many biographies are disappointing; for what is true of art is true of literature. There is that in men and women which eludes the literary artists who essay to paint them elaborately, but it is sometimes caught by others who are mere sketchers—and these artists would have us believe—but who nevertheless have a knack of hitting of a likeness. They seem to come upon a character unawares,

'And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.'

In conclusion, we can but recommend to our readers this volume, in which there is neither a dull nor uninteresting page, and from which they will derive both pleasure and profit.

My Visit to the Sun; or, Critical Essays on Physics, Metaphysics and Ethics. By Lawrence S. Benson, author of "Benson's Geometry." Vol. I.—Physics. New York: James S. Burnton. This is a profound work, written with the evident intent of showing the vanity of all human reasoning. There is much in its pages that is ingenious and suggestive, and quite as much that is sophistical and absurd. If the author intends his readers to accept his statements in all seriousness, he had better have put them in the mouth of the "man in the moon," rather than in that of the "man in the sun," as they give evidence of a mind apparently affected by lunacy. If it is intended merely as a work of speculative philosophy, the author will readily be forgiven for his boldly enunciated but unsubstantiated theories which so conflict with the convictions of most men of science.

Our Fred: A Sequel to "The Old-Fashioned Boy." By Martha Finley (Farquharson). New York: Dodd & Mead. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. Everybody read "The Old-Fashioned Boy," and everybody was pleased with it. This is just as good a story, if not better, and is, like its predecessor, more especially suited to youthful readers.

Julius; or, The Street Boy out West. By Horatio G. Alger, Jr. Boston: Lee & Shepherd. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. This is the second volume of the new series of the "Ragged Dick" series, which has proved such popular reading among the young people.

Model Dialogues. Compiled by William M. Clark, Editor *Schoolboy Visitor*. Philadelphia: J. W. Daughaday & Co. This is a new collection of dialogues, tableaux, etc., intended for school exhibitions, lyceums, social gatherings and other similar occasions. There are over seventy dialogues in the book, thus furnishing a large variety from which to select. They are the productions of Mrs. Louise E. V. Boyd, Mrs. J. E. McConaughy, Jennie Joy, Mrs. E. B. Duffey and many other well-known and popular writers for children. We have examined the book with much interest, and find it really superior in its character to anything of the kind ever before offered to the public.

The Philadelphia Trade Dictionary. Philadelphia: Howard Challen, 521 Minor Street. This is an exceedingly valuable work for business men. It is compiled with the utmost care, and most completely accomplishes its object of furnishing information to publishers, stationers and newsmen throughout the country concerning all matters which intimately relate to them. It shows, in brief, where books and stationery of every kind can be bought and sold to the best advantage.

The Italian Girl. By Katharine Sedgwick Washburn, author of "Ina." Boston: Lee & Shepard. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. This is a sentimental story about a beautiful and refined circus rider, who has a mind and soul above her position. If one can excuse the bad taste in the selection of a heroine, he will probably find much to admire in this story.

The National Temperance Orator. Edited by Miss L. Penney. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. This is avowedly a collection of dialogues, addresses and recitations for use in schools and temperance societies; but it is more than this. It is a volume of excellent reading of both prose and poetry. In whatever capacity it is used, it will do good service in the temperance cause.

Miss Leslie's New Receipts for Cooking. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. This is an old standby of housekeepers, and should be found in every kitchen. It contains a vast number of receipts of acknowledged excellence, in every department of the culinary art.

The Reformer.

A CHRISTIAN HOME FOR THE REFORMATION OF INEBRIATES.

THE Second Annual Report of the "FRANKLIN REFORMATORY HOME FOR INEBRIATES," located at 913 and 915 Locust Street, Philadelphia, gives the result of a year's work among a class of men whose condition has heretofore been regarded as next to hopeless; and this result cannot be read without surprise and pleasure.

From the Superintendent's Report, it appears that one hundred and twelve men were admitted into the Home during the year. Of these, sixty are believed to be permanently reformed; fourteen benefited; one unknown; thirty-three permanent reformation doubtful; four deceased. During the two years that have passed since the Home was opened, two hundred and twenty men have been admitted. Of these, eighty-four have remained strictly temperate; thirty-one have been much benefited; the status of eight is unknown; and that of eighty-four is doubtful; thirteen have died. This shows an average of thirty-five per cent. on all admissions for two years as permanently reformed; thirty-five per cent. doubtful; and thirty per cent. divided between unknown, deceased, and those who have been so benefited that, although they may occasionally relapse, it is not believed that they will give up the fight against their enemy which was commenced at the Home.

A result like this, so different from anything ever before attained in the many efforts which have been made to reform inebriates, is due wholly to the moral and religious elements that are relied on by the managers of this Christian institution. The men who come into the Franklin Home are drawn at once within the sphere of religious influence, and taught that their only hope of victory in their struggle for freedom lies in their dependence on God. Christian men and women gather around them in the Home, and do all in their power to lead them to the Strong for strength. A chapel for religious services is attached to the institution, and here divine worship is held every Sunday evening, ministers of the Gospel from the various churches attending and preaching. A religious and social meeting is also held on Tuesday evening of every week. These meetings are always largely attended, the chapel being generally crowded. Here may be seen scores of the wives, mothers, sisters, children and near relatives of men who are or have been in the Home, and gained the help and blessing of its influence. Many of them have not been church-goers in the past, but now come regularly on Sunday evenings, and find a help and comfort in religious service which they had never known before.

Besides a Board of Directors, there is a Lady Board of Managers. The members of this Board have special charge and supervision of the Home. From their Report, we make a very interesting extract, which particularly bears on the religious work to which we have just referred:

"The care of the internal arrangements of the Home coming under the special charge of the ladies, we consider it fitting to express our continued and unqualified approval of the faithful management of Mrs. Lucas, our matron, whose services, evincing most faithful stewardship combined with kind and unswerving attention to the comfort of the inmates, prove her peculiar fitness for the situation. In presenting this Report, we believe it may be proper to state that the work of the managers is not confined to this supervision of the domestic affairs of the house. Their duties reach a higher plane, in the moral and religious instruction and advice which they expect to give to the inmates on all convenient occasions, some of their number having stated times for visiting the Home for this purpose. Added to this special care for the moral elevation of those at present and formerly resident in the institution, many of the ladies have sought out the families of the inmates, and have visited them, giving, when needed, temporal relief, often assisting successfully in obtaining employment for the members of the household, and in every instance proffering counsel and encouragement suited to the peculiar needs of the case.

"Through their instrumentality also, families long alienated and separated have been happily brought together and reunited. This branch of the work of the Lady Board has been peculiarly blest, and their reward is rich in witnessing not only homes made happier through their labors, but hearts so melted by the personal kindness and by the Gospel message which they carry, that husbands and wives convicted of the sinfulness of their neglect of the great salvation, come forward to declare themselves soldiers of the cross and unite with the Christian church. Many such instances could be named. One, a patient, long-suffering wife, passed away from earth a few months since, dying a happy Christian. A short time before her death she confessed publicly her faith in Christ, and received in love and gratitude the sacramental supper.

"The secretary would add that beyond these results from the personal labors of the ladies, there is a deep, quiet influence for good going out from the Home which is as yet little comprehended.

"The religious services held every Sunday evening in the institution attract many who never attend public worship in church. They come to our meetings from curiosity, or it may be from interest in some particular inmate, and with the novel surroundings and the presence of the Holy Spirit,

which seems a special reality in that place, they are touched by the earnest prayers and simple, plain preaching of the Gospel, and many hearts, until now callous, are drawn to seek out with faith and repentance their salvation. One woman, whose brother-in-law was formerly an inmate, says that she had not heard for fifteen years a sermon until she attended the religious services of the Home. She is now always present with her husband, and she tells us that the old Family Bible, which for years had been thrown aside in the garret, is now brought forward and read by both.

"From many such cases, we select one other. A lady drawn to the service one evening by the occasion of her own pastor officiating there, states that her husband, who for several years had persistently refused to enter with her a Christian church, consented to accompany her to the Home. He is now a regular attendant with the wife, and we truly pray that his soul may receive a blessing in the coming."

From the Superintendent's Report, we take the following account of two cases, given as an illustration of the results and influence of the Home:

"Mr. — was a hard drinker for over twenty years. He married a lady, who, at the time, did not know of the habit that enslaved him. She brought all the influences of home to bear upon him in vain, and the many efforts of those connected with the same church were unavailing. He had eight children, four of whom died, the rest growing up to see their father a hopeless drunkard. Even when persuaded to come to the Home, there was not a ray of hope on the part of his family that he should be freed from the terrible bondage that had so long enslaved him. Their parting from him, when leaving him at the Home, was most tender, all being so overpowered by emotion that they could only find relief in tears. It seemed more like parting with one who was under condemnation rather than the joy that should attend a sinner, almost lost, on his taking the first upward step to retrieve the past and live as he ought. He was admitted, and remained about three weeks. The change that came over him, through the mercy of God, borders on the marvellous. He became much interested in the Home, and a regular attendant, with his entire family, at all its meetings. Through it he was led to connect himself with church, and for nearly two years he has led an exemplary life, bringing joy to his family, and happiness beyond their most sanguine hopes. So thankful and appreciative is he of the value of the benefits he received here, that he requested that his name might go before the public that the many who had known him before, could see and know the great change made in him, which he considers a fair specimen of the work done at the Franklin Home.

"Mr. — had been drinking on and off for twenty years. For the last seven years he drank so hard that, although a skilful mechanic, he had to give up situation after situation, bringing his family to want. It seemed to completely master him, for he reached the point that he could neither work nor stop drinking. His wife, carrying an infant in her arms, brought him to the Home, and he was admitted in a terrible condition, bloated and nervous to a degree that gave just reason for expecting him to go into mania-potu any moment. He stayed for some time, being admitted as a free patient. He afterward procured a situation, and after providing for the wants of his family, paid all his expenses for the full time he was in the Home. In the midst of this, affliction overtook him, and he lost both his situation and the little child he so much loved. These were heavy trials, for they not only took from him a loved one, but involved him in considerable expense at a time when least prepared to meet it. Through all this, which at another time would have been deemed sufficient reason for drinking, he maintained his integrity, and was preserved by a kind Providence from falling. To obtain employment he was obliged to go to Baltimore, where he was specially under temptation from his fellow-workmen. Not having a good situation in Baltimore, he returned to Philadelphia. Here, through the instrumentality of the Home, he procured a situation, in which he has steadily advanced, and which promises to be permanent. Since then he has done much to restore his family to their former position, having provided new clothing for all, and secured a new home and furnished it, not

considering himself until all the rest were supplied. For nearly two years he has been firm, and as long as he maintains his interest in the Home and its meetings, and continues to look to God for strength, it is a moral impossibility for him to fall. His wife and children have recovered from the fearful inroads anxiety and want made in their appearance, and now are all the happier to know that he who to them was dead, is alive again, who was lost, is now found."

We give unusual space and prominence to our notice of this Report, because of the general lack of faith in the public mind touching the reformation of drunkards; and also because that skepticism has been strengthened by the failure of inebriate asylums and hospitals for the treatment of intemperance as a disease to do any permanent good. The treatment, to be of lasting effect, must go deeper than the body, and reach the moral and spiritual degrees of a man's life. There must be a change here or the drunkard's case is next to hopeless. The necessity for spiritual power in the work of saving men is the corner-stone on which the Franklin Reformatory Home rests; and whatever success it has attained is due to this power.

Of the medical treatment, which, of necessity, precedes all others, because when men are brought to the Home they are often in a condition of great physical prostration, sometimes verging on mania; an extract from the Report of Dr. Robert P. Harris, physician to the Home, will give a clear idea. He says:

"With our entrance into the double building, altered extensively for our purposes, a new system of medical treatment was commenced, which the infirmary erected at my request, enabled me to inaugurate, *i. e.*, a rigid temporary seclusion of every man admitted under the influence of alcoholic stimulants, or who has been up to a very short period using them to excess. This plan was adopted and put in force for several reasons, and the result has not only justified my decision, but fully met the expectations indulged at the time that past experience forced me to make the experiment. The importance of the plan can be best understood when I state what is effected by it. An inebriate deprived suddenly of his accustomed stimulant, especially when this has been indulged in to great excess, runs a considerable risk of being seized with delirium tremens, in from one to three or four days; and this result is very much to be dreaded and anticipated, if the man at his admission is found to have a rapid, feeble pulse, trembling hands and a weak stomach. To avoid this result must be the first endeavor in his treatment; and to do this, if possible, without resorting to the old system of *tapering off*, a plan which happily is only now requisite in but one type of cases, which, as our institution is not a hospital, it is our duty to exclude as far as possible, on the ground that the experience of the past teaches us, that few such cases enter with any sincere desire for permanent reformation.

"After the first effects of a debauch are passing off, the inmate becomes nervous, restless, fearfully thirsty; cannot sleep, or dreams very much if he does; and if the occasion offers, will escape to get a *drink*; or will use cold water to great excess; smoke and chew tobacco in the same degree; and ultimately become so sick at the stomach, that the plan of his restoration is defeated, by reason of his inability to take nourishing food; and he throws himself into the disease which it is his and our interest to avoid.

"To remedy these enumerated ills, the plan of shutting up each inmate, when required, was adopted. This prevents all chance of escape, whilst his craving for alcohol is most active; prevents his making himself inordinately sick at the stomach, by drinking, as a majority will, from half a gallon to a gallon of cold water in a day; keeps him from the use of tobacco, and the injudicious conversation of the smoking-room; enables me to use such remedies to best advantage, as will quiet nausea, allay nervousness and produce sleep; and permits of the employment of highly nutritious diet, upon which must mainly rest our hopes of rapidly overcoming the effects of alcohol in its power of enfeebling the whole physical nature, and keeping up a craving appetite, which it is almost impossible to control. To understand these points better, let us consult the statistics of admission.

"We have had, during the year, one hundred and twelve

men admitted for the first time, but there had been in all one hundred and sixty-four cases which have received the care of the house, including these, those previously admitted, and nine temporarily taken in. One hundred and forty-six of the regularly admitted cases, and eight of temporary, have been shut up by themselves in the infirmary, for periods varying from one night to seven days; the average time having been three days. Two of the whole number had delirium tremens at the time of admission, and six more were taken with it at a later period. All of the men admitted used tobacco but three; and all who used it both chewed and smoked, except four, one of whom chewed only, and three only smoked.

Previous to admission, the average amount of drinking was one and a half pints of whisky a day, and the time which the habit had been indulged in, with occasional intermissions, about five years. At the time of entrance, many were affected with what is commonly termed the 'whisky diarrhoea,' and a large majority with more or less nausea, or in some instances vomiting. A few cases had chronic diarrhoea and hæmorrhages from the bowels.

Two deaths occurred during the year; one in three days, and the other in five, after admission. Both had delirium tremens at the time of entrance; had been largely overstimulated, to prevent the coming of the attack; and were, properly, subjects only for a hospital, as they were in no condition to make a true resolution to reform. They had sick stomach, diarrhoea, rapid and feeble pulses; one had been under medical treatment, and two weeks before had endeavored to commit suicide. In both instances deception was practised, in order that the full extent of their habit, immediately before admission, should not be known, for fear that, if fully revealed, they might not be accepted; a disposition on the part of applicants and their friends which we must be upon our guard constantly to prevent.

The average duration of seclusion, and even the longest period of seven days, which was only requisite in one case,

shows a marked degree of success in the rapid restoration of the inmate to a state of mental and physical health, sufficient to admit of his having the liberty of the house. This result, so different from that of my hospital experience, is due largely to the avoidance of alcoholic stimulants; the use of remedies of comparatively recent introduction; the attention paid to diet, frequently administered, and the unremitting care and watchfulness, both night and day, of the assistant superintendent, by whom all my directions have been carried out with good judgment and self-denying attention, evincing a degree of personal interest that money cannot purchase or ordering secure. In all sincerity I must say, that without his active co-operation, we should have had more cases of delirium, and a longer average of seclusion in the infirmary.

It is gratifying to know that public interest in this institution is steadily on the increase, and that liberal contributions are being made to its funds.

"Every dollar put into our treasury," says the secretary, in his report, "is pledged for the redemption of immortal souls, by first loosening the shackles of the worst species of thralldom, and restoring the glory of manhood."

In order to enlarge the facilities of the Home, increased subscriptions to its funds are needed, and it is believed that Christian men and women, who have the means of doing so, will, on learning what great good is being done, put forth their hands to help and greatly extend its usefulness.

The officers of the institution are Samuel P. Godwin, President; W. C. Kent, Vice-President; Isaac Welsh, Treasurer; and John Graff, Secretary. There are, besides, a Board of thirty Directors, and a Board of twenty Lady Managers. The institution is at 913 and 915 Locust Street, Philadelphia, where visitors will always be welcome. The public are specially invited to attend the services in the chapel held every Sunday and Tuesday evenings.

The Observer.

OPENING OF PUBLIC LIBRARIES, MUSEUMS AND ART GALLERIES ON SUNDAYS.

A PETITION was recently presented to the British House of Commons in favor of opening public libraries, museums and art galleries on Sundays. It was signed by a hundred and forty-six clergymen of the Church of England, and many "other ministers of Christ." Among the names that appear on this petition are those of Dean Stanley, Canon Kingsley and Canon Littleton. These petitioners declare that in their opinion the opening of museums, libraries and art galleries on the afternoon of Sundays, would greatly promote the moral and intellectual improvement of large classes, and be in accordance with the object and meaning of the Christian Sabbath.

It was from a mistaken idea of the nature and use of our Sunday, that Puritanism attempted to make its observance as rigid and literal as that of the old Jewish representative Sabbath, which was abrogated, with all the rites and ceremonies of the Jewish Church, at the coming of the Lord. The evils that flowed from that error have been very great. Hundreds of thousands of the children of religious parents in England and America, who might have been kept within the pale and influences of the churches, were driven out by the hard and unreasoning exactions of parents and religious teachers. The recurrence of Sunday, instead of bringing them cheerful rest or mental and physical recreation, as well as religious instruction, doomed them to unnatural repressions, under which they chafed and fretted. The common people outside of the church, who used Sunday as best they could under the unwise limitations set upon its observance by Christian lawgivers, were condemned as Sabbath-breakers and offenders against God; and considered as much in disfavor with Him as those who stole, com-

mitted adultery or bore false witness against the neighbor.

Thus, under this mistaken notion, society and the church, instead of going down to the common people who were released from toil on Sunday, and meeting their moral, mental and physical needs, condemned and abandoned them! Instead of giving them something better than aimless idleness or vicious indulgence, they said, in spirit if not in words, "Come to church, or go to perdition."

And so the Church stood afar off from the people on Sundays, condemning them as the Jews did the disciples, when, being hungry, they plucked the ears of corn and did eat. But a wiser Christian charity is beginning to prevail. The true character of our "Lord's Day" is better understood; and enlightened Christian men and women now see clearly that whatever is good for man in his physical, mental, moral or spiritual degree of life, is right to be done on Sunday. They see that it is better for him to pass a few hours in a library, or museum, or art gallery on Sunday, than to spend the same time in listless idleness, or sensual and vicious indulgence; because it will lift him into a better region of thought and feeling, and so help to make him a better man.

We are slow to learn—slow to break the shackles of tradition. But in this new age of increasing spiritual light, our purest and wisest men in all branches of the Christian Church are giving voice to their clear convictions. To all unprejudiced minds, the truth, when it comes, brings with it a convincing power. And this truth, that Sunday is not a day to be kept on any legal or arbitrary ground, but to be used in all ways that are good for man in any of his conditions or relations, is becoming of wider acceptance every day. Men see that it must be true.

We hope soon to have the fruit of these better views in

all our large cities, where there are thousands upon thousands of men and women and children to whom Sunday comes as a day of hurtful freedom from common toil, because that freedom is used to the injury of body and soul. Open every public library, and museum, and gallery of art. Give taste, feeling and intellect the best possible food, and

a Christian work of untold value will be done among the people. The library and museum are nearer the church than the drinking saloon or place of evil resort; and if you can get men so far on the way to church on Sunday, you will hardly fail in time to get them within its closer influences.

Editor's Department.

Husbands and Wives.

WE have received the following letter from a correspondent, which refers to a matter far too important to be summarily disposed of in a single paragraph in our "Answers to Correspondents:"

"Is it *right* for a wife to oppose to her husband's commands her own anxious wishes, not because she would be unwilling to yield should her duty to him seem to require it, but because she sees a constantly increasing irritability in him, and a growing spirit of oppression toward her which she can attribute to no cause unless it be the result of her constant yielding of her own wishes to his, and, perhaps, an overweening desire to please him?

"Is it not possible that a continuous acquiescence in a husband's requirements may spoil him, something as a child may be spoiled? And when a wife, who means to do right for a higher motive than the mere pleasing of her husband, however important that may be to her heart, desires to remedy, if possible, whatever error she may have fallen into in her conduct toward him, how shall she begin, yet in a way to tempt his anger least; while, at the same time, she takes that position with him which will render her a pure influence in his home, rather than a constant source of excitement for all that seems worst in his disposition? In the case I am instancing, the husband is devotedly attached to his wife; but his love partakes of the character of his actions, and is very like that of a wilful child toward the mother who is his slave.

"I repeat my first question—is it *right* for a wife, at times, in important cases to *her*, to oppose her husband's commands, and exhibit, perhaps, a very little just indignation when they are really oppressive? Is it probable that she would gain in his respect, and thus in ability to influence him aright? The falling from his old standard of noble generosity is by far the most painful thing to her."

These are most difficult questions to answer, because there is so much danger in being misunderstood. But it is so important a matter, that, running the risk of a misunderstanding, we feel called upon to utter our deepest convictions. The writer has, in her blind groping after truth, laid her hands upon it without being hardly aware of the fact. If she will dare to open her eyes, she will see that her convictions are right, and that a too great yielding and self-abnegating wife will, unless she be mated with a man of rare unselfishness and purity of character, soon find her husband confirmed in selfishness and tyranny.

Self-denial and self-forgetfulness have been too long considered as exclusively feminine virtues, and women have been too long trained to them, and commended for exhibiting them. It is quite time, even with the danger before us of going to the other extreme, that we teach women to have thought of and care for self. Many women do exhibit an unselfishness which seems almost saintliness in their lives; but it is a saintliness which aids directly in the fostering of unselfishness in those with whom they come in contact. It is such women who encourage husbands in selfishness and arrogance, and in whose homes they sustain the relation of slaves to tyrants, instead of that of wives to husbands.

This is not the true pattern of wifehood. God forbid! One need go no further in reasoning in this matter, than to judge of results, to decide whether wives should be the submissive, patient creatures we are called upon so often to admire. Whatever in our conduct calls out the worst traits in another, and causes him to forget his better nature, must be wrong, and should be changed forthwith. A proper

dignity and a proper self-respect are as much called for in a woman as in a man, especially if she would retain her influence over, and the respect of her husband; for a man never respects a slave, even though that slave be his own wife.

The whole matter is very clear, if men and women would only cast off the scales of prejudice, and look at it fairly and squarely. Men and women are alike given reason and understanding, a knowledge of right and wrong, and a personal responsibility. Their duty to God comes even before that to each other as husbands and wives—and this quite as much in the case of the woman as the man. Their obligations to each other are mutual, and should on both sides be carried in many cases to a forgetfulness of self. But a blind, unreasoning submission which would be degrading to a man, is equally so to a woman, and works not only harm to her but to the tyrant who imposes it. Wherever it is put on this ground, it ought to be resisted to the very last, not so much for the preservation of self—though that is a perfectly legitimate motive—but for the important principle involved. We think in a case like this the "indignation" of which the writer speaks comes fairly and fully in play.

There is still another point. No wife should ever permit her desire to please even the best and kindest of husbands to lead her into the commission of any act which she knows, or even feels instinctively, to be wrong, or which will lower either herself or him in her esteem. Our duty to God and the right comes before all other duties; and a woman must walk purely and uprightly in *all* things in her own estimation, if she would have courage to be her husband's helper toward higher things.

How any woman who has begun wrong can properly alter her conduct, it is difficult to say. It depends so entirely upon individual character. That she should do it, there is not the slightest doubt, and that in a manner thorough and complete; but it is a difficult step to take, and should be taken with all care and cautiousness, and with the help of prayer, and with the courage born of the certainty that the right way is sure to lead to secure and more perfect happiness in the marriage relation.

Atlantic City.

THE season at this favorite seaside resort promises to be unusually attractive. Since last year a hundred and ten cottages have been erected, besides several hotels and boarding houses. Many of the old favorite hotels and boarding houses have been enlarged, refurnished or otherwise improved; while the streets and avenues have all been gravelled and put in the best possible condition. Every facility for reaching the sea-shore rapidly and comfortably is offered by the Camden and Atlantic Railroad Company, which runs parlor cars with each express train. With the coming in of hot summer weather our citizens will flock to this near and attractive summer resort, and find health and comfort in the pure, invigorating ocean breezes.

"Rachel Dilloway's Son."

MES. DORR'S promised story is commenced in this number of the HOME MAGAZINE. The opening chapters are in the author's very best vein. We do not believe that any magazine will give, for the year, a serial of finer quality or more absorbing interest than this. Mrs. Dorr is rarely gifted, and has a power over the human heart that is felt at times almost like an enchantment. We give her a cordial welcome in the name of our great family of readers.

What Has Been Done with the Babies?

[The following appeal came almost accidentally into our hands. We give the answer to the question with which it is headed, a circulation as wide as that of our magazine; trusting that many readers may feel moved to do something for the tender, helpless, often abandoned, little ones this home is seeking to shelter.]

SOME few months since, an article appeared in our papers, entitled "What can be done with the Babies?" Happily, this grave question has at length been answered; and our present object is, to show to those who have so long desired that these little helpless ones should be cared for, what they can do to perpetuate a work which has been so successfully begun.

On the 9th day of June, a house was rented at the southwest corner of Thirty-sixth and Locust Streets, Philadelphia. On the 26th, a public meeting was held there, and earnest prayers were offered for the blessing of our Father in Heaven upon this new enterprise.

On the 30th of the month the house was in readiness and the nurseries prepared for the little occupants. Since then the work has been steadily progressing, and soon the adjoining house was rented. Some have been received as young as one or two weeks, others as old as three years. Sad pictures of want and neglect have been brought to our notice; and though in some cases it was too late to save life, yet the comfort of these little sufferers has been greatly increased by the watchfulness of those who have charge of the infirmaries. Sick and even dying babies have been sheltered in this "house of mercy"; and our little family in Heaven will ever be dear to those who have ministered to the wants of these lambs of Christ's fold.

As it is not sectarian in its character, all denominations can unite in the support of this home; and those who may have felt doubtful as to the success or propriety of this effort, may feel assured that no failure is to be feared, no evil encouraged, by their hearty co-operation in its behalf. It is not a "foundling asylum," as some have supposed, though its doors will ever be opened for such little waifs. There will always be those of a different class who need such a shelter—those whose parents have been removed by death, or who, by boarding them in this home, can earn an honest livelihood and thus support them. Would that the silent pleadings of these baby faces might stir up many warm and generous hearts, so that in each household a weekly portion might be laid aside for Christ's little ones. Are there no thank-offerings for blessings received—no tender associations linking us with some loved ones who await us in the "Land beyond the River"? Surely, arguments are not needed to convince any of the importance of sustaining this noble charity, and placing it upon a footing with similar institutions in other cities. Donations of money, etc., will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Mrs. P. G. McCOLLIN, No. 3414 Sansom Street, or the President, Mrs. FRANKLIN BACON, 1922 West Rittenhouse Square. The home is open to visitors every Wednesday, from eleven to one o'clock.

The Flower Mission.

THE Christianity of our age, in which humanity and goodwill to the neighbor are taking on new forms under the pressure and life of new and higher spiritual forces, is perpetually giving us new surprises, and leading us into the performance of charities unrecognized a generation or two in the past.

Every effect is the outgrowth of a cause; and we may, therefore, accept it as an undoubted truth, that a purer and more heavenly life is gaining strength in the minds and hearts of Christian people, and showing itself by these outward signs.

The "Flower Mission" is among the more recent manifestations of the growth of this new and sweeter life of love to the neighbor. In London, in Boston and New York, and more recently in Philadelphia, where the movement has taken on a more public and general character than elsewhere, the "Flower Mission" is doing a work of ministration, the influence of which can hardly be estimated. A central point for the reception of flowers is established, and

from this they are taken and distributed to hospitals, infirmaries and the sick chambers of the poor, bringing beauty and fragrance to weary and suffering souls. The incidents attendant on this distribution are often very touching; and only those engaged in the work really know the blessing it gives. Children are drawn into this "Mission," and the pity, tenderness of feeling and delight in seeing others made happy which they must feel, cannot fail of a good influence, and will help to store up in their young minds pure and loving affections that will remain with them through all their future lives.

In London, a Miss Stanley is doing the work almost alone; and she is not satisfied with furnishing flowers to the sick only, but is trying to get them freely distributed among the poor. To this end, she has opened a place of reception in London, and called upon the poor in the country to send in flowers, to be given to their fellows in the city. Already large quantities are being consigned to her, and she is giving them out freely to the crowds that throng her door.

Is the Woman's Movement against Intemperance languishing?

LET us see. We have before us the *National Temperance Advocate* for June, and on consulting its pages glean from a large amount of favorable testimony, the following facts, which we take as recorded:

"The Women's Temperance League of New York City is vigorously prosecuting its work, notwithstanding the papers have ceased to chronicle its operations. Daily meetings for prayer are held in Association Hall, and a large amount of outdoor work has been accomplished. The Brooklyn Woman's League is the most active and successful in the State. Its daily meetings are crowded. A large amount of daily visitation, persuasive influence and distribution of tracts is accomplished. In Buffalo, the Woman's Temperance League is particularly active and efficient. Montgomery, Montgomery Village and Waldron have voted by a large majority against license."

"In Michigan the movement is assuming the proportions of a revolution, and the saloons here and elsewhere in the State are falling before the ladies like slackened lime. Over in Detroit, with its fourteen hundred saloons, the dealers are beginning to tremble in their shoes, and well they may; for, as you know, in this State, constitution, laws, statutes and ordinances all are on our side, and public opinion only needs to rise high enough to set the machinery in full operation. The 'crusade' is in full operation in nearly all the towns in the State, with an increased interest manifested in a variety of ways. Large public meetings are held, and much enthusiasm manifested. The Patrons of Industry in Battle Creek and the Grangers in several counties have adopted strong resolutions in favor of the temperance reform."

"The crusade at Rockford, Illinois, has assumed immense proportions. Two mass-meetings are held each week, together with daily prayer-meetings. In Bloomington, the victory is sweeping and complete. The common council are instructed to grant no licenses, and the excitement is intense. The women of Chicago are now well organized, and are doing excellent work. Each division of the city has its separate leaders and officers, and all meet in central committee once a week."

"Waterloo, Indiana, a few weeks since, had twenty-three saloons and two wholesale liquor-stores. Now the two wholesale stores and seven of the saloons are closed, and the work still progresses. The crusade has 'broken out' anew in several towns and cities, and the excitement throughout the State is fully maintained."

"At Cedar Rapids, Iowa, six weeks of active crusading have closed two breweries, one wholesale house and over forty saloons. Laporte has refused all licenses."

This does not look as if the movement was dying out, as many assert. It has ceased to be a novelty, and the press reporters no longer make it a sensation. But women, who so long despaired of help and succor, have found a new element of power, and new weapons with which to fight their implacable and cruel enemy. They may be baffled, impeded and driven from one vantage-ground to another, but they are in for the contest, and the fight must go on. In the end, victory will be on the side of the right. What they are now doing is effecting a wide-spread revolution in public sentiment. A feeling adverse to the liquor traffic is rapidly gaining ground, and when it gets strong enough the traffic will cease.

The Woman's Temperance Movement.

IT must not be supposed that, because the press has almost entirely ceased to chronicle any incidents of the woman's effort to suppress the liquor traffic, that this work has come to an end. The first strong impulses which set it in motion have been toned down, and in some cases exhausted. But the prayers of hopeful or despairing women are still going up all over the land, and supplementing these prayers a very large amount of reformatory work is being done in hundreds of places.

In this city, if we were to judge of the movement by what the press says, or, rather, does not say about it, we would conclude that it was a thing of the past. But, so far from this, it is a living and active power, and is attended by large and encouraging results. The "Philadelphia Praying Band," as the organization of women who have this work of opposing intemperance and the liquor traffic on hand, is called, now numbers, as we are informed, about thirty thousand. They visit, in small bands of two or three, saloon-keepers, sometimes in their taverns and sometimes at their homes; also the wives and children of saloon-keepers; and also the owners of property rented for saloons. They sing hymns and pray; they use remonstrance and persuasion; they strive with earnestness and fervor, and with a long-enduring persistence that will not take denial, and use all possible and right means—suiting as wisely as they can the means to the case—to induce those engaged in selling liquor, or renting their houses for that purpose, to abandon all connection with the business.

In very many cases, signal success has attended these efforts. Several hundred persons, keepers of saloons and bar-tenders, have been induced to give up the traffic; some of them connecting themselves with churches, and becoming active temperance workers. A large number of children have been gathered into Sunday-schools by these praying women; and they have come into close relations with hundreds of poor women on whose lives the drunkenness of husbands or fathers has left a sorrow and a blight, and helped and comforted them. Over two thousand drunkards have been temporarily or permanently reclaimed by their efforts, and thousands protected through signatures obtained to a total abstinence pledge. To further help these poor reformed ones, many of whom are without friends, a "Mission Home" has been opened at No. 1021 South Seventh Street, under the charge of Mrs. Geissinger, as matron, where board is given for the small sum of two or three dollars a week.

If we had space, we would like to go into a more detailed account of the work in Philadelphia, but cannot do so at this time. It is not languishing, and we do not believe it will soon die. The good results already obtained can never be wholly lost to the cause of temperance and humanity.

A Pittsburgh Book Abroad.

"WE are glad to learn," says the *Pittsburgh Leader*, "that Baron Tauchnitz, the famous German publisher of Leipzig, has offered our townsman, Mr. McKnight, a good price for the privilege of republishing his 'Old Fort Duquesne' in the celebrated 'Tauchnitz Edition,' known all over Europe. This is a high compliment to a Pittsburgh book, which will thus be brought before the best literary circles of the continent. It is honorable, also, to Tauchnitz, since, as there is no international copyright, he could have reprinted the work without paying a cent, but he writes that that is not his way of doing business."

"The pursuit of truth in its countless variety of forms is one of the great aims of life. All desire it in some measure, and the degree to which the love of truth triumphs over appetite, passion and inferior desires, determines the character of the man. Besides this, all human interests are involved in and dependent upon it."

"**CHEERFULNESS** is an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart. It gives harmony to the soul, and is a perpetual song without words. It is tantamount to repose. It enables nature to recruit its strength; whereas worry and discontent debilitates it, involving constant wear and tear."

New Music.

MESSES. LEE & WALKER, No. 922 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, have sent us the following pieces of new music, viz.: "Spring, Gentle Spring Waltz," by J. Riviere; "First Kiss Waltz," by George Lamothe; "Gale of the Heart, Valse Brillant," by Sydney Smith; also, by the same author, the following brilliant transcriptions from the operas of "I. Puritani," "La Dana," and "La Sonambula," all of which are very fine, and moderately difficult. We also have "Crust and Crumb Galop," "Sunrise Mazurka," and "Cricket on the Hearth," Polka Mazurka. Also the following song: "Little Lone Mary," song and chorus, by Eastburn; "The Gate Ajar," a very beautiful melody, words by George Cooper, music by J. R. Thomas; and also a beautiful sacred melody, "Flee as a Bird to Your Mountain," words written and adapted to a Spanish melody, by Mrs. Mary S. Dana.

Any of the above pieces can be had by sending direct to the publishers named above.

Answers to Correspondents.

M. T.—There is a good normal school established at Lebanon, Ohio, under the charge of Mr. Alfred Holbrook. This school is surrounded by the best of influences, its system of training is in accordance with the most approved methods, and it will admit of strict economy in all its appointments. We know of none nearer Mississippi than this. An answer to your second question will be found elsewhere.

S. B.—Thus far there are not many ladies admitted to the bar in the United States, but at last accounts there were about one hundred studying law. It is difficult to say who is the most successful lady lawyer. Miss Phoebe Cousins, of St. Louis, is quite well known in the profession. Mrs. Myra Bradwell, of Chicago, is probably the lady best versed in law; but when she applied for admission to the bar, she was denied, on the ground that she was a married woman. She publishes a newspaper devoted to law, which is regarded as authority in legal matters, and has received judicial recognition. If Mrs. Bradwell is ever admitted to the bar, she will undoubtedly stand first among women, and among the first among men in her profession.

SUBSCRIBER.—Nothing that we know of will restore gray hair to its original color. Do not be taken in by any of the advertisements of nostrums for that purpose, for if they do not do any positive injury, they will, at least, work no good. Neither use any of the hair-dyes, for they are most poisonous in their effects, sometimes even resulting in loss of eyesight.

M. G.—It is not necessary to stamp applique embroidery. The pattern can be drawn on paper, based on the material, and worked through the paper, which can be torn away after the embroidery is done. Light blue on dark blue would be very pretty.

Advertisers' Department.

DREKA'S DICTIONARY BLOTTER.—Useful to every one; being a combination of blotting-case with selected list of over 15,000 words which writers are liable to spell incorrectly, together with list of synonyms, Christian names and perpetual calendar, the whole adding but a trifle to the blotting-case in bulk or cost. For sale by booksellers and stationers, and by L. Dreka, who has removed to the large store 1121 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, where he occupies the whole building in the manufacture of stationery. Send for descriptive price list.

HALLET & DAVIS PIANOS.—"We know nothing more delightful in the musical way," says the *New York Sun*, "than the silvery, flute-like tones of Messrs. Hallet, Davis & Co.'s Piano-fortes. It is difficult for us to conceive of an instrument which better blends with the voice, hence better calculated to inspire a love of the art. We are not surprised that these instruments are finding their way into hundreds and thousands of our most musical families, and imparting to those unacquainted with their beauties an interest never before possessed."

THE HOME SEWING MACHINE is one of the best for family use in the market, and is especially adapted to the wants of tailors, dressmakers, seamstresses and manufacturers; and is adapted to every variety of sewing for family wear, from the lightest muslins to the heaviest cloths, and will even sew leather.

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Authors of designs in Godey's Ladies' Book; also, "Hobbs's Architecture," a book of suburban and rural residences.—Price, \$3.00. "Hobbs's Oro Law," being a science of lines, forms, harmonies, contrast, quantity and character; A Grammar of Art and Architecture, is now being published in the articles appearing in this magazine, and will, from this time forward, have one page devoted to the explanation of different portions of architecture. The articles will explain all the new and beautiful details as they are invented by us and others, show new modes of making window-frames, also of making sash requiring no putty and the glass removed without disfiguring the finest polished kinds. The page will enable all mechanics and others to understand fully the physical structure of things used in architecture; remove the mystery and explain clear methods of obtaining proportion and character in design. We shall have reference to the different classes of mechanics that are leaders in their different classes of mechanism, as we desire to explain parts belonging to their separate branches of business.

The following leading mechanics have kindly offered to assist us in the explanations of their different trades:

JOHN COMBER & CO., granite and flagstone cutters, Twenty-Second and Chestnut Sts.

MULLER & KILLEN, brownstones and marble cutters, Twenty-Second St. below Market.

JOHN SHERMER plumber and gasfitter, N. E. corner of Eighth and South Sts.

WILLIAM PASCOE & BROTHER, plasterers, Race St. below Sixteenth St.

KERWIDER & BROTHERS, fresco painters, Tenth St. above Parish.



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DEPARTMENTS. A large amount of reading matter, not indicated in the foregoing programme, will be given under various classified heads; such as

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Boys' and Girls' Treasury,
Health Department,
The Observer,
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Religious Reading,
Evenings with the Poets,
The Reformer,
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